THE NEW

Academy

OF

COMPLEMENTS,

ERECTED

For Ladies, Gentlewomen, Courtiers, Gentlemen, Scholars, Souldiers, Citizens, Countrey-men, and all persons, of what degree soever, of both Sexes.

Stored with variety of Courtly and Civil Complements, Eloquent Letters of Love and Friendship.

WITH

An Exact Collection

Of the Newest and Choicest

SONGS à la Mode,

Both Amorous and Jovial.

COMPILED

By L.B. *Sir* C.S. *Sir* W.D. *and others, the most refined Wits of this Age.*

London, Printed for *Tho. Rooks*, at the Ink-Bottle in *Threadneedle-street*. 1671

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TO THE READER.

If thou a Freſh man art, and thorough bent,
To bear Loves *Armes, and follow Cupids Tent,*
Find whom to love, The next thing you muſt do,
Learn how to ſpeak her fair, to write, and woo.
Laſt having won thy Miſtriſs to thy lure,
I'le teach thee how to make her love endure.
This is my aim, I'le keep within this place,
And in this Road my Chariot-wheel I'le trace.
Whilſt thou doſt live, and art a Batcheler,
The love of one above the reſt prefer,
To whom thy ſoul ſays, Thou alone content me,
But ſuch a one ſhall not from heaven be ſent thee.
Such are not drops down from the Azure Skie,
But thou muſt ſeek her out with buſie eye.
Well knows the Huntſman where his toyls to ſet,
And in what Den the Boar his teeth doth whet.
Will knows the Fowler where to lay his Gin;
The Fiſher knows what Pool the Fiſh are in,
And thou that ſtudieſt to become a Lover,
Learn in what place moſt Virgins to diſcover:
Which having done, make one thy ſole delight,
Then thou muſt ſtudy to diſſemble right;

Swear by her Beauty, ſeemingly be loath
To break the Bond of ſuch a ſacred Oath:
Sigh when ſhe ſighs, and what thou ſeeſt her do,
By imitation ſtrive to do ſo too.
Gaze on her eyes, and when thou ſeeſt her ſip,
Kiſs thou the Glaſs where ſhe ſhall place her Lip.
But I'le no longer keep thee at the door,
Peruſe the Book, for that will teach thee more.

Com

Complemental Expressions towards Men, Leading to *The Art of Courtship.*

SIR, Your Goodness is as boundless, as my desires to serve you.

Sir, Your Vertues are the Load-stones that draw even your enemies to love and to admire you.

Sir, It is my profession to appear in all places a servant to your Merits.

Sir, I have nourisht in my self a continual care of seeking opportunities to do you service.

Sir, You have so pursued me with your favours, that I am capable of no other pleasure, but to entertain them.

Sir, Such is your deserts and my necessity, that I want both words and services to express how unfeignedly I honour you.

Sir, Your bounties have been show'd upon me with such excess, that I am uncapable of a Complement.

Sir, I shall desire no greater glory from you, than new proofs of my obedience.

Sir, When I have finisht your desires, I should intreat you to reserve some new Commands, so great a pleasure I take in being yours.

Sir, You have deserved more services from me, than my life is able to perform.

Sir, Such is the excess of my affection, that all my passions do but wait upon your good fortunes.

Sir, I confess I never merited the effects of such

robleneſs, as that you ſhou d account of me as an object for your vertuous inclinations.

Sir, The pleaſure I entertain to conſider your goodneſs, is more ſatisfaction to me, than my advancement.

Sir, Should I not render you thanks for your many favours, I ſhould die of a deep impatience.

Sir, Your goodneſs hath forced me to a ſilence that I am not able to render you ſufficient thanks for ſo great a favour.

Sir, You are ſo highly generous, that I am altogether ſenceleſs.

Sir, With the ſame joy that I formerly embraced your friendſhip, I entertained the good news of your happy Marriage; and ſhall love you with the ſame paſſions as before.

Sir, I have made a vow to honour you all my life, and nit to remit one point of the paſſion I have to do you ſervice.

Sir, I am daily in diſquiet, and ſhall be, till ſome occaſion be offered me ſuddenly wherein I may appear to you to be more than verbal.

Sir, This tyranny of your humour or inclination, is too great a puniſhment for me to groan under.

Sir, 'Tis my ambition to conſerve the Honour I have obtained of being your ſervant.

Sir, You are ſo noble in all reſpects, that I have learn'd to love, as well as to admire you.

Sir, I am grown jealous of your generoſity, your favours come ſo faſt on me, that I ſhall be forced to ſeem ingrateful.

Sir, Your paſſions are mine; Nor can I live more at freedom, than when I am bound to you in the bonds of Friendſhip.

Sir, You are the riſing Sun which I adore.

Sir, I wear you in my heart.

Sir, You are the Star I reach at.

Sir, You are the Miracle of Friendſhip.

Sir, Your Goodneſs wants a Preſident.

Sir, You have the power to ſway me as you pleaſe.

Sir, Be pleaſed to inſtruct me how I may thank your love.

Sir, I am your Friend, and that word ſpeaks me wholly yours.

Sir, You have ſo far engaged me, that I know not what I can do, that is not at your command.

Sir, When I would admire you, you wrap me up in wonder.

Sir, My zeal is ſo fervent towards you, that I am ſick with paſſion.

Sir, If you have not caſt off the name of Friend, make me companion of your cares.

Sir, I take ſo much pleaſure in ſerving you, that I am proud to pleaſe you.

Sir, You are the only Anchor of my hopes.

Sir, I ſhall ſtudy to chronicle your Vertues.

Sir, Fear no dangers, my Armes ſhall be your Sanctuary.

Sir, You are ſo full of fair deſert, that I have no faculty but what is yours.

Sir, You are ſo highly noble, that your Purſe is my Exchequer.

Sir, I am a captive to your Honour, and your fair Example ſtirs me.

Sir, Your Complements call your Faith in queſtion.

Sir, You tell me ſtories midnight would bluſh to hear.

Sir, The Ocean's not more boundleſs than your Favours.

Sir, Be confident of my affection, while I have room to lodge you in my boſome.

Sir, I am ſick till I ſee you, whoſe preſence is my reſtorative.

Sir, Your Language is more dubious than an Oracle.

Sir, You have the power to steer me as you please.

Sir, I am in so great an Extasie for your safety, that passion, like midnight, sits upon my thoughts.

Sir, To be obedient to your Commands, is a duty I am proud of.

Sir, The blessings of your Mistris fall upon you.

Sir, I'le rather doubt an Oracle, than question what you deliver.

Sir, My want of power to pay those Debts I owe to you and Honour, makes me accuse my fortunes.

Sir, I yield my self to your direction, manage me at your pleasure.

Sir, Your Accomplishments speaks you the Muses Darling; you have suckt the Marrow of the Court.

Sir, You are amorous as the youthfull *May*.

Sir, I'le be just to you, as Heaven to Truth.

Sir, I'le out-wait a Bayliff to attend you.

Sir, You value my weak deserts with too much partiality.

Sir, Necessity hath neither law, nor shame; for contrary to my nature, I am forced to become an humble and an earnest Suiter to you.

Sir, You have over-run the world in Honors Race.

Sir, I am honour'd in this Acknowledgement.

Sir, I shall inform the Lady of your zeal in her Commendation.

Sir, Be pleased to instruct me how I may requite your love.

Sir, You have power to oblige my soul.

Sir, I must die, or live to be ungratefull.

Sir, Let me beg the trouble of a pardon; if I have omitted those honours due to your deserts.

Sir, Without a Complement, I am your Friend, and that one word speaks me wholly yours.

Sir,

Sir, Pray admit this stranger to your knowledge, his deserts will requite your trouble.

Sir, Since I must be conquer'd by your courtesies, 'tis my glory to be your slave.

Sir, Having your favour I am rich, without it none so miserable.

Sir, I shall not be more importunate than mannerly.

Sir, This Visit is as welcome, as the greatest honour you could do me.

Sir, May your own Vertues be your Guard.

Sir, I congratulate your happy presence.

Sir, May this meeting create a lasting League of Amity betwixt us.

Sir, I should be entirely happy, should I finde an occasion to imprint the Characters of your Vertues in my breast, by a more firm acquaintance.

Sir, Your Civilities have endear'd you to me; you shall rule as a Planet in the Orb of my affections.

Sir, May your love be fortunate, that delights may stream into your bosome.

Sir, The pleasures of the morning wait upon you.

Sir, Your Vertue and Eloquence make you immortal upon earth.

Sir, From the first time that I beheld you, I have made it my zeal to express my self your most humble servant.

Sir, If you love, as you say you do, you will have patience: True love will last a siege.

Sir, It is the design of my Ambition to be passionately your most faithfull servant.

Sir, The pleasure I have in your love, and the assurance of my own innocency, hath caused me to give this new remembrance of my being wholly yours.

Sir, Rather than lose your company, I would compass the utmost bounds of the Terrestrial Globe.

Sir, I am yours, and will be so, though fate and death forbid.

Sir, I am in earnest, 'tis not my humour to treat my friends with dreams.

Sir, This your Barbarity to your Friend, shall not make me forget you, nor my own duty, for though the strongest love oftentimes degenerates into the greatest hate, yet I am resolved to live and die yours.

Sir, Your suit is an impertinent trouble to us both, for be assured it is as possible for the Stars to forget their course, as for me to love you.

Sir, Nothing shall rob my heart of the fair image of your Vertues, but Death it self.

Sir, Your Bounty exceeds the small stock of my Merits, that durst not have entertained such an ungrateful thought, as to be worthy of those favours you afford me.

Sir, It is by your bounty I am enabled to make a Present, accept therefore of this small one, that the world may testifie how much I glory to proclaim the first Founders of my estate.

Sir, I have found you so much my faithfull friend hitherto, that I doubt not but you will appear so hereafter, if need require.

Sir, Fortune is now propitious, and hath sent you this grateful acknowledgement for all your favours.

Sir, Your Mind contains a Spring of Vertue, each day affords me a fresh Character of your Friendship.

Sir, Your reality hath gained my affection, and I want nothing more, than an occasion to testifie my acknowledgements.

Sir, Fortune is now turn'd Scrutinizer, and extorts from me an interest for the sum of favours she formerly did trust me with.

Sir, Fortune, I thank her, hath now brought me acquainted with Necessity; for this is my opportunity of embracing so rich a Treasure as your self.

Sir, Be wise, and as the Proverb saith, *Look before*

you

you leap; he is happy that can withstand a Temptation with a noble Resolution.

Sir, Should I twine my arms to Cable, sit up all night like a Watching Candle, and distil my brains through my Eye-lids, yet I must love you; Then loving you, and you me, who is the third person shall hinder us?

Sir, You seem to be a man of much reading, you talk of nothing but of warbling Rhapsodies.

Sir, You understand your Authority over me, I dare not deny my endeavours to perform whatsoever you shall please to command.

Sir, Heaven which hears and answers prayers, give a blessing to all your vertuous desires.

Sir, The late courtesies you did me, are but borrowed, and like an honest Tenant, I shal provide my Rent against the time of your demand.

Sir, I would advise you to be careful of your Honour, but I doubt you were never yet right worshipful.

Sir, Let this suffice, I am satisfied; your innocency hath cleared my jealousie.

Sir, I am ignorant wherein I am guilty of anything may prompt you to suspect either my love, or duty.

Sir, I cannot be so tedious in the performance of your Commands, as you are to employ me.

Sir, Excuse, you are grown rude; I dare not hear you farther.

Sir, I hate your base desires, you and your lust continue, till shame work an amendment.

Sir, Sin is a brave Orator, you give your lusts the golden titles of plea ure and delight, but forget what bitterness attends the end.

Sir, I submit to your Censure, either to approve or to condemn, you are the Oracle of the Court.

Sir, Be not daunted, Love and Fortune joyn with the Courageous.

Sir, I should sin, should I suspect your Vertue, whose glory it is to vanquish all deceits.

Sir, Such is my interest in your prosperity, that I will never condemn fortune, while she makes you her Darling.

Sir, Pardon me, if my presumption hath run beyond the rules of good manners.

Sir, Adieu, may pleasures be your attendance, whilst I court your return.

Sir, In all your dangers, let my bosome be your religious sanctuary.

Sir, Your Bounty hath added so many feathers to my wings, that I am in haste to do you service.

Sir, May we from this day date our immortal friendship.

Sir, I cannot stoop too low in my observance to your desires.

Sir, Your fortunes are your own, but your fate is mine.

Sir, You humble your self in exalting me.

Sir, I would beg a favour of you, but my modesty bids me stay.

Sir, I am ready to obey, no man can be more proud of your commands.

Sir, Let me beg your acceptance of a trifle, only the earnest of my gratitude.

Sir, 'Tis your presence that compleats our joys.

Sir, My blessings are derived from you.

Sir, Pursue your pleasures, my life shall be engaged to your interest.

Sir, I would thank you for the honour you have done me, but shame and my fearful blushes teach me a farther duty.

Sir, I must blushing leave you, having nothing to requite you with but words.

Sir, You are kinde in this friendly Visit, your welcome,

welcome, and my thanks are infinite.

Sir, Let us embrace as friends, and not as Courtiers.

Sir, Sleep is not more welcome to the wearied Traveller, than you are to my House.

Sir, My entertainment speaks me most freely welcome.

Sir, Let me know your ground for this suspition.

Sir, How have my actions rendred me suspected?

Sir, Envy hath no power to hurt your fame.

Sir, Malice can never blemish your deserts.

Sir, My submission waits upon your pardon.

Sir, Nothing is wanting, but my all, your presence.

Sir, One that desires to serve you sends this paper to salute your hands.

Sir, You bestow too great an Honour on him that is your creature.

Sir, Teach me to be grateful, I dare presume my soul would be apt to learn any thing that might tend to your service.

Sir, My Thanks and the endeavours of my life are a debt I owe to you.

Sir, I shall be your debtor, if you keep me in your minde.

Sir, I have one suit, and shall dare to beg no more.

Sir, I flatter my own discretion in nothing more than in loving you.

Sir, I am proud when a kinde opportunity makes me yours.

Sir, Understand your own worth, and then know I can have no power to slight any occasion of serving you.

Sir, Your love is the Exchequer of my Wealth.

Sir, The rough humours of your age, are unfit to be compelled with the smooth brows of youth.

Sir,

Sir, I beseech you be more sparing of your courtesies, lest the world take you for a prodigal.

Sir, Be not so inconstant in your affection, lest in the conclusion you appear too much like the Marygold, to open at the Sun-shine of prosperity, and to shrink before the clouds of adversity.

Sir, By your singular Character, the Lady seems to be so rarely accomplish'd, that to her only, I commit the Treasures of my life and fortunes.

Sir, My late confidence hath this excuse, that neither Fate nor Fortune delighteth in a Coward.

Sir, I will rather hazard my reputation, than be negligent of your Commands.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courtesies, with an unwearied constancy in the roads of Vertue.

Sir, Let me be still a sharer in your favours, so shall I grow proud of my own fortunes.

Sir, This part of the world shares in your prosperity, since you were born to serve your Prince, and to command his people.

Sir, My only glory in your service, is to be humble and to obey.

Sir, Your Endowments shine beyond the degree of brightness.

Sir, Your inventing new Fables, speaks you a good Poet, and me a good subject for your Romantick Fancy.

Sir, Your good Fortune and noble Resolutions shine so clear in all employments, that it appears Nature made all things to honour you.

Sir, Your Vertues are so well known, you cannot think I flatter.

Sir, I never had the ambitious thoughts to think you could affect so imperfect a creature as my self.

Sir, Your Vertues may give a lustre to a Princes Court.

Sir,

Sir, Without you, the States necessities encrease.

Sir, I could not allot more moderate limits to my Ambition, than to do you service.

Sir, You can never die, succeeding Chronicles will give a life to your Heroick acts.

Sir, If you command, I will despise the worst of fate, or bow to the infelicities of cruel fortune.

Sir, My appetite is sick, for want of a capacity to digest your Favours.

Sir, *Whatsoever your designs are, let your reputation continue fair.*

Sir, *He that tramples on your fame, stamps upon the reputation of the whole Court.*

Sir, *Your Vows have so amaz'd me, I know not how to answer.*

Sir, *In all shapes and under the most fearful aspects that can appear, I am yours.*

Sir, *I will forbear commending you, since all that I can say is dishonourable to your deserts.*

Sir, *The chief objects of my thoughts hath been the glory of your Name.*

Sir, I prostrate my presumption at your feet, I shall lose happiness if you forsake me.

Sir, My very thoughts are yours, you have an interest in them as well as me.

Sir, All my acknowledgements come far short of the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You mistake my disposition, if you judge I affect praises, Heaven never made me to intemperate.

Sir, Should not my friendship appear on any occasion to serve you, it would remain as a recluse.

Sir, The world would be so unpeopled, and Nature would lose her pride, were there no such men as you to maintain their Honours.

Sir, Your Vertue can be recorded by none but by your self.

Sir,

Sir, Though you injure me, my humility shall make me silent.

Sir, Though your anger seems to thunder, I can forbear no longer.

Sir, Your favours come so fast, they will neither suffer me to be miserable, nor to seem so.

Sir, Your actions are so vertuous, they carry an authority alwayes with them.

Sir, Build not too much on your confidence, lest you tire him whom you have so often injur'd.

Sir, If you alledge excuses for so poor a trifle, you make your self a stranger to my love.

Sir, You fetch your conceits too far, they transcend the subject on which you do bestow them.

Sir, Your fortunes are fair, but your judgement may be admir'd.

Sir, Your excellent qualities might become the prefence of a Prince.

Sir, It is by your contents or discontents, that I measure the necessities and fatalities of this world.

Sir, Your favours have raised me so high, that I seem to stand upon a precipice, and to discern my fall with the greater terrour.

Sir, I have long since learnt, a Lovers religion is to swear and forswear.

Sir, I have a new life in being yours, your goodness gives me a new creation.

Sir, Futurity shall crown the Reliques of your Henoured Ashes with Palms and Laurels.

Sir, I shall not hold my self absent from you, whilst I retain any room in your heart and memory.

Sir, You are the heir of a rich inheritance, the evidence of your Vertue entitles you to Heaven.

Sir, 'Tis no wonder there is so little goodness in the world, since by the rich stock of Vertue that rests in you, others are become bankrupts!

Sir,

Sir, I owe my good Fortune to your favourable assistance.

Sir, My wishes go along with your endeavours, may your desires be happily performed.

Sir, I should prove cruel to my self, should I neglect one that nobly loves me.

Sir, Forbear your hasty protestations, I do believe your soul's without a blemish, and I glory in my choice.

Sir, Leave your superfluous Language, I am none of those Ladies that are enamoured with flattering Acrosticks; or to have their names so dis-joynted in an Anagram, 'twould puzzle ten Magicians to set them together again.

Sir, You have a good smack at Poetry, and I grant you too, Love and Poesie are divine, commonly infused together; yet 'tis ordinarily tyed to rules of flattery.

Sir, Your Oratory makes me suspect your faith, let it suffice I love you; Nor shall it be long ere *Hymen* shall seal the Contract.

Your very servant Sir.

Complements towards Ladies, Gentlewomen, Maids, &c.

MAdam, It is a vain illusion, if you dream that ever you can gain a reputation by my ruine.

Madam, The grace of eloquence is seated on your lips.

Madam, Your beauty is the conqueress of man, who is never to be satisfied with the lustre of your eyes!

Fair

Fair one, Your feature and your vertues excell all mortal sence.

Madam, When I see you I am in paradice, it is then that my eyes carve me out a feast of Love.

Madam, Mortal eyes are never to be satisfied with the wonders of your beauty.

Madam, Your complexion clear as is the skie, was never fram'd but to be ador'd.

Madam, Though my person is removed from you, my purpose is not, for I still retain and will till death, the resolutions of being, Madam, Yours.

Madam, I dare be confident you have too much Vertue to study the Art of dissimulation.

Madam, Be faithful to him that dares look on death to preserve you, or indure all the despights of fortune to defend your reputation.

Madam, Your beauty hath so bereav'd me of my fear, that I do account it far more possible to die, than to forget you.

Fairest, Take this for a certain truth, I shall rather choose to abhor my self, than to pitch my affectionate resolutions on any object but the excellence of your beauty.

Madam, Your Kindred may be cruel in keeping us asunder, but my heart shall never stray from the duty it bears to your Vertues.

Madam, I shall ever sacrifice the best of my endeavours to the favour of your affections.

Madam, It was not through a conceit of my own deserts, that I have shot at so fair a mark as your Vertuous and innocent fair self, my presumption hath only this excuse, it was directed by Love, and I may well stray, when my guide is blind.

Madam, You have vanquished me, I am an eternal prisoner to your beauty.

Fairest,

Faire, Your beauty is Loves Copy to read wonders on.

Madam, Your soul is so divinely bright, that what is otherwise dare not approach to you, lest it sees its own deformity.

Madam, You have my prayers at all times, though you go hence, we cannot be absent from one another, since I have placed you in the secret cabinet of my heart.

Oh Madam, if the thoughts of your departure make me melancholly, the real absence will be a misery worse than death.

Fair Maid, It is cruelty to frown at parting, that cloud bids me expect a storm, but oh what bliss I find in this deceit; you seem angry by your frowns, and yet each brow lodges loves deity within it.

Lady, I did not intend to have written to you, but my affection hath overswayed my reason, be not still cruel lest you make me so desperate, that I shall be no longer either my own or yours.

Madam, Since I want merits to equallize your Vertues, I will for ever mourn for my imperfections.

Dear Love, My heart will not suffer my tongue to utter that fatal word farewel, since when I leave you, I shake hands with my most perfect object of Beatitude.

Madam, If you know not how to love, I know not how to live, unless in torments.

Madam, Be pleased to wear this Diamond, which comes with an Ambition to receive a greater lustre by your smiles.

Madam, Make me poor, or miserable, use your pleasure with me, so you enrich me with your love.

Dear Lady, Must I needs part with all my felicities at once, Then adieu fair Sun of my soul, and suppose I am with you, for we cannot part, since our hearts so truly are united.

Fair

Fair One, Adieu, Be ſtill more fortunate, and leſs cruel, whilſt I, though the moſt unhappy, reſolve to continue conſtant.

Madam, Unleſs you give me your ſelf, it lies not in your Art or power to requite that affection wherewith I do adore you.

Madam, I never yet offered my affections to any beauty but your own, ſince then you have the preheminence above all others, be favourable to him that gives it, and with it, himſelf wholly to your diſpoſal.

Madam, Give me but the favour to ſuffer me to diſcover my affections, and then if you ſhall think fit, ſilence me to perpetuity.

Madam, Remember my reſpects when you are gone hence, It will be ſome conſolation to me, though I have not the ſight of your fair eyes, if I may be aſſured you have me but ſometimes in your thoughts.

Fair Lady, My whole eſtate is ſumm'd up in your ſmiles.

Madam, What crime of mine hath raiſed your angry frowns?

Madam, To call you fair, is an Epethite beneath your beauty.

Madam, *Cupid* hath fixt himſelf in your eyes, and wounds all that come but near him.

Bluſh fair Creature, Bluſh; ſince to be coy, is to be cruel, and to be cruel, is to be otherwiſe than what you ſeem, a Beauty.

Faireſt, It is now high time to cheriſh my deſires, let them be no longer priſoners to the ſhades of ſilence.

Dear Madam, Your love is the perfection of my deſires.

Faireſt, Make me ſo happy, as to raiſe my affections to the honour of being yours.

Madam,

Madam, Be wise and dote not so much upon your own beauty, the man with the bald pate can so alter your physiognomy, that in a short time it shall fright you more than a Judge doth a Thief.

Madam, 'Tis past your Art to shun me, I will put a Girdle round about the world but I will finde you.

Madam, You are the Queen of Beauties, your vertues give a commanding power to every mortal.

Fair Lady, 'Tis your beauty is the divinity which mortals desire to know and to admire.

Lady Fine, Your Tyrant-beauty hath but a short reign, you cannot say 'tis yours, for you cannot dispose of it, nor possess it long.

Madam, 'Tis true you are handsome, but remember Facts are like Books, they that study them do best know them, and the truth is, they are liked only as they please the Courteous Reader.

Madam, Why will you shun me; let me but view my wealth, otherwise where is my comfort more than if I should think to feed my eyes with looking on a Cask of Jewels in the dark.

Dear Lady, I am happy in loving you, but the most unhappy if you deny your love.

Dear Madam, Compleat my Joys, or the Gods themselves will rob me of you.

Madam, I am sick of love, be you my Physician or I shall suddenly expire.

Coy Mistriss, Once I loved you, but have learned more wit now than to follow such a blind guide as *Cupid*.

I faith Widdow, I am in love, and 'tis with you, the untoward boy *Cupid* has wounded me. 'tis such a busie Urchin no person can be quiet for him, He glides through the Isle of man in a minute, gets into *Middlesex*,

sex, and keeps his Christmas there till he's fir'd out, with heat and flames.

Scornfull Girl, Can you imagine I ever did intend to dote, especially on that small stock of beauty of yours, which serves only to convince me, you are not extreamly ugly.

Excellent Beauty, Painters, Poets, nor Players were ever guilty of half so many cruelties, as you (by the arts of your eyes) do exercise on those that admire you most.

Dear Madam, When I am absent from you, I am sick of love, but every visit gives somewhat of consolation to my passion.

Lady, I am wholly yours, it is your beauty that hath taken me from my self.

Madam, Your Vertues are my meditations; you and my thoughts are never absent.

Madam, You are the admiration of the world, like a fair picture you draw all mens eyes to see and wonder.

Fair Creature, You are that rich Cabinet wherein Nature hath lockt up all her rarities.

Madam, So to usurp an Authority, is according to neither Law nor Reason.

Fair One, This kiss from your inspiring hand, will add to my former happiness.

Madam, This Favour and you Crown your Servant.

Madam, Your Beauty hath the Art to teach Christians to turn Idolaters.

Madam, Be mercifull or I am miserable, your eyes are as the Ambassadors of life or death.

Divine Lady, Could I be one of those wise men that rule the stars, you might then conclude, I might be able to govern my own affections.

Madam, If there be a Heaven to reward vertues,

your

your name will be recorded in the Register of Saints.

Madam, Your frowns are the emblems of death, but your smiles give me a second being.

Madam, To be absent from your service is a Torment, since every of your Commands afford me a new Creation.

Madam, I have pas'd my vows, to confirm them, I give you my heart and hand, to continue yours till death.

Madam, Confirm me in your favour with a smile.

Fair One, I'le pay the last tribute of my lips to your fair hands.

Madam, Your heart is like pibble, smooth, but stony.

Madam, Continue constant, and be assured, I will rather lose my life, than part with my resolution of serving you.

Madam, Since you are born into the world to be admir'd, you should not eclipse your self from him that can live no longer than he serves you.

Most Divine Lady, I could live an Age upon those Lips.

Madam, I am real, my love is white as Truth, and innocent as Vertue.

Oh Madam, Be like your self, fair and not resembling *Narcissus*, benighted with the clouds of scorn.

Madam, May heaven smile upon you, farewel and prosper.

Madam, You are all sweetness, and I the admirer of your Vertues, Oh let me fly into your bosom.

Madam, Be not cruel but save that creature whose life depends on you, whose every power owns not himself but you.

Madam, You are a Deity to whom my heart presents its devotion.

Madam, My soul is in a flame, and remains a Sacrifice

crifice till you shall please to accept it.

Madam, May I become the scorn of time, when I prove so monstrous as to give you the least occasion to repent your love.

Madam, Oh let me confirm my happiness upon your Lip, and study thereby some new way of number, to multiply my bliss.

Madam, The treasuries of Grace and Nature were quite exhausted, to accomplish your perfections.

Madam, My language is as my Intentions, plain and real, he that makes use of golden words, does but only to gild over the corruptions of his soul.

Dear Madam, I am ravished with the well-tuned Harmony of your pleasant voice.

Lady, I return to you all your Vows, be free, as the Air you breath in.

Madam, Can you be so unjust as to deem my language feigned? I will sooner forget to eat, than to honour you.

Madam, Far be it from me, to speak a language should displease your ear.

Farewel incomparable Mistriss.

Madam, Had I a hundred hearts I should want room to entertain your love.

Madam, Be assured I will either enjoy you, or die a Martyr in your quarrel.

Madam, For your sweet sake my meditations are loaded with Metaphors; I am valiant, witty, and will be any thing to be yours.

Mistriss, To be plain with you, I love you, but I want utterance, and that is a good sign.

Sweet bit of beauty, the delight of mine own soul, I am come to visit thee, and have brought with me a hundred thousand salutations.

Most resplendent Lady, I am full of the fruits of love, and should be proud if you would be pleased to participate.

Dear

Dear Model of Modesty, How I love you, and so sincerely, that I protest to make you Mistris of my thoughts, Lady of my returns, and commit all my Moveables into your hands, and upon the same I give you an earnest kiss in the high road to Matrimony.

My Dear Girl, Thou hast catcht me, my heart thou hast had before, now here's my hand.

Fair One, Seal my pardon for my former rudeness and may I forget my love if I loose my civility hereafter.

Madam, I owe all that I have to your Beauty, it is the sole Commandress of my thoughts.

Dear Maaam, The breath of new blown Roses is not more sweet than yours, I could kiss thee, till I engender on thy lips.

Madam, By your fair self, I love you with as much true zeal as *Anchorites* do their prayers.

Dear Mistris, I am in paradice when I but dream of your perfections.

Fair Lady, A thousand *Cupids* call me to kiss your hands.

Fairest, By the Law of Love and Arms, I may demand a kiss.

Madam, You are the fairest Nature ever did design for wonder.

Madam, The perfume of your sweet breath informs me your Mother fed on Roses when she bred you.

Madam, I shall be more grateful, than to slight those benefits you shower upon me.

Fair One, You have taught me to despise my self. I can do nothing but admire your Vertues.

If I am void of Reason Fairest creature, suffer Love to be my Advocate, that will not allow of limits.

Mistris, Be not angry if I tell you, my love when ce abused, may turn into a fury.

Without

Without doubt Madam, if the Gods, as Poets fa-
cie, created Beauty, it was their Master-piece, fin
they themselves are unable to oppose that force wh
they ordain'd.

Madam, It is impossible any one should see yo
beauty and not become a captive.

Madam, I shall forbear to talk of Beauty, or
Vertue, unless you are present.

Madam, I should be ignorant of what is rare, d
not your Vertues instruct my understanding.

Madam, They that diminish your worth or Bea
tie, dare rob all that is good; and sin against truth
self.

Madam, It was the spring of your Beauty, th
first raised in me those noble desires, which soon aft
bursted into streams.

Dear Madam, Thus I embrace thee as my Weal
and Honour.

Fairest, Your absence will be death to him th
loves you above all that can be dear or precious
should Armies keep us distant, I would charge throu
a Grove of Pikes, and encounter with Death himsel
but I would gain you.

Madam, Your features bound me in fetters as soo
as first I saw them, and the excellent endowments
your mind hath since retained me not only your pr
soner, but your servant.

Madam, You are the Epitome of Nature, in who
is comprised all that savours of what is sweet or glo
rious.

Madam, Give me leave to call you mine, and on
day the effect shall be your own.

Dear Madam, Speak once more, Angels will lis
to the Musick of your Voice.

Madam, You have laid a charm upon my soul, m
senses are captivated by the incomparable Harmon
of your hand and voice.

Madam

Madam, The thankful Lute shews how much it rejoyces to be graced with the touch of your fair hand.

Madam, It is the glory of great minds, to forgive great faults. and upon the acknowledgement of my error, you cannot finde an object more deserving you commiseration.

Madam, May your own Vertues attend you ever, that you may continue as faithful to me, as I esteem you dear.

Madam, The chiefest grief I bear with me from this place, is the sence of leaving my heart where I cannot stay my self.

Madam, I have a heart, but it is worn in your breast.

Dear Madam, Conceal not your eyes from me, they are the two bright stars by which the Barque of my affections steers to the wish'd for shore of my felicity.

Madam, I court the love of all, but yours I would purchase with my life.

Madam, Continue to be good, and hold him still in your memory, whose only felicity it is to hope to be enshrined in so fair a monument.

Madam, I have been like a lump of Ice, till of late the heat of your favours revived my besotted spirits, but the darts of your piercing eyes have so altered the whole frame of man in me, that I am become a perfect flame, which nothing can quench but the pleasant streams of your love.

Madam, The Magnetick stone observes not the summons of the North star with more activity, than I do your commands.

Madam, When I want a will to continue yours, may I no longer be my own.

Madam, You are already the most accomplisht

Lady in the world, may Heaven compleat its bounty in making you as happy as you are fair.

Madam, This kits to your fair hand.

Madam, Be assured my love and loyalty shall be inseparable, while I have life to retain any affections for your beauty.

Fairest Virgin, Such is my zeal for your divine vertues, that though it is my ambition to live and love you, yet should an opportunity be offered, the constancy of my dying heart should manifest how much I am yours in death.

Madam, I will be stedfast as inviolated faith, immoveable as a rock; and till death will glory in my constancy as the chiefest Jewel of my life.

Madam, My desires lye captiv'd at your feet; but one glance from your sparkling eyes, will enliven them again, and add a fresh Vigour to your languishing prostrate.

Dear Madam, Desire but my content, let me but have your wishes, and I will be in a continual thirst to do you service.

Madam, My inclination binds me as much to please you, as my duty does to serve.

Madam, 'Tis my misfortune to be but half made, Heaven hath given me desires, but not deserts.

Madam, I should be simple and unworthy, should I imagine this Present worthy your acceptance, since what we think are rarities are not truly so, unless by the character of your esteem.

Madam, I have sent you but a small token, choosing to be thought rather ignorant than ungrateful.

Madam, To abide with you, is to inhabit with the Graces, since nature hath designed you for the storehouse of all her most excellent rarities.

Madam, Imagine me to be yours, and fear not but ere long the effects shall answer your expectations.

Dear

Dear Lady, Speak again, Angels will be mute and listen to your voice.

Madam, I am silenced with your breath, each word of yours lays a Charm upon my soul.

Madam, You are favourable in this, that you will suffer me to make my own Apology.

Madam, You are Mistriss of most rare perfections, such as command the world to expres abundance of Duty, both by admiration and obedience.

Madam, In those smiling dimples, *Cupid* hath pitched his Tents.

Madam, You are all Vertue, from your sweet lips the morning gathers blushes.

Letters for all Occasions.

1. *A Tender of Service to the Kings most excellent Majesty.*

May it please your Majesty.

I Am not ignorant of the great presumption, wherewith at this time I give a trouble to your Majesty; Nor can my deserts give me any hopes that the least beam of your love should shine on any thing that in me can be thought a merit, since I have learned, you may command in all things, and it is contrary to the duty I owe to your excellent Majesty to disobey in any. But that your Majesty may know, you have a Subject that durst be Loyal even in disloyal times, I have now attempted to arrive at the height of my felicities,

which is not only to be honest, but to be known to be

Your Majesties most humble servant and obedient subject.

2. *A Tender of service to the Queen most excellent Majesty.*

May it please your Majesty,

Though I am a stranger to your Majesty, yet since I bear the glorious title of a Loyal Subject, I have hence assurance that your Majesty will vouchsafe to give this boldness a favourable aspect, for indeed I should doubt my own fidelity to my Royal Soveraign, should not your Majesty countenance my duty with an acceptance of my service; let me now only beg the trouble of a pardon, and I shall for ever study as in duty bound, to manifest my self

Your Majesties Loyal Subject, and most humble Servant.

3. *Respects from an Honourable Lady, to the Queen.*

Madam,

IF my passion had not over-ruled my reason, I would certainly have kept my Letters from becoming so mean an object for your sacred eyes, till some commandment of your own had put them upon occasion to give them attendance, but the care I have to preserve my self in the Honour of your memory, and favour, will not suffer me to continue any longer silent. I therefore most humbly pray your Majesty, to continue your self in assurance even from hence, that my devotions are ever aspiring to your Service; which yet I should half suspect to be less perfect, if my inclinations might not own as great a part of that ambition, as my obligations. But the one accompanying the other, will establish me for ever, in an unchangeable resolution of being Madam, Your Majesties most humble Servant.

4.

4. *A person of Quality to a worthy Lady, the one a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholick.*

Madam,

THough a sinner of one Religion, I am come to pay my vows to a Saint of another, for I approach to your presence with as profound a reverence as I am capable of bearing to a creature, when your Ladiship is pleased to pardon the presumption of your servants, you excel in goodness; but when withall you descend so low as to admit of their poor desires, for real services, you exceed your self; I have but little to say but my heart would easily tell me of enough to do, if my power to serve you were correspondent to my will, yet howsoever I shall be daily praying that you may be as happy as the world knows you to be worthy; and especially that the expence of so ignorant a life as mine, may one day serve for some straw or stick, towards the erecting of that great building; Till then I am prostrate at your feet, and with a fervent zeal shall continue,

Madam, the Adorer of your Vertues, &c.

5. *One Lady to another, with Complements of extream kindness.*

Madam,

WHen neither the place nor the person can make a worthy oblation, that devotion were better mannered which should sacrifice to your memory upon the Altar of Silence; But yet so much desire I to live in yours, as that I rather choose to appear in this kinde to your trouble, than to suffer any thing like forgetfulness, to seem to entomb those affections of mine to your service; which want not Life, howsoever they are deprived of Lustre, wherewith to crown the

estimation which your worth hath begotten in my soul, and will certainly inhabit there, while there is any sence in

Madam, the most affectionate of all your servants.

5. *A Letter of Kindness from one Friend to another.*

Sir,

YOu may imagine I dream or dote, otherwise I should not speak thus loud, nor thus far off, nor make so long a reach to you still, by the arms of my ill written lines; But I thought once you were near hand, and coming to visit me, when soon after I understood you designed your self for other ends, which yet put me into such a Valiant choller, as some of them know who were nearest to me, and must bear with my humours; lest I should want them I might be angry with my self; for I can do nothing but in earnest, though that earnest, proves commonly as true as nothing, as if I were in jest; pray let me have an account of your health, and of those affairs wherein you may guess my love may say I am concerned, for be assured you shall never be owner of any care whereof I will not have a part, either by taking, if you will give it; or else by stealing it, if you will not give it, but will needs be the first to offend justice so far, as to hide it from

Your most real, real friend, &c.

7. *From one Friend to another.*

Sir,

THe expresse of your goodness hath raised me to a degree of happiness, beyond even mine own power of wishing, and after such heights of good fortune, this only regret can take hold of me, that you did impose something upon me as disagreeable, as

this

this was complying with the very utmoſt of my ambitious deſires, that ſo I might thereby have had the ſatisfaction of giving you an experience, that I ſhall ever have an infinite joy in performing any Action, which by the difficulty thereof, may the better ſerve to expreſs my obedience to your commands, as becomes, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

8. *A Lady to a Gentleman, concerning his ſick Miſtriſs.*

Sir,

I Was too ſenſible of thoſe troubles which I left with you, not to enquire whether you are eaſed of part of them, or not; And therefore I beſeech you, ſend me word how the Noble ſick Lady doth, whoſe health I infinitely wiſh; both for your ſake and mine own: Beſides that, even the world is concerned, that ſo excellent a creature, who is ſo hardly found, may not be ſo quickly loſt. Favour me in this particular, and the Kindneſs ſhall make me, Sir,

Your obliged ſervant.

9. *The Gentlemans Anſwer to a Lady, concerning his ſick Miſtriſs.*

Madam,

I Am infinitely engaged to you for the ſence you have of my troubles, and the love you bear to the Life of my Life; ſhe is yet extream ill, and yet ſo good, that I fear Heaven will deprive us of her Vertuous Society. I am ſo highly ſenſible of not only yours and my own, but of the concerns of all that know her, that if there be not health enough in the world for us all, may heaven give her a liberal portion of it, though it be abated out of mine; ſo much I owe to her vertues, and not a little to your ſelf, for your care of her, and Madam,

The humbleſt of your ſervants.

10. *The Lovers first Addreſs to his Lady.*

Madam,

I *Am indebted to my Friends for the knowledge of your Vertues, and to your ſelf for the Acknowledgements you are pleaſed to exerciſe in your remembrance of me; a perſon who hath nothing to make him conſiderable, but what your favourable Opinion thinks fit to allow. And the cuſtome whereby I am made over to misfortune, forbids me the hopes of conceiving that ever I can be ſo happy as to be admitted into the number of your Servants; which is infinitely deſired by, Dear Madam,*

The Admirer of your Worth, &c.

11. *The Lovers Complemental Letter to his Miſtriſs.*

Incomparable Lady,

I *Was happy in receiving a Command from you; and ſhall be proud in my performance, ſince it is the glory of Kings and Princes to be concerned in your Service; Let but one accent fall from your divine lips and the very windes are ready to convey it, the melody of your warbling Voice can charm the Syren to ſilence, and compel the* Crocodile *to ſpare his diſſembling ſorrows. Dear Madam, the ſight of your beauty is ſufficient to create freſh blood in withered veins of age, and give a new life to expiring mortals: If you are ſad, Angels themſelves are ſo. Pardon my prolixity, Divine Lady, I am in a Labyrinth greater than the Cave that incloſed the Cretan Minotaure, 'Tis eaſier to eat fire and not be burnt, or to cut Diamonds with Glaſs, than to ſpeak your real Praiſe; O then how happy am I in your love! That love that gives Speech to a dumb man, that love that makes Ideots turn Orators, and inſpires the Age with ſuch admirable Fancies, that all people become Poets, only out of a duty to your Deſerts, that they may celebrate your Praiſes,*

Praises, which is a Task too great for them, as it is for, Excellent Lady,

Your sincere Admirer.

12. *The Ladies Return to her servants Lines.*

Kind Sir,

WHen I think of you, I am in a maze, insomuch that I suppose you to be every thing that is good; Majesty is placed on your brow, your Tongue for its eloquence may be Musick for the Gods, your looks are so pleasant and so airy, that *Cupid* appears there in his best grace; and when you walk, the earth doth humbly seem to shrink, as being sensible of the weight it bears. But hold, my passion runs beyond the bounds of modesty, Discretion now perswades to give the preheminence to *Pallas*, not to *Cupid*, you were pleased to try a Conclusion on my feminine Capacity, and you may believe (upon necessity) I can reverberate accordingly. But, Dear *Sir*, though I must acknowledge my affection is of a large extent, yet (since I have conversed with the Poets) I cannot but admire at the prodigiousness of your *Sex* in former times; should I believe all to be gold that glisters, I might see my error as well as others have done before; however Sir, I dare not apprehend you to be otherwise than Noble, a little more experience may wipe off all my womanish suspicion, for such is my high esteem of your worth already, that I want but little of saying how much I am

Yours.

13. *A Ladies fore-warning her Friend of another Ladies Society.*

Sir,

PErhaps you may pretend that this procedure of yours is only to awaken me, for the better try my faith and constancy; but believe me, it is

safe to jest with edged tools, or to play with fire; Nor is it any wayes commendable in you, to associate your self with the wanton Lady, I need not name her, since you know to whom that Epithete belongs. 'Tis true, she is reported to be handsom, there is then the more danger, and wiser men than you have been ensnared with the bewitched Allurements of a strange woman: To be merry with a Lady, or to converse and walk, and use language tending to Courtship with a Lass that delights to hear her self commended, is frequent with men, and may be born with when managed with discretion, but to stake your reputation upon so slender an account, as to offer Courtship to that same piece of Vanity, argues much fondness, little wit, and less constancy: Let me therefore earnestly desire you, for the sake of your own fair credit, to forbear these extravagancies, that you may rid me of that suspition which as yet lies heavy upon my heart, I shall then retain the same opinion of you which I have hitherto had, that you are a man master of your self, and too true a Lover to admit of any other sharers in your affections but my self, since our late Contract, and the Truth of a Gentleman, have laid such a lawful Injunction upon you. Pray, if you are minded to cure my distracted thoughts, use some sudden means, lest my distemper grow too violent for a remedy, till then I shall (not yet but) remain

Yours, even in impatience.

14. *One Ladies Advice to another, near Marriage.*

Good Soul,

IT is an unruly Age we live in, and my love hath occasioned this trouble to you: I understand there is a Gentleman Mr. *A. B.* is extreamly prodigal of his pretences to you, in the way of Love and Marriage: my Caution is only this, that you have an eye to your

estate

own welfare, build not upon empty promises, for if you once suffer him to please his humour before he is firmly yours, you will certainly forfeit your own Honour. Consider, as he is above you in purse, and the portions of this life, (Beauty only excepted, for of that Nature hath given you a bountiful proportion) whether his intentions are real or feigned, make him your own, and then if you fall in two, (you may understand the phrase, by observing the occasion) he will be bound by the Laws of God and Nature, to bear a part with you in whatsoever happens. The truth is, I had not taken upon me to give you this admonition, did not report speak loudly of his passion for you, and of his conditional promises to be yours hereafter, if you consent to be his first: Such a love hath subtile limits, and more *Meanders* than a harmless maid can easily discover. It is reported too, that you incline somewhat to believe him, and are apt to think he means nothing but what is honourable, yet know this from one more experienced in things of this nature than you are, that if he should perform his Vows to you after he hath feasted his appetite, yet such a Breach in your reputation, will continually admit of strange sallies, checks, and opprobrious terms, as *Strumper*, *Slut*, Light Housewife, *&c.* and what did you afford me, that another man might not have had? and when the glass is once broken, it is not easily cemented: Dear *Soul*, keep heaven about you, and let good thoughts guard your innocency, so shall your Honour be unspotted, and your life happy; which is the earnest desire of

Your cordial friend and servant, &c.

15. *A Lover to his false Mistriss.*

Stain to thy Sex,

HAth modesty now forsook thee, that thou durst abuse that affection, that adored thee? did

m

manifest my self a dotard to gain thy love, and having had a multitude of promises from thee, of constancy and firm affection, darest thee now to admit of anothers flame? Now thou seemest more deformed than ever I thought thee fair, so ugly a Monster is Ingratitude. By this I do perceive thou didst enjoyn me to smother our affections, only that thy new servant might not have any occasion to be jealous; I will hate thee for thine own sake, and him, for robbing me, although but a trifle; And that my revenge may soar high enough to reach thy Perjury, I will begin with him, and then proclaim thy lenity, and how thou hast disserted me, after a long League of Friendship, after thou hadst past thy Vows to be none but mine, and hast admitted a stranger to thy bolomes? Was it for this that I delighted daily to be praising thee? How did I spend my time in making *Encomiums* upon thy Beauty, Vertues, and thy Person that I once so much admired? I will now study to contradict my own fond opinion, and so decipher thee, that thou shalt seem as odious to the world, as thou dost to me, else let Fate do so, and more too.

Base Wretch,
Thine once, but now his own.

16. *On sending a Book.*

Madam,

THat you may perceive I do not forget you, let this poor Present inform you; it is the Famous Romance, Entituled, Pharamond, *and written by the Author of* Cassandra *and* Cleopatra, *were it not a Piece of great worth, I should not have thought it fit for your perusal; However were it otherwise, I dare assure my self it would not be unwelcome, since to question that were to doubt of your good will to* Madam,

Your faithfull servant.

17. *A*

17. *A Lady to her discourteous Lover.*

Sir,

THere was a time, and that within your own memory, that you were pleased to flatter me with the glorious Titles of Divine Mistress, Most Accomplished Lady, *and what not? Yes to manifest the frailty of all these Expressions, and how little you meant what you so often reiterated, you were lately pleased to give me a flat denial to my poor request. Certainly Sir, I should have been commanded by you in concerns of higher moment, and not only so, but that your slighting of me may be more apparent, you have not bestowed your Visits as you use to do: If I have given you any occasion thus to estrange your self, I should not think you so blame-worthy as at present I take you to be; But that you may see I am not quite void neither of good nature, nor affection, I must needs confess I do somewhat doubt my own deserts, as well as your disposition, and am resolved to continue, till you shall totally renounce me,*

Wholly yours.

18. *A Brother, on the occasion of his Brothers not writing.*

Dear Brother,

THough your occasion enforce you to turn Tenant to your own time, yet I had thoughts that such a trifle as my self, might be admitted into your memory, at some interval or other. It is now four or five Letters you are indebted to me for, however I confess my self so much engaged to you on other accounts, that I fear you would think your self too great a loser, should we but quit scores. Dear Brother, cast an eye upon your Books, when perhaps I appear amongst your Debtors, you will make more of me than a blank, or cypher; which that you may do,

do, I will ſtill bear the badge of your obligations, and when I appear faſe, let me be caſt aſide as none of your Coyn, but as a Counterfeit: in the mean time, Sir, call me what you pleaſe, ſo you pardon the Errors of this trouble, which I concluded might be more fitly offered, than my acknowledgements ſhould be concealed; but I ſhall ſin no further againſt your patience, only believe me to be, as formerly,

Your affectionate Brother to command.

19. *A Gentleman to a Lady, in his Friends behalf.*

Madam,

THrough an ardent deſire to become your debtor, I have attempted to crave a favour of you in behalf of a Friend, whoſe deſerts when once known, will ſpeak both his thanks and commendations; I am advertiſed by him that there is a Lady, to whoſe young Beauty you have no ſmall relation, and he having a paſſion for her, knows not how to gain the favourable opportunity to kiſs her hands; 'Tis therefore my requeſt, that you remember me when you ſee him, and if you can further his reſolutions be aſſured the acknowledgement ſhall be great, as your civility, and with as obſervance paid by, Madam,

Your real friend and ſervant.

20. *Another to the ſame purpoſe.*

Madam,

PArdon me if I tell you, you cannot be juſt, if you ſpare your civilities to me, ſince my affection is ſuch to your ſervice, that I ſhall ever eſteem it the glory of my life, to be employed by your commands; ſince therefore neceſſity doth compel you, receive this Gentleman as my Friend, that I may honour your merits, and endeavour to get ſome for my ſelf, that I

may

may be the more capable of performing those duties which shall become due from, Madam,

Your very servant, &c.

21. *A Letter of Compliments from one friend to another.*

Sir,

YOu have so well studied the Art how to oblige, and withal how to express your favours, that for my part I am ignorant how to proclaim either my thanks or services without a blunder: for putting so harmless a creature in so ill a habit; Nor indeed shall I ever be able to satisfie my self therein, unless I could tell, with a safe conscience, how to play the thief, and steal your words and actions from your self. Let me now only adventure to tell you, that it is a kind of tyranny in you, to make me so much your servant by force, who was walking so fast that way, upon the feet of mine own free will. We have here nothing noteworthy, but that we all live so fairly in friendship, as if faction were a stranger to our trains; As for my self, if I were any thing, the love I bear you would multiply it, and the favours which I receive by you, would dignifie it; And howsoever, the honour of your Commands, which I may hope for them, will give me such a being, as without immodesty I will boast of to the universe; Nor shall any soul be found more faithful to any obeysance commands, than mine is

Yours.

22. *An Answer to the former Letter.*

Sir,

I Have been in your debt too long for your last Letter, the words whereof were delivered by your own choice hands, as so many fair pictures drawn by an experienced Artist, only let me tell you, I can discover a little dauling here and there, but as you are

my

my friend, I dare not doubt your ingenuity. Indeed I do not think it possible for entire affection to be more generously expres'd, I can but return thanks to you, rather indeed such an answer, as may better consist of thoughts than words. I must crave your pardon, now I am compel'd to let you know I have scarce time enough allowed me to say how much I am, Sir,

Your very faithful Servant.

23. *The Lover to his deliberating Mistris.*

My only Joy,

WHy should strange fancies, and indigested humours create a breach in that affection which hath been so often, and so firmly knit between you and I? If I have offered any occasion for your dislike, let me be unpardonable; but if you will give me slight and neglects for my real love, it is you must be unjust. for shame let not any dispute be raised now, just now that we are travelling in the way to our felicity. From whence come these suggestions of yours, that things will look hereafter with a worser face, and that you fear your condition will have an ill change? Do you hold intelligence with heaven? Or can you divine, or dive into the hidden mysteries, or secret cabinet of a Deity? Pray recollect your thoughts, and remember what affectionate promises, may firm protestations, did not long since pass between us, then, when we called the little Birds, and the listning silent Streams to be witnesses to our Oaths: Remember those silver drops which I so often courted to catch as they then glided from your eyes: if all this shall seem as musick too harsh for your ears, I must take the liberty to exclaim. But I dare not show so much rigour towards you, you whom I so much love and honour, I will rather accuse my own merits, or my fortune, since my only happiness is taking wing, and the Life of my Life thinks me un-

worthy to be beloved; However, my resolution is fixed, do you study to be unkind, my heart shall nevertheless continue either

Your Servant, Or, your Sacrifice.

24. *Civil Complements from one Friend to another.*

Sir,

TO be Civil is to be Noble, and both these Qualities excel in you, it is therefore needless for me to give you thanks, or acknowledgements for your favors to me, since your generosity will never make me a debtor, for what you paid to your own inclination and virtue: I received your Letter in such a time of solitude, that my heart bade it most freely welcome; for your lines did not only pleasure me, but engage me, insomuch that I am hugely desirous to have more such Visitants, after they have taken leave of only your hand; for by those marks I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at your condition, whether in health or not: Since then it will be such a satisfaction to me to hear from you, I beg of you to engage me once more, that I may use my endeavours to contribute somewhat to your content, for it is the chiefest aspiring hopes of,

Sir, Your eternal Friend.

25. *A Gentleman to his Lady, whom he fears would make a New Choice.*

Dear Soul,

WHat Melody can be sweeter Musick, than the simpathizing of our Loves, I am not able to divine, & am apt to believe the point may puzzle your wit, although it be a pregnant one. Then since (at least) I esteem my self in Paradise whileſt I am in your favour, wherefore, Oh wherefore doth report whisper to me, that you (whom I ever took to be firm as truth) should now begin to waver in your thoughts to me? Dear Heart, let me not be forgotten in a moment,

nent, let not me whom your Beauty and your Vertue have ravished with admiration, become so vainly expensive of my time, as to lose that Jewel, dear to me as my life. I will not, nor dare I believe you can be so unkind, but shall hereafter tell the erring world you are all goodness, and that there are those Ladies even in this our age, that will not forget their Vows, and know how to be constant in the best, or worst of times, as well as, Most worthy Lady,

Yours, in the bonds of true affection.

26. *A rich old Gentleman, to a fair young Virgin.*

Young Lady,

LEt not my years be an obstacle to your love, since I have those gifts of fortune, that will not only maintain our affections, and keep the fire of love in a continual flame, but will also afford you all those Ornaments which Art hath designed for the adorning such tender and beautiful Buds of Nature: Besides, though I come not to you with a powdred Lock, or in the mode of a young Gallant, yet know my Girl, my zeal for you can be as hot, and as sincere, as the spruceſt Pretender in the world: and if age doth make me seem in your apprehension, as a withering tree, yet I have Gold will keep its colour, and it is that which in this world is ones best friend. Pray have me in your thoughts, and I shall watch for an opportune season, wherein I may make my self farther known to be, Fairest Lady,

Your most affectionate Servant.

The Answer.

27. *A beautiful young Virgin, to a decrepit, rich, old Gentleman.*

Grave Sir,

YOu are too far distant from me in years, to be admitted into my affections, since you are arrived

to the pitch of Dotage, and I yet ignorant of what is Love; However, I must do you so much justice as to commend your discretion, for filling with a Golden Bait, for believe me, next to Beauty, I cannot imagine any thing to be more taking among mortals, than the glorious name of Wealth: I could be content to keep my Coaches, my Pages, Lackeys, and Maids, but I confess I could never endure the society of a bald pate; How can you think, Reverend *Sir*, that I should love you, when by the temptations which you offer, you clearly manifest your opinion, that if I should marry, it must be to your Gold, rather than to you: I confess a Silver Myne is a pretty toy for a thing of my years to dote on, but I have a childish humour peculiar to my self, that is, never to humble my affections so, as that they suffer Treasure, as a Load-stone, to draw them to its back. 'Tis true, wealth will be welcome to me, to maintain my Train, but the Person of that more lovely creature, Man, will ever be more welcome to a Maids Embraces. Can you think me so weak, as to exchange the Flower of my Youth, for a bundle of Snow, or rotten Dirt? No *Sir*, Gold with a man is good, admirably good, but it is Man that in the *School* of Love, passes for the principal Verb: for my own part, rather than joyn my self to a meer wedge of Gold, I shall choose to accept of a bundle of Rags, so they have any affinity to a Man.

Old men are grey, Old men are grey,
I'm a lusty bonny young Lass,
And I prethee Old man away.

By this time, good old man, you know my mind; be wise, and wed your self to heaven, and I shall thank you, if in your death, you remember to bequeath your Gold to

Your young Adviser.

28. *A Letter of Courtesie from friend to Friend.*

Sir,

I Have no kindness for this Letter, for I heartily wish it lost, that you may find me before it performs the service it was sent for: But you may perceive by its contents (for they are short) that I hope it will not be long ere you make me happy in your company. I am the more easily perswaded it will be suddenly, since I am informed you are about the Equinoctial of your return to Town, and my earnest desire to see you may convince you that I hold you to be as it were a Sun in my Hemisphere. My occasions compel me to forsake my usual road of being tedious, and must conclude with that real truth of being, Sir,

Yours undivided, though at distance.

29. *One Gentlewoman to another in behalf of a Friend.*

Sir,

E Re I had so much good fortune, as to thank you for your former kindnesses, I am opportuned by an honest friend to recommend him to your favour: He hath an humble suit to you, and as he assures me, a very just one, and hath omitted other opportunities, only that it might pass your hands. Sir, if you have any good will left for me, pray bestow part of it on him, and let the rest plead my excuse for this fresh presumption, which if you please to interpret as a desire I have to serve you, you will judge aright of

Your debtor, and humble servant.

30. *The forsaken Maid, to her treacherous Friend.*

Most unkind Man,

IT is my exceeding wonder that you should be one, to make up the number of those that dare to be wicked; Now do I see my folly, when I hugg'd you in my bosom, and believed those Oaths and Protesta-

tions,

tions, which you have moſt vitiouſly broke: Now can I call to mind the advice my experienced friend gave me, never to truſt to the pretenſions of your Sex; Oh! can you ſee me on my knees, with wet and ſwoln eyes, and yet not learn to love me, nor hate your ſelf! Or have you no regard to that innocent lamb, as yet but in my womb, which though of a ſmall Volumn, yet it is but your ſelf in a leſſer Frame: if you believe, or but think it is not yours, let me be ript up, and then you will perceive each member to bear the true image of your own, and your name is likewiſe near it, for ſince you told me what it ſhould be called, I wrote it in my very heart. I have nothing more to ſay, but only to deſire you to be ſo true to your ſelf and me, as to remember and perform your Vow; if not, be ſo merciful as to rid me of a loathſom life, for if you do neither, my diſgrace will be publick, and rather than live your Strumpet, I ſhould eſteem it a greater happineſs (ſince my misfortunes have brought me to the miſery) to die

Your Sacrifice.

31. *The Lady to her importunate Lover.*

Sir,

SInce you are reſolved to be troubleſome, I ſhall likewiſe reſolve to be impatient; let me not be any more perplexed with your impertinent pretences, or aſſure your ſelf, if my advice be ſlighted, and you continue as vain as formerly, I have ſo much intereſt in thoſe that have worth and honour, as to engage them to correct your inſolency, and that not with Fiſt or Cane, but Weapons leſs vulgar, and more dangerous, therefore be adviſed before it be too late, ſince I am deſigned for another, and not likely however to be

Yours.

The

The Answer.

32. *The Lover to his Threatning Lady.*

Worthy Lady,

CAn you think I can live, and want your love? Or can you imagine I can fear Death it self, when I am inspired by the thoughts of you? I will not be so uncivil as to tax you with cruelty, or say your heart is made of Adamant, but be assured who ever dares be so vainly proud as to assault me, I have a Sword as sharp as his, and a Pistol that barks as loud as his; but if I chance to fall in so fair a Quarrel, my Soul is so entirely knit to your vertues, that if any chance afterward to injure you, or defile your honour, it will appear in your defence, for I have made it my resolution to be,

Dear Madam, *Yours living, or in death.*

33. *A Letter of Enquiry, from friend to friend.*

My good Friend,

I Am designed now to be troublesom to you, but it is only that I may be satisfied in two points, first I am to tell you, I live as a thing without rest or patience, and shall continue so, till I hear how you escaped in the late accident; for I hold my self concerned in all your dangers, and shall readily enlarge mine, so I may contract yours. But if I may suppose (as well as hope) that you are safe, the next happiness that my ambition aims at, is your society; which if I can obtain, I may perhaps recover my understanding, and shall thereby be the more enabled to render all acknowledgements due from

Your Friend, to love and serve you.

34. *Comfortable Advice to a Friend on the death of a Son, or other near Relation.*

Dear Sir,

I Am hugely sensible of your great loss, and as great grief, and that is it that hath given wing to my affe-

fections, thus to advise you, as you are a Christian, ot to afflict your self too much, since it was the plea- re of Almighty God to summon his servant to him- lf, cast your self into the arms of his Mercy, and he ll certainly give you a full measure of Comfort; for is he that is the Fountain of Consolation, nor doth y thing in this poor world happen by chance, but ac- rding to his divine Pleasure and Counsel, 'in only ex pted; nor is any thing accidental to him, though they em so to us, for his wisdom hath ordained all things om all eternity: And if a little Sparrow, or a hair your Head have a share in his Providence, consider m, how such an infinite Power, which is vested with ch an infinite wisdom and goodness, can possibly let y thing arrive to any such creature, as for whom he ad, which shall not be absolutely good and necessary r him. For Jesus sake, Sir, be your self, or rather tition to him, that in this urgent occasion you may e more than so: God make, and keep you ever happy, or make you less miserable than I fear you are ow making your self. This is, and shall be the desires d prayer of, Sir,

Your cordial well-wisher, and very humble servant.

35. *A Tender of Service to a Mistriss.*

Divine Lady,

YOu are the first to whom I ever became bound in the bonds of Love, and hold it as well my du- as my interest, no longer to conceal how much I nour and admire you. I had thoughts, Madam, di- rs times to acquaint you herewith before, since it th been my great happiness to be admitted into your fair presence, but durst not take the confidence ll now; if my affections have been too powerful for my discretion, and so compelled me to commit an er-

ror,

ror, I doubt not your goodness will excuse it, since it was purely out of a sincere zeal to do you service; nor could I dissemble my ambition any longer. Let it suffice, Dear Lady, that I am now a prisoner to your Beauty, and from the Bar of Love do make it my suit, that you please to honour me with a favourable answer to these Lines, that you may enable me to make a happy Reply, or otherwise such a one as may be too late esteemed unhappy, as bearing the doleful tidings of his fate, that vows to be

Yours, though in death.

The Answer.

36. *A disdainful Lady to her Servant.*

Sir,

I Received your amorous Epistle, and cannot; as I am a Woman, and a Christian, but have so much charity as to pity, though I cannot love you, since it is a duty I confess I conceive to be due to all persons either Sick or Lunatick: but I confess my nature is of another constitution, for you are the first, to my remembrance, that I ever hated, which now at length I thought good to let you know, because indeed I do not apprehend how you deserve my dissimulation; Let it suffice, I shall study to revenge this insolency, but yet so, as not to honour you with the knowledge of how, or wherein: And as for the felicity which you think you have, in being able to make a Reply, either happy or unhappy, you may choose whether it shall be made, or not: but if it comes to my hands, it shall then be at my choice, whether to be burned, or read, for the sake of a little laughter. But my advice is, that you spare the pains, for it will be but lost labour upon

Your Friend, if you will be your own.

37. A

37. *A ſick Lady to a Gentleman.*

Sir,

THough I want ſtrength to expreſs my ſelf ſo amply as I would, yet this may ſerve to let you ſee I do not forget you, though I am indiſpoſed to think of any t but there is no thanks due from you for this civility, ſince I do it for my own advantage for I always finde ſuch a ſatisfaction in all the reſpects which I pay you, as that I expect, if not an amendment, yet a contentment at the leaſt from the honour which I give my ſelf of ſaying with abundance of truth, that I am

Exceedingly yours.

The Anſwer.

38. *A Gentleman to a ſick Lady.*

Madam,

IF I were able to expreſs the Joy which I received from your late Letter, I am confident you would not be ill pleaſed with mine; yet though the Letter was moſt freely welcome, as being your Ambaſſador, I confeſs when its Errand was delivered, whereby I underſtood the condition you were in, I could not forbear ſome paſſionate incivilities to the poor Paper, but I do not deſpair of obtaining your pardon for it; for, you ever profeſs to love kindneſs, and I am very believing, that you cannot finde more in the heart of any creature than mine. That I may conclude you may in time be brought to think ſo, be pleaſed to follow my Advice; be extream careful to preſerve your ſelf this Winter, for the ſeaſon will not eaſily aſſiſt you towards a ſpeedy Recovery, but I hope the prayers of all your friends will, and I want not the conſolation of believing that ſome uſe may be made of his, who is Madam,

Infinitely yours, to ſerve you.

39. *The Lover to his unbelieving Mistriss.*

Fairest Lady,

IT is my unhappiness to love, and not to be believed, what assurance shall I render to satisfie your credulity, if death or danger may convince you, lay but your commands, and then let your experience be the Judge. Is there that wretch that hath offended you, name him, and make me your scourge, or shall I combate with some furious Lion, or try my strength gainst an angry Bear? These, or what may seem more dreadful shall be eagerly performed, since fortune must needs favour those whom your love inspires; let me but once obtain that, and I shall fear nothing but a surfeit of Joy and Happiness, as being mortal, yet Bright Goddess,

Your humble Votary.

40. *A Lady to her Lover.*

Dear Sir,

I Received your late Epistle, which was not with me before I wished it; but give me leave to tell you, I do observe your affection to be but lukewarm, for (though I do not delight in great Texts, yet) I know it hath been usual, and is still, for Lovers when they have an occasion to express their zeal for a Lady, to give all their adornments for the Art of Words or Memory can adde to a deserving Beauty. This I say only to inform you, that I can notifie your neglect in this particular, but I will conclude it was either your bashfulness, or else your subtilty to try my simplicity and love; But for the future pray remove all doubts, and assume no more a Counterfeit for liberty of trying my patience, when you know I would pull out my own heart did it entertain a thought of alteration; fear not me, but do you your self remember

the

those protestations you have so solemnly and devoutly made, and thereby enflamed my affection. Let Vertue and constant Love be still your inseparable Companions, so may you conclude, I shall esteem you my treasure, and will be no less

Yours, to perpetuity.

41. *The Lover to his Mistriss, having gained her affection.*

Life of my Love,

BEing overjoyed for the great treasure I am lately blessed with, I could not contain my self till I had wrote to thee, to assure thee once more of the great felicity I enjoy since the happy Contract between thy dear self, and me: I never was really happy till now, I had before but a meer glance of Paradise, but now an absolute possession; now all my joyes are become acquainted with my sense, before I was only made up of fancies and Airy imaginations; I had then but a glimps of those fair flowers, the Roses and Lilies of thy cheeks, but am now happily arrived to the unimaginable pleasure of gathering. My senses are much too narrow to entertain their bounteous flowings, they have fed even to a surfeit, and I have nothing more to fear, than my happiness, lest excess swell me till I burst: Then will *Cupid* be more cruel than before, since when I was but sick of love, and dangers were not so great as now; But why do I talk of danger? I will fear nothing whilst I have thy love to guard me, for by the force of that, I dare promise my self not only happiness and safety, but all the blessings that can attend a zealous Lover, as I have been and will be, while I have power to be (my Dear)

Thine only, and for ever.

42. *A Gentleman to his Lady, upon the urgent occasions of taking a Journey.*

Honoured and dear Lady,

HAd not Christianity tyed me to a stricter rule, I could even curse the severity of my fate, since necessity compels me to be banished from you, and consequently from my self; for let me go never so far distant, my heart will be always in your custody, and the thoughts of your dear Self, shall be my only consolation. But that I should be thus enjoyned to remove my person from you, in whom consisteth all my comfort and delight, is no small grief to me, especially considering the Life I apprehended in your favour, the Heaven that I discovered in your Smiles, and all those *Elizium* Joys that adorned your countenance; yet since it must be so, be assured, my Dear, Dear, I shall not forget the Vows of my Devotion, and I will be proud to publish your Vertues to the ignorant world, till I become compleatly happy in an Experience of your Constancy; nor shall I move in any other Sphere than what your influence doth govern, and will sooner languish to the worst of Deaths, than love any but your Divine self. Thus (my only Joy) leaving my heart in your tuition, I only beseech you to be tender of it, for its own, for yours, or for my sake, and in expectation of my happy return, I rest

Your faithful humble servant.

The Answer.

43. *A Lady to her Lover, upon his taking a Journey.*

Dear Sir,

I *Would pour forth as many Curses on my fate as you can invent for yours, but that I have an ambition to be like you in all things, especially in what becomes*

becomes a Christian, and a Lover. But since, as you say, necessity doth compel you to take a Journey, (and I dare not doubt the least accent of your lips) I must study to be content, and to exercise all that patience Heaven will be pleased to afford my Prayers; and since you have honoured me with the custody of so great a charge as is your most noble Heart, be confident I shall cherish it as the Apple of mine own Eye, and as a Hostage for my fidelity and your security, I assign you mine, be equally careful of it, as you honour your self, or me, and I shall be no less studious to declare your worth, than to preserve my own fame, which never can be tainted while I remain, as I have resolved,

Yours ever, in constancy and service.

44. *A crack't Virgin to her deceitful Friend, who hath forsook her for the love of a Strumpet.*

Base Man,

NOw you appear so foul, that nothing can be more monstrous; is this the fruit of your Promises, and Vows? was it for this that you so often swore you never spoke to me without the thoughts of a pure love, and ambition to be mine, and that you never let fly an Oath in my presence, but when your heart was enflamed by a fire of Vertue, and that in all your actions, worth was the Load-stone that attracted your industry? how comes it then to pass, that you forsake me, ruine my Reputation, and leave me to become the Map of Shame and Ignominy; and not onely so, but with a wretched confidence glory in your impiety, and think to wipe off all your injurious actions with a slight or careless humour; and this reproach that is like to befal to you as well as me, is occasioned through a lascivious love which you bear to an impudent Woman; nay, a known

Strumpet, whose eyes discover in sparkles the deceitfulness of her heart, and whose very smiles are more ominous than the tears of a dissembling Crocodile; for shame consider, if not for my sake, for your own. What delight or conversation can you enjoy in the company of a lewd Whore, who loves another as well and better than she doth you, or one indeed that hath no real affection for any? I fear the custome of your sinning, hath taken away the sense of your own good, and you are grown deaf, and desperate, otherwise you durst not provoke the divine Vengeance, or expose your self to Vertues Curses, and the scorn of all good men, for the notorious injuries you have done (perhaps to others but too soon) to

Wicked Wretch,

Your friend, till you abused her.

45. *The Lady to her slandered Servant.*

Sir,

WHen you were last with me, there passed some circumstance of affection between us both, but having considered the great affair that we then had under consultation, I must desire your pardon, if I crave leave to recal my forward fondness, since my fortunes and my happiness lie at stake; not that I do utterly determine to abandon all manner of good will for you; but only that little time may satisfie me concerning some reports of you that have lately reached my ears. Sir, I hope they are false, and in that confidence, I gave neither credit nor countenance to the former, but till I may be convinced they are so, 'Tis my request that you shew your love by abstaining from any further visits to

Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

The

The Answer.

46. *The Slandered Lover to his Lady.*

Most worthy Lady,

I Know not how to render you sufficient thanks for that Noble favour, so glorious, and therefore like your self, neither to countenance my accuser, nor condemn me till you had heard my answers; Honour'd Lady, it is not unknown to you, that I dare not do any thing of justice to you, and that I have been ready, and will be so, to lay my life at the feet of your service, so far I am from fastning a falshood on your fair Honour, that the proudest he that durst do it, shall know I will be ambitious to justifie you, and correct him; and that I speak truth, there need no greater argument than my zeal for you, when I would not allow of the least whispering against you, even then when you were most unkinde to me; therefore Good Madam, continue your wonted worth, and the se good thoughts you once had of me, and be assured, if I cannot be so happy as to thrive in your estimation, yet through a glory I have to be seen in your service, I will never suffer any to traduce your fame, and if I cannot obtain the Honour of being your servant, shall be happy in the Title of

Madam,

Your slave, or vassal.

47. *The Jealous Lover to his beloved.*

Dear heart,

YOu cannot but understand the extream perplexities that persecutes the whole frame of my minde; it is occasioned through a cordial love, which I bear to you, to you sweet Lady, why then will you be so severe to expose me to the hazards of desperation? if you have any love, pity, or reason, give some assurance, at least encouragement, that in time

I may be happy, otherwise while I consider your excellent Vertues, the incomparable Endowments of the Divine Soul, I mistrust my own merits, and you thereby become cruel in setting me upon the torments of suspition; O think not that I can retain the Idæa of your Beauty without the hopes of enjoying you, or the absolute ruine and desolation of my self: Dear Soul, it is not the frownings of a Father, or Brother, that I value: but if you frown, or storm, or seem angry, you shoot a dart into my bosom; since your sorrow is my suffering, and your complaints are to me an Agony worse than death; therefore Divine Lady, be like your self, vertuous, constant, and resolved; give some life to my hopes, remove my jealousie, that I may expect to call you mine, and be Master of my own senses, that I may be convinced there shall not need any further expostulation, since I discourse with an understanding Lady, and dare assure the world there are Women in it of worth, vertue, and sincerity, that scorn to be disloyal, as much as doth, My only Joy,

Yours only, to be commanded.

The Answer.

48. *A Lady to her Jealous Lover.*

Suspitious Sir,

WHat occasion have I given you to retain any evil or doubtful thoughts of my love or modesty? it is true, and probably you have heard it, a Gentleman lately was pleased to bestow a visit on me, nor could I do less than afford him a civil salutation. *Sir*, I am not ignorant of the severity the *Italians* exercise, but we are now in *England*, where the practice of humanity acquaints us with the true use of conversation; I know too; that Love is always seasoned with a smack of Jealousie, however your own wisdom,

dom, and the confidence I thought you had of me, might inform you, that an uncorrupted heart is Cannon-proof against temptations as well as slanders: But to satisfie you, if you dare rely on my word, there passed not a Syllable between us, which a Divine, or you your self might not have heard, otherwise be confident, if there had been no limits to the bands of respecting you, I should yet have had a regard to my own credit, and neither have given ear to immodest parley, or any undecent carriage. Be from hencefoth confident of my Loyalty, for in a little time it shall convince you, that I love you truly, and with so sincere a resolution, as to be, Sir,

Yours, not to live without you.

49. Civilities from one Lady to another.

Dear Madam,

MY Ambition is still to continue in your favour, yet that may prove as importunate as it is unjust, because I never could deserve it, yet I have no power to frustrate the effect of that whereof you warrant the Cause which occasions my admiring of your worth. And since you have been pleased to assure me of your friendship, and your favour, I can do no less than offer my service, which shall ever be in readiness to attend your Commands: I have had some young Gallants with me of late, who promise more Visits, and have sent some Complements: by the next I hope to be better furnished with somewhat new, to accompany what I have so often said, and shall perpetually that I am, Madam,

Yours, wholly at your Command.

50. *A Gentlemans request (for a sum of Money) to his Friend.*

Sir,

ACcuse me not for my Ambition to be still in your favour, since by that I freely beg what I would not ask, nor care to receive from any body whom I do not only affect, but extreamly honour; The urgency of my occasions have prevailed with me, to send this messenger to you for the sum of, &c. onely for one moneths time, at the expiration of which, you shall be certainly paid. *Sir*, you may well wonder, how I that deserved so little, can so confidently desire so much; but my unwillingness to forfeit my word with one Friend, hath put me to engage it to another. This suit if you will please to grant, you will infinitely oblige me, however if you deny me, I should be ungrateful and unworthy should I disown those engagements which have otherwise made me sufficiently

Your Debtor, and your Servant.

51. *A Lady to a Gentleman, on his Recovery from a Fit of Sickness.*

Noble *Sir*,

BY your favour, which is a great one, I have met with the good Newes I hoped for; I mean your Recovery from those dangers your late Sickness was said to threaten. I had the unhappy intelligence from one whom I knew to be just in his reports, and I was therefore bound in Honour as well as Conscience to believe him: But now you are well, I am safe, and not in so much danger of being frighted by the miss reports of others. Here are now so many

about

about me, and they chatting all at once, that I can with difficulty write one word of sense, however my heart like a Carryers horse, trots in the old path and pace, and cannot be distracted from resolving, nor my hand from expressing what I am, and shall be ever

Your very Friend, and Servant.

52. *The Recovered Gentleman, to the aforesaid Lady.*

Madam,

MY ind sposition hath been double, the want of health and your good company, wh ch hath been most particularly desired; since my inclination invites me to take a pleasure in your Society, your Letter was extreamly welcome, you may believe me, Madam, for you cannot but know with what respect I have continually adored your favours, in recompence for all I have received, and what I may not despair to hope for, I will serve you Madam, if I can not only from one end of the world to the other, but from this very day, to the last of my life, and shall decline all your commands, if they shall dare to exceed my inclination and resolution to obey. I will not crave your pardon for not writing till now, since the King, he will be just, cannot punish me for not performing impossibilities; nor will you, I know, be so unmercifull now I want the use of my own hand, to deny me another mans. But though I have been his Debtor for it hitherto, I will make hard shift to subscribe my self now, and ever, Madam,

Your obsequious Servant.

53. *A*

53. *The Lover to his Mistriss, upon his fear of her entertaining a new Servant.*

Fairest Lady,

WHat can there be to compose an accomplished minde, that you want? Beauty, Generosity, a Noble Birth, solid Wisdom, affable Demeanour, insomuch Lady, that you are truely the Center where all the Graces meet, and you do not only approach absolute Perfection, but enjoyn all others to a high and fervent Observation; nor can I boast of any respects I do you, since your Vertues command more than I am able to wish, and it is my glory, and I esteem it the pride of my life to justifie my souls desire to serve you, and an honour to my Bondage, that I may be accepted for your slave. Command me then, most Excellent Lady, but withal remember that your Commands be love; for without love I can have no life, nor do I value death so I may bear your love with me to the grave; Yet, my Dearest Lady, let me not be mistook, though I am happy in being your subject, yet, like a Soveraign Prince, I cannot endure a Competitor; The feud being much alike between Rivals for Love, and those for Kingdoms; I have more of man in me, than to brook anothers Claim, especially any presumptuous hand to seize my right. Let me beseech you then, for Humanity sake, and Vertues, for yours and mine, to use a circumspection, lest you betray your Vertue to Corruption, or my small stock of Valour to irrecoverable dangers. For be assured, if my hopes are frustrated either by your will, or ignorance, I will defie the world, you, all women for your sake, and my self; but if any daring Arm shall stretch it self out in violence to your Honour, I will in duty force it to retire, or make it perish in the extension, and be extreamly happy if my best bloud may be expended in the service, since I hav

have vowed to entertain the Resolution of being
Madam,
None but yours,
and
Yours till death.

54. *A Fair young Virgin, to an old Rich Miser, whom her Guardian did design should Wed her.*

Honourable Sir,

FOr I must ever acknowledge the truth of that old Proverb, that says *Age is honourable*; for all that, give me leave to tell you, though I am under the tuition of another, yet I am Mistris of my own affections; and in truth, neither your wisdom, your gravity, no nor your riches, can charm me to affect you; Sir, be so much your self as to desist from your suit to me; be in charity with the world, and in love with Heaven: build Hospitals, that you may merit the prayers of the poor, and spend not your precious time in dotage upon a Woman; for to be plain with you, I will sooner wed my self to a Nunnery, or some loathsom Gaol, than become your Bed-fellow, and shall ever have a greater estimation for a Wiseman in Rags, than a Fool in his Richest Trappings; if you visit me, or send to me any more, I shall conclude you troublesom and frantick; be advised then, since you know the minde and resolution of, Sir,

Yours in the way of Friendship.

55. *The Ingratiating Gentleman to his angry Mistriss.*

Excellent Lady,

I Beseech you to consider, I cannot live unless you love, then be so merciful as to save what your frowns are able to destroy; if you imagine my Husbandry will be prodigal, your love will teach me to be frugal: Do you mistrust Incontinency? love will quench those flames: Do you fear I may be guilty of extra-

extravagancies? love will teach me to be solid; Are you afraid of want? love is content with a little, and studies things that are impossible, it overcomes all doubts and intricacies, and facilitates things that are most difficult. Be not then so credulous to the whispers of Calumniators, though these suggestions are buzzed into your ears, yet consider whether there be any ground for such like Jealousies, or the ends of those that raise them, only to poison my Reputation and my Happiness; let my honest and real Assertions be weighed in the ballance of your serene Judgement, that I may be admitted into your favour, or else know my doom, and die quickly, that Fame may do me so much honour and justice, as to Record me, Divine Lady,

Your abused Martyr.

56. *A Gentleman of good Birth, but small Fortune, to a worthy Lady, after she had given a denial.*

Worthily Honoured Lady,

HAd I not apprehended some small spark of encouragement, as it seemed to issue from your gracious acceptance of my affections, I had certainly forborn to have put you to this second trouble; or my self to a fresh presumption, as knowing such Divine Stars of Beauty are to be beheld with more than ordinary Veneration. Excellent Lady, I humbly beg of you, not to reflect upon my Confidence, nor startle me with my inequality of Birth, lest the sense of losing you, send me to Hell with terror. My presumption hath this Apology, it is more ease to reach to the lofty Bough, than to stoop to the humble straw; and when a man attempts things Noble, though he fail in his designs, it is a glory to undertake them. And though, Madam, you are truly great as well as good; yet Histories will tell you, there have

been

been Queens, and Persons of highest Honour have cast their smiles on such whose accomplishments might claim respect. For my own part, I may and dare say it without ostentation, my Birth is not base nor mean, and my affection nobly loyal. Oh let not my fears suggest to me that some other by an intrusion will deprive me of my Souls Treasure, your love, a Happiness that I would purchase with any thing more dear than liberty or life; Oh be not then so severe as to say, Honor forbids you to affect me, though you could like my person, there is death in every accent of such a sound; But if you do resolve for a servant more meritorious than my self, you will ease my torments by giving me to understand so much, since I intend not to trouble you with any more lines, but resolutely to fall, Ceestial Lady,

A Sacrifice to Love, and you.

57. *A Lover to his Mistris, who had lately entertained another Servant to her bosome, and her bed.*

Madam,

I Am now arrived to that pitch of Learning, as to understand the Vanity of your Sex, you have incomparably well proved, that though men can put a bridle into the nostrils of wilde Beasts, out-do the Craft of Serpents, and dive into the most hidden secrets of Nature, yet the industrious thing called Woman can out-do him, and confound his noble understanding. From henceforth therefore I will shun your Sex as the infectious poison of a Pestilence; Now could I curse my Credulity, my self, and all Women for your sake; was I not fore-warned by the xample of a wicked *Helen*, that occasioned the desolation of famous *Troy*, by that of *Eryphile*, *Cleopatra*, *Messalia*, *Panthea*, *Rhodopis*, and many others? but why should

should I trouble my brain to sum up Examples, when each woman is a Plague to her self, to all but those Adulterous Lechers that bear Hot-houses in their bodies, and Stoves in their boyling bloods. I perceive my love was not sufficiently immodest for you, I have been too cold in my Amours, therefore it is you slight me, and entertain some Monster of a more able back; whom (not unlikely) your roving wanton eyes have discovered from your window to bear some heavy weight, and not shrink his well-made Joynts under his ponderous load; may you enjoy him, but may you receive the rewards due to your Adultery and Perjury: for be assured Heaven hath continual supplies of Vengeance for such abominable offenders; And that it will be just to you, and your deserts, is not only the desire, but the belief of

Your most abused Friend.

The Answer.

58. *The Lady to her Lover, in defence of her own Innocency.*

Unkind Sir,

I *Do not a little wonder at the frenzie of your cracht brain, since you dare thus confidently to call my love and modesty in question, and only for the civil Entertainment which in honour I was obliged to afford a Friend; whence come all those dreadful and satyrical Expressions that you imagine are not too good for one that but lately you pretended to love entirely, and spared not Vows and Imprecations to create a credulity in me? Certainly the Furies were your Dictators when you wrote; I will grant you that a Lover may be allowed to be a little jealous, it is but the overflowings of his affection, but I hold it not fit he should be mad, ranging mad, as I fear you are. Sir, believe me, your intelligence is false, and inno-*

innocency can with safety stand all the Assaults of a slanderous Tongue: Pray recollect your thoughts, and punish my Accuser, that my worth may not lie longer under the burthen of a Calumny: Be less suspicious, and assure your self I shall be ever loyal, though now I write in passion, so far I dare engage, since I already finde it is my chief content and happiness to be thought worthy of being, Sir,

Yours, though hugely wronged.

59. *A Lady to him whom she affects.*

Sir,

I Should have been happy if Heaven had given me merits to deserve your affections, since I hold it no great difficulty to afford you mine: But that we may discourse with a little freedom, I will borrow so much time from my other Affairs, as to meet you at, &c. only I shall give you this Caution, that as I am a Virgin, you will shew your self so far a Gentleman as not to offer any thing that may savour of incivility: pardon me, that I lay such an Injunction on you, it is not that I question you are otherwise Noble, but only what is commonly expected from a Maiden, that hath a respect to her own modesty and credit, and may therefore very well become, Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer.

60. *A Lover to his Amorous Lady.*

Dear Madam,

Do so well understand my respects to you, that I (pardon my boldness if I say) your care was somewhat needless. Lady, it is you that I adore, and can you then imagine I would injure you, you that I would gladly make my own, and be proud of such a Purchase? Again, my Birth is not so base, as to tyrannize over

over Ladies, especially you, the best of Ladies; when the Skie puts on her bespangled Garments, the glittering Stars, I will expect you with all the reverence and submission due to your noble Merits, from Divine Lady,

Yours, if you think me worthy.

61. *The Affected Lover to his Mistress.*

Glorious Lady,

WE read and understand by the industrious help of History, how stones have danced after Amphion to the Theban Walls, that the Mountainous Ossa, and the lofty Panchaya likewise danced to the Odrissian Lyre, that Dolphins forsook their wild Natures, when they heard the melody of Arions Harp, humbling their backs of scales, to bear him from the violence of Neptune, and his angry waves. It is then beneath a wonder, if the world stand amazed at your voice; should the fierce Tyger, or the raging Boar but hear you speak, they would change their unbridled natures into the modesty of devout Adorers: One accent from your delicate and incomparable lips, are sufficient to give life to a dying man, and to revive into Childhood the chill and cold clods of Age. One smile of yours can work more miracles, than Esons Experience found in Medees Bath. How happy am I then in your love! I am nothing beneath the great Monarch of the greatest Empire, and may I fall from all Fortunes, to my absolute ruine, when I forget to be, Most Honoured Lady,

Your Beauties Slave.

The

The Answer.

62. A Lady to her affected Lover.

My Happiness and Joy,

YOur large Commendations, and liberal Expressions towards me, do certainly assure me that your affection to me is real: yet though I cannot requite your courtesies with a reprehension, I think I ought in justice to give you this Cautionary Information, that though you may think as you say, others may be of another mind, and some Critick may chance to find those faults in your Rhetorick, which you that see with the Multiplying-glass of Love cannot perceive; Therefore lest you forfeit your wisdom, forbear these Hyperbolies hereafter, since the reciprocal tryals that have passed between us, do sufficiently declare the mutual coherency of our affections: Let me implore you to be more reserved in this point, if you respect my love, or me, for what need such lofty lines, that favour so much of flattery, when you know I have made it my resolution to be

Yours, and only yours.

63. *A Lady to her despairing Lover, who had deserted his suit at the first Repulse.*

Sir,

I Have expected either to have seen or heard farther from you, but I perceive you are but a raw Souldier, and but lately engaged under *Cupids* banner, otherwise you would not have given over the Skirmish for a small Repulse; For though I can afford you a room in my heart, and all the love that is there, is for you and your worth, yet you might well tax me with lenity, or suppose me extream forward, should I yeild at the first summons, without having the least experience either of your love, or loyalty; But be confident (for I dare write more than I durst speak, since

since this Paper cannot blush, though I may) I have had a very high respect and honour for you, since the first moment that made me happy with your presence; I suppose a word to the wise may be sufficient, if you have a kindness for me, you perceive I am ready to go out of the road of a Maidens modesty, only to meet with you: Be not so much like your *Sex*, as to slight me, now you have that thrown upon you, which with so much ardency you seemed to court before; for I can judge of Justice as well as Love: but if you will favour me with your company, or at least a line or two, you will not only give me abundance of satisfaction, but engage me to be Sir,

Yours for ever.

64. *A Gentleman to a fair Lady, whom he accidentally discovered at a Window.*

'Lovely Lady,

JUstice and Honour kiss your Hands, and so solicit my Cause as to tell you, you are obliged to shew me favour, since for your sake I have undergone the vehement tortures of an expecting Lover, but now being grown impatient, I have taken a resolution to be rather importunate than bashful; for my nature is too high to suffer me to stoop to, or flie from any attempt that hath the countenance of what is Noble: Fairest Lady, my Ambition is to visit you, if my love may prevail with you to afford me so great an honour, and I question not (since Heaven delights to be loved, and you like one of its Inhabitants you need here for a small space, appear Angelical) but you will be in condition as in beauty; For if the Divinity of your Person lay a charm upon my senses, it is but Justice that you endeavour to recover me before my Distemper render me incapable of any remedy; how-

ever

ever it shall be my glory, if I cannot live your servant, that I can die, Lovely Creature,

Your Devout Admirer.

65. *A sick Lady to her Lover, enjoyning him to forbear his Visits, she being infected with the Small-Pox, or some other Maligant Distemper.*

Sir,

I *Am now become a Prisoner to my Chamber, and though it were charity in you to bestow your Visits, yet my own sense of justice informs me I ought to continue close, since that fate that hath befallen me, may else be so spightful as to seize on you: it is a Distemper that hath used a violence to my whole body, and hath not spared my face: lest therefore I become your wonder, I conjure you by all the love you have, or ever had for me, to absent your self for some time, till you may see me with more safety and convenience: for if you should venture your person, now mine is in some danger, my grief would be augmented, since I know it is more wisdom to hazard the one half of my Estate, than all, and if I must lose my self, I would not have Death to be so triumphant as to possess my second self, and to glory in his Conquests so far as to make me a Bankrupt: You will do well to let me hear from you, at least send your Prayers in my behalf to the Heavenly Throne, for so it becomes a Christian and a Friend, and you will therein do justice to your self, and*

Sir,

Yours in sickness, or in health.

66. *The fearful Lover, to his supposed unconstant Mistriss.*

Madam,

IT is now most apparent to me, that there is no credit to be given to a Woman; have not you and I con-

confirmed so strong a League of Love and Friendship as was possible to be done, yet you can forget all your Promises, your Vows, and sober Protestations, as if they were but as so much wind, and might be broken as soon as made. This you have most perfidiously done, and under the pretence of fear that your Misfortunes are drawing nigh, as if you had discretion enough to chalk to your self the way to your Felicity, or as if you held a Correspondence with Wizards, that could divine what the effects of our loves should be; if I must be slighted now at last, when I thought to be most happy, yet at least pray let me not be forgotten, that you may justly say, you were once loved by a real Friend, and if it be my Misfortune to be deprived of you, may you meet with one whose affections may be sincere as mine, that would be, Madam,

Yours, if you please.

The Answer.

67. A Lady to her fearful Lover.

Worthy Sir,

YOur downright railing against our Sex, seems to me, only as the heat of your passion, which I will favour with the construction of your love. But I cannot but extreamly admire what Devil it should be should enflame you with so much fear and Jealousie: I remember all those Vows and Protestations that passed between us, and you shall know, I dare not to be so wicked as to tempt Heaven and Vengeance, so as to break my least promise to any soul alive, especially with you; Be therefore wise, and more resolved, you might have forborn your taunting language of my chalking out a way to my felicities, or holding a correspondence with Witches, or of Taxing me point blank with perfidiousness, before

re you heard my answer; such usage would tempt many a young Maiden to scorn and forget love: when I see you next, we may discourse farther on this Subject; till then, and ever, be confident, I am,

Yours, if you think fit.

68. *A Wife to her Extravagant Husband.*

Vain and miserable man,

CAnst thou open thy eyes and not fear lest every one that sees thee should revenge those Adulteries and lacivious actions of thine, wherewith thou hast brought upon thee the Curses of a chaste Wife, with her dear and innocent Babes? doth not thy Conscience tell thee there is an everlasting Law-giver in Triumph against the day of Vengeance, to judge such perverse sinners as thee? Or dost thou imagine that those strict duties (commanded from the beginning) were but matters of Policy, or that unition of Man and Wife being one flesh, was meerly breath and Exhalation? surely it is so esteemed by Atheists and prophane Livers, but I fear to the Eternal horror of thy Soul, thou wilt roar in the pit of everlasting perdition, from whence it is difficult to get Redemption; Therefore be no more foolish, but call to mind how thou hast misspended thy most precious time, endeavour to redeem it, and open the eyes of thy understanding, that thou mayest repent, and sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto thee; Consider, the lips of a Whore are sweet as Honey to the taste of Fools, but in her heart is the sting of Scorpions; yea, the Poyson of Aspes lie under her lips; wilt thou then adventure the stinging, when there is no Cataplasm for the sore? wilt thou forget the Virtuous Wife of thy bosome, for a Strumpet that is not only dissoyal, but impudent? darest thou despise thy Children, those gifts of the Almighty Providence.

vidence, resembling Olive Branches about thy Table, those Buds of the Divine Blessings promised to the good man? wilt thou run and wallow in the loathsom sink of Lust, and carnal Brutality? thou that mayest trace the fair Walks of Contentment with honest and chaste Embracings. Oh, be more advised, Let the Contract of your Nuptial Vows prevail with thee; I conjure thee return to the pleasant Springs of our Amity, that I may wash thee clean again with the tears and kisses of a loving Wife, that thou mayest see thy children flourish, and that I may no longer be as my present condition renders me,

Thy sorrowful and miserable Wife.

69. *A Lover to his Distempered Lady.*

My Joy,

YOu are now more cruel in your Sickness, than I ever found you in your Health, it was a severe Command you sent to me; what though you are sick, if I do not see you, I shall be so too, and perhaps may go out of the world before you; I understand your indisposition to be great, and that your Disease hath abused you to your face, but I hope you understand me so well, as to conclude my love doth not consist in outward forms, I have reason to command my passion, and by that I am perswaded it was a Vertuous *Cassandra*, not a Fair *Helen* that I courted, a spirit that was truly noble, not the thin skin of a fair feature; however I am confident the beauty of your Person, as well as that of your Minde, cannot be subject to a ruine by any sinister Accident: Time that undertakes to wrestle with all things mortal, may give it a trip hereafter; and then our Souls shall enjoy a blissful Union to Eternity: Dear Soul, recal your *Mandate*, and give me leave to be happy once more,

more, for till I see you, I am in continual pain, however I have this consolation, that I can be

Yours languishing.

70. *A Lady to her Servant, that for some private reasons concealed his Birth and Fortunes.*

Honoured Sir,

MY Ambition hath been of so long a growth, that now it is become too big to be concealed, therefore I beseech you, if you have any respect for a young Lady, satisfie my request, which is only that I may better know you, and be better known to you. You seem to be a Gentleman every way compleat, if I may receive your Character, though from your own mouth, I shall believe it as an Oracle, for I perswade my self you are truly Noble; if your intentions are as I have reason to believe, and that you bear any kindness towards me, you will not deny this reasonable civility; nor can it be thought discretion, but rather a strange extravagancy in me, to receive your affections, or to pledge my own, unless I can have some account of your worth, more than what I have read in your visage, which I confess is sufficient (if our conditions may correspond) to entitle me, Sir,

Yours, as you shall please.

71. *The absent Lover, to his supposed unconstant Mistris.*

Madam,

I Dare not rashly condemn you, but pardon my love, if I take upon me to inform and to advise you; There are those that whisper strange things concerning you, as that you afford your self more liberty than is consistant with the modesty of your Sex; and that at unseasonable times you have been

seen to accompany such persons, whose conversation is sufficient to render you weak and scandalous: I know, Madam, report is commonly a Tatler and a Liar, nor dare I entertain a loose thought of one whom I so dearly love, I cannot think my self lost to your Memory, but my fears make me apt to hearken to any thing, wherein there is any use made of your name; impute it as I do, to my distraction, not your defects, but withal be so circumspect, that the mouths of slanderous people may be stopped, that envy it self may by seeing your Vertuous disposition, arrive to the same happiness that I enjoy, which is, to love and admire you, which I shall ever do while you have vertue, or I have power to be *Yours.*

72. *A Gentlemans advice to his Mistris, how she should blinde the eyes of her watchful friends.*

My Lifes life,

I Perceive thy Guardian, who is no Friend of mine, doth not only watch me, and all my words and actions, but hath his Emissaries to do the like, and there are those that do assure me, the *Servants* are charged to slip behind the Hangings, and to watch who they are that shall visit thee; my advice therefore is, that always in his presence we seem as strangers, and counterfeit our looks, that we may thereby perhaps allay the heat of his Jealousie, but remember, when thou first my brow full of frowns, as if I had a solution to be angry, it is but a Copy of my countenance, and that originally I am as I shall be ever thy happy, and therefore thy most pleasant friend, believe for a play, not a truth, and if thou dost but act thy part as well as I, it shall not be long ere *Hymen* shall draw the Curtain, and discover to all the world, that spight of either their care or envy, thou art mine:

in the interim be assured, I shall in Love and Loyalty continue as an unmoved Rock,

My dearest Dear, thy affectionate Servitor.

73. *A Gentleman to his new Mistriss, upon his relinquishing an old one.*

Lovely Lady,

HAving lately had the happiness to see you, I am now withdrawn from my designs of marrying with another, I cannot deny but some treaty was had concerning that affair with, *&c.* but your excellent beauty hath put a stop to my career, and hath made me ambitious of meriting your favour, and that you may not think me wavering, since I have left one that I might finde a better; be assured, Madam, I will never enter into the bonds of Matrimony with any but your incomparable self. I had not perhaps took this presumption upon me, if I had not had some encouragements, or if I had not at least fancied as much, when I was lately where you were. I beseech you, Dear Lady, pardon this rudeness, and give me the opportunity to wait upon you, that I may verbally and really give you a farther testimony of the love and honour I have had for you, since I made it my resolution to live and die *Yours.*

74. *A Captious Lover to his Vertuous Lady.*

Mistriss, &c.

I Did perswade my self that you were absolutely resolved to be mine, and that no perswasions or allurements could prevail with you to vary from your former thoughts, but I now finde you are as changeable as your Sex, and it is easier to hold a slippery Eel by the tail, than to finde a Woman that is true and constant. Had I given you any occasion, you might have had some pretence for your frequenting the company of the young Gallant, or admitting him into

your Society, but my affections have been unspotted, and never had so much as a small flaw, or mote in them till now. Now, that you like an unjust, and wanton, if not lascivious piece of Vanity, have given occasion to no small number that observed your behaviour, to talk and besmear that fair reputation that you before enjoyed, which was the main motive that spurred me on to conclude our Contract. And since that time I have took you to be mine, and therefore may with the more freedom reprove you, and advise you. I shall now say no more, but expect you should satisfie my disturbed thoughts, by giving me an account of what passed between you, and then hoping you will be more reserved for the future, you may still conclude me as before,

Your affectionate real Friend.

The Answer.

75. *A Virtuous Lady to her Captious Lover.*

Sir,

I Am apt to believe it for a certain truth, that Cupid *and* Jealousie *are inseparable Companions, and true love is oftentimes mixed with suspitious fears, but it is my wonder, that you who are a man of reason, should so flatly condemn me before you know what my offence hath been. Sir, give me leave to tell you, I have now a fair occasion to mistrust your demeanor hereafter. The Gentleman that was in my company deserves rather your acknowledgements for his noble deportment, than your extravagant censure: but perhaps you will absolutely conclude me idle, for being so much as seen with any man, since I was designed to be yours only, however you may do me the Justice to consider there were others of my Sex with me, nor had I been in his company, had not the importunate intreaties of the rest prevailed with me;*

Besides

Beſides, though I am in election to be your wife, I hope you do not intend to make me your Slave, but will allow me a reaſonable converſation with perſons above the reach of a Calumny; I beſeech you Sir, be ſatisfied with this account, and take this for a certain truth, I will hence forward forget the hopes of being a Bride, before I will call you into ſuch another hell of tormenting Jealouſies, but ſhall ſtudy to render my ſelf as ſhall become, Sir,

Yours, if it may be.

76. A Lover in Commendation of his Miſtriſs.

My Bliſs,

I Was ſufficiently amazed when I beheld your perſon, and the beauty of your outward ſhape, inſomuch that I concluded Nature deſigned you for her Store-houſe, wherein all her Rarities and Novelties were diſperſed and intruſted; I looked, and as I looked, I admired, but having afterwards attained to underſtand the virtues of your mind, I could not then but clearly perceive what a rich treaſure of precious Jewels were incloſed within the fair Caſket. Since which time, I have been proud of mine own judgement, and think the better of my ſelf for fixing upon ſo glorious an object. This is not flattery, but juſtice; and as you have ſet my affections on a flame, it is as juſt that you ſhould findy ſome way for ſatisfaction, ſince I am in thought, word, and deed,

Madam, yours, wholly at your devotion.

77. A Ladies thanks to a Gentleman for a civility lately received.

Worthy Sir,

I Should be a ſtranger to Worth and Honour, ſhould I be ſo far unacquainted with the Generoſity of your Nature, as not to underſtand it to be truly Noble

in all things, it ſhames to do courteſies, and hates to receive acknowledgments, yet I muſt be ſo upright to my ſelf, as to own your late civility for a moſt noble favour, which I confeſs I receeved with ſome kinde of amazement, as being my ſelf ſo much undeſerving; and leſt my ſervices ſhould be beneath my wiſhes, if I can have your acceptance, my endeavours cannot be unrewarded: for that alone will render them conſiderable; And if I can be happy in any thing, it muſt be in proclaiming to the world how much I am,

Noble Sir,

Your Honours, and moſt humble Servant.

78. *A Gentleman to a ſick Lady.*

Madam,

I Am ſo happy as to ſympathize with you in your want of Health, my minde aſſures me, you cannot be ill ſtempered by any bold Diſeaſe, but I muſt be ſo too, you have this evidence for it, ſince I have had an extream fit of diſcontentment from the time I laſt ſaw you: Now I am ſomewhat amended, my indiſpoſition is a little qualified, which gives me encouragement to hope, as I do deſire, that your condition is the ſame, otherwiſe, rather than you ſhould want a Companion in your miſery, I would chooſe to be ill again; That I may therefore be fore-warned of my own Misfortunes, be pleaſed I beſeech you to let me underſtand how you do, and withal make me happy by receiving ſome Commands from you, ſince it is the glory of my life to appear, Madam,

Yours, in all occaſions.

The

The Answer.

79. *A sick Lady to a Gentleman.*

Noble Sir,

MY distemper leaves me, but all in vain, since I cannot be throughly well till I see that you are so, I could once willingly have dyed, because I cannot live to requite your kindness: but now I begin to be past all hope of dying, for death came towards me so fast, that the very joy thereof, hath wrought in me a recovery. *Sir*, my health consists only in the ability which I hope suddenly to have, that I may visit you; since you will not be so favourable as to prevent me by coming hither, but whether to come to me, or I to you, I hope you will not deny me the honour to own what I have hitherto profest, to be still, what I was before, and will continue, *Sir*,

Yours, to serve and honour you.

80. *A Husband to his Lascivious Wife.*

Wicked and wretched Woman,

HAst thou forgot all goodness, that thou darest lift up thy adulterous eyes to behold the Christal light? Hast thou no sense of thy own filthy deformity? Dost thou not know the world brands thee for a Whore, a notorious Strumpet? Art thou not sensible how thou hast made me become a scorn and by-word to all that know me? Not that the credit of an honest man can be dashed by the infidelity of a Strumpet, but so it is, that the corruption of the times have created a custom, to set the Wives sins upon the Husbands forehead; thy children are either hated or pityed by all, and I my self dare not look upon them, lest I permit my fears to whisper to me thy Whoredoms, and their Bastardy. Our Relations, and those that were formerly our bosom Friends, do now forsake us, crying, they will not accompany

themselves with such as belong to the house of shame, or that tread the paths of incontinency, consider these things and repent, lest thy impenitency do farther provoke Divine Justice, and Heaven pour forth Vengeance as a reward of all thy impieties, and withal remember, this is the advice, of Monstrous Woman,

Thy sad, and much injured Husband.

81. *A Gentleman to his Friend, returning thanks for sending him a Book.*

Worthily Honoured Sir,

I *Would have rejoyced to have had an opportunity to serve you before you sent me that ingenious Piece. Entituled,* The Lives of the Statesmen and Favorites of *England* since the Reformation: *But I am now bound to make it the business of my life to render for all an humble and hearty acknowledgement, both for your own sake, and for the Gift sake: though nothing could be unwelcome to me that you should send, yet I know not what could have been more welcome, except your self, who I know not how to requite, but must proclaim you a Noble Friend, and a charitable Gentleman, and shall multiply my wishes for your prosperity, since you have without merit of mine, bound me for ever, Sir,*

Your Thankful Servant.

82. *A Gentlemans request to his Friend for a sum of Money.*

Sir,

LEt me not be held no Friend, because I send to borrow Money, I had rather want that, than lose your love; but Sir, if you shall think fit to pardon my boldness, I desire your patience so far, as to measure the length of your Purse-strings, since a present and urgent occasion puts me on this strange adventure:

venture: *The sum is but five pounds, which shall be paid within a month, if you dare take my credit; for the assurance, and for interest you shall have my thankful acknowlegments. Thus not doubting of your civility in this case, I rest as ever,*

Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer.

83. *A Gentleman to his Friend that sent to borrow Money.*

Sir,

OUr Friendship would be held by a slender thread if a five pound weight could snap it. I have not thought fit to pardon any boldness, but do esteem my self happy in that I have a Purse or string to serve you, your credit is sufficient, and therefore I have sent you the sum required, and shall expect no other interest, than the like courtesie (if you think it one) when you shall be troubled by

Your hearty real Friend.

84. *A Lover to his Mistris.*

Bright Lady,

I Am now in love with mine own eyes, and wit, for were not the first exceeding good, they could not endure the lustre of your Beauty, and I am apt to believe the latter may be sharp, since it hath so exact a Character of your worth. Be more just to your self and me, than to think I flatter you, look into your self, and then you will wrong neither, and when you find I have done you right, call not my affection in question for making the discovery, since it is my duty to serve you and truth in all things honorable; But if by commending my own services, I am so presumptuous as to exceed your pleasure, let your pity seal my pardon, since my default was only the

effect of love, and I shall doubly be engaged to be,
Madam,

Yours now, and ever.

The Answer.

85. *A Lady to her Lover.*

Sir,

YOu do well to love your own eyes, and wit, and I will own the first to be good, and the latter sharp, but if they both went together as you place them, your brains might be on the outside of your head, and then if you prove mistaken, blame your self, your eyes, your wit, and not me: But that I may be just to you, where there is no fault, there is no need of pardon, though the worth of ones affection oftentimes appeares more in words than in reality however if you will take the liberty and trouble to commend me, I must and will claim the priviledge to subscribe my self, Sir,

Your obliged Servant.

86. *A Gentleman to his Rival.*

Sir,

IF you understood what an Honour I have for the accomplished Lady, you are pleased to afford your Courtships to, and what a reciprocal return I have for my affections, you would either out of civility or judgement cease to be so ridiculous, as to endeavour to rob me of her, whom her Parents and her self hath blessed me with; And though perhaps the out-ward Maiden modesty, will assure you it is not so, yet I can justifie as much, and make it apparent to your own judgement; besides the time is drawing near when our wishes will be consummated, and the you, and that part of the world that know her, may learn whether what I have now said be a truth or table.

sible; Cousen not your self, she hath a notable waggish wit, and uses it only to make you her sport: Sir, be wise, and think not with ease to attain to a happiness that I have tugged for; you are a Gentleman whom I have known, nor are your Relations strangers to me, were it not for that reason, I should not have brooked your visits to her hitherto, to the disturbance of my quiet: But from this time remember I have desired and warned you to forbear, as you cherish your safety and reputation, that so we may continue friends, for be assured you cannot finde out a more ready way to provoke my wrath, than your perseverance, which will occasion me to proclaim my self,

Sir,

Your incensed Enemy.

87. *A Virgin to her Parents, that would have her matched to one whom she cannot love.*

Most Dear Parents,

I beseech you, let the Rules of Nature be so prevalent with you, as not to marry me to the man whom you name; but if you do resolve that I shall marry, let it be one that I shall love, or to my grave: be not overruled by the thought of Avarice, lest you become inhumane to your own blood, and make me

Your sad, sorrowful, and afflicted Daughter.

88. *A Gentlemans first Address to his Mistris.*

Beauteous Lady,

Your stature is so glorious, that I must needs acknowledge I do verily believe Nature hath not one piece of Art that she can more boast of; nor is there any Lady under Heaven to whom I owe a greater reverence, were your affections but correspondent to mine, I would vie for happiness with the proudest Prince under the bright Canopy of the Celestial

leſtial Orb, but without your love, I cannot live, which will be a ſufficient evidence, that you are the efficient cauſe of my ruine: Madam, I humbly implore your favour, make me your adopted ſervant, and uſe me and what is mine, as yours, for I account no glory greater than that of being, Lovely Lady,

Your obedient Vaſſal.

89. *Another to the ſame effect.*

Mirror of Women,

PArdon the preſumption of a ſtranger, that having lately loſt his heart, makes an enquiry for it of one who is compoſed of nothing but what conſiſts of Innocence and Virtue, and from thence I have this conſolation, that knowing it is in your poſſeſſion, I queſtion not but you will be noble to it, either for love or pities ſake: Dear Lady, give me leave to pay my viſits to it, and if I may be ſo happy, let me accompany it, by being regiſtred among the chief of your adorers. I confeſs my encouragements are ſmall, having attempted nothing yet that might make me capable of your ſmiles, and being acquainted only with your worth; yet ſuch is the over-ruling power of your Beauty, that though my eyes were but once bleſſed with a ſight of your peerleſs Perfections, my ſoul immediately became a Captive to your Virtues; and being now at your diſpoſal, I ſhall hope to finde you merciful, that I may not languiſh in an adverſe Fortune, ſince you are naturally tender, and I am, fair Nymph,

Yours wholly, in the bonds of firm affection.

90. *A Courteous Laſs to her Paramour, who had gotten her with Child.*

Dear Sir,

I Am now conſtrained to conſume my ſelf to a vitiated life, ſuch is the fruit of your late dalliance, that I am

I am become obvious (and without your company ſhall be odious) to all that ſee me, and like your ſelf, the Babe in my womb is continually exerciſing it ſelf in an activity that affords me but little reſt. You cannot forget your promiſes to marry me, ere you could prevail with me to ſatisfie your pleaſures; Sweet Sir, let your ſtay be ſhort, for prolixity is dangerous to both our Reputations, I languiſh till you come, and till then, and ever ſhall remain, My Dear Soul,

Yours, to love, and live with you.

91. *A Gentleman to his (once ſcornful, but now) Affectionate Miſtriſs.*

Madam,

YOur ſighs and flatteries are not prevalent enough, ſince I have now diſpoſed of my reſolutions ſo firmly, as that they are beyond the power of either of us to recall. Nor am I one of thoſe puny Lovers, that think it reaſonable to lay my love at your feet, after it hath ſo inhumanely received your ſlights. I once loved you too well, but now have ſo opened the eyes of my underſtanding, that I can more plainly ſee my own worth, and your frailty. You are now ſo kind as to make vows of love to me, and I am ſo little an infidel as to believe you, and therefore ſince you have a love for me, I enjoyne you by that love you bear me, that you trouble me no more, but henceforth ſtudy to forget that I ever was ſomuch as

Your loving Friend.

92. *A Kinde-hearted Gentlewoman to her boaſting Favorite.*

Ungrateful man,

HAth my love to you deſerved no better than your ſcorns? did I receive you to my embraces through my weak belief of your treacherous Vows,

and

and do you requite me with the ruine of my Reputation: Degenerate Monster, can you be so sottish as to think you do not wound your own fame, when you strike at me, will not all men abhor you? and though they permit you a hearing, yet esteem of you as one of Natures Prodigies. But to be more plain with you be so wise as to forbear your foul reproaches, lest you receive a Pistol, or a Pole-yard from some one or other that may be sensible of your unworthy usage to, Base Wretch,

Your mortal Enemy.

93. The Lover to his inconstant Mistris.

Lady,

YOur love was once my Paradise, nor did I esteem my self happy in ought else; but now perceiving your Ambition hath betrayed your Honour, and corrupted your affection towards me, give me leave to tell you, since you can forget to love, I can as easily forget to sigh and from this minute shall disown you for being the object of my delight, since I think it not at all difficult to finde a Mistriss of more worth and constancy. May you possess a Husband equal to your deserts, I wish you no greater Plague.

Farewel.

Songs

Songs Alamode, *Composed by the most Refined Wits of this Age.*

Song 1.

AS in those Nations where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their aid implore,
'Tis not the workman, nor the precious wood,
But 'tis the workmanship that makes the God;
So cruel Fair, though Heaven has given to thee all,
The mortals Virtues or (can) Beauty call.
'Tis we that give the thunder to to your frowns,
Darts to your eyes, and to our selves the wounds;
Without our love which proudly you deride,
Vain were your Beauty, and more vain your Pride.
All envy'd beings that the world can show,
Still to some meaner thing their greatness owe.
Subjects make Kings, and we the numerous Train
Of humble Lovers constitute thy Reign,
Only this difference Beauties Realm can boast,
Where most it favours, it enslaves the most;
And those to whom 'tis most indulgent found,
Are ever in the surest fetters bound.
No Tyrant yet but thee was ever known,
Cruel to them that serv'd to make him one;
Valor's a Vice, if not with Honor joyn'd,
And Beauty a Disease when 'tis not kind.

Song 2.

FAirest Nymph my delay
Shames me, a Lover
Which I will now repay,
Since I discover
Those Beauties and Graces.

Which

Which so adorn thee,
And makes the earth grow proud,
That it hath born thee.
At the Wakes and the Fairs,
And ev'ry Meeting,
He's only happy can
Dance with my Sweeting;
Where all that stand about,
Still gaze upon her,
And those the Crow'd keep out,
Are talking on her.
As she walks through the Meads
With other Lasses,
All Flowers bend their heads
Still as she passes,
Striving to offer them-
Selves to be gather'd,
That she might Garlands wear,
E're they were wither'd.
As she at Ball in the
Cool evening play'd
For little Victories
And Wagers lay'd;
As the Ball, so their hearts
When they came nigh her,
Leapt for joy equally,
As they stood by her.
Ask the Rose why so red,
It say's she kist it,
The Lilly why so pale,
'Cause her lips mist it:
The Blushing Cherry said
'Twould be her debter;
'Cause one soft touch of hers
Ripen'd it better.

Song 3.

BReak, break distracted heart, there is no Cure
For this thy Souls most desperate Calenture,
Sighs which in others passion vent,
And give them ease when they lament,
Are but the billows to my hot desire,
And tears in me not quench, but nourish fire:
Nothing can mollifie my grief,
Or give me passion or relief.
Love's flames when smother'd always do devour,
And when oppos'd the same fatal power,
Then welcome Death, let thy blest hands apply
A Medicine to my grief, I'le die, I'le die.

Song 4.

WElcome blest hand, whose white out-vies
The Lillies or the Milky way,
Nor can the spacious azure Skies,
Cloath'd in the glories of the Day
Reveal so great a brightness as that hand,
Compar'd to which the Snow it self is tann'd.
Welcome blest hand, whose every touch
Is able to recal a Soul
Fled hence, whose sov'raign Pow'r is such,
That it no Mortal can controul;
My breast with as much joy that touch receives,
As condemn'd Pris'ners do their wisht Reprieves.
But prithee *Celia*, what design
Led thy fair hands unto my breast,
Was it a love to thine own shrine,
Or pity to a thing oppress?
For thou mightst feel't swoln with those griefs which (love
At first begets, and cruelties improve.
Thou couldst not think to find my heart
Within its wonted place of rest,
That's turn'd recluse, and set apart,
To the fair Cloyster of thy breast,

There

[illegible] 'd but to a liberty,
[illegible] be imprison'd there, is to be free.
Therefore if thou my pulse wouldest feel,
Or would my constitution know,
Touch thine own cruel breast of Steel,
And that will tell the how I do;
For in that happy Treasury doth lie,
The sacred power to bid me live, or die.

Song 5.

LEt Votaries rearing up Altar and Shrine,
Court streight-lac'd Religion till they be weary.
I nought will offer but full Cups of Wine,
As a Sacrifice to th'fat god of Canary.
What pretenders call holy,
Is dull Melancholly,
'Tis only rich Wine,
Has the Power Divine,
When they sigh and sob to make us all merry.
Let crack-brain'd Students whole Volumes devour,
And let the starch'd Puritan mind Revelations,
While themselves do pine, and their faces look sowre,
And Quacks kill themselves with inventing Purgations.
Come give us more *Sack*,
While our brains do crack,
We'l steep our dry souls
In liberal Bowls,
And cherish our hearts with diviner Porations.
Let adventures sail, till they plough up the Main,
Of stones they call precious, let 'em bring home a Mine,
The light of our Noses their Rubies shall stain,
And our Carbuncled Faces their Diamonds out-shine.
With peril and pain,
Those trifles they gain,
They wander and rome,
Whilest we sit at home,
And think w'have the *Indies*, if we have but good Wine,

Yet

Yet here the *Leviathan* hap[illegible]
Who's made to tipple and frolick [illegible]
Bacchus not *Neptune*, were God of the [illegible]
And the Ocean Sack his ſurfets to ſleep.
Nor would any man fear
To be ſhipwracked there,
Since if he were drown'd,
By th' Jury 'twould be found
That he was but dead drunk, and ſo fell a ſleep.

Song 6.

BEyond the malice of abuſive Fate,
I now am grown,
And in that ſtate
My heart ſhall mourn
The loſs it hath receiv'd
When of its only joy it was bereav'd;
The Woods with Ecchoes do abound,
And each of them return the ſound
Of my *Aminter*'s name; alas, he's dead,
And with him all my joys are fled,
Willow, Willow, Willow, muſt I wear,
For ſweet *Aminter*'s dead, who was my dear.

Song 7.

WHen *Phillis* watch'd her harmleſs ſheep,
Not one poor Lamb was made a prey;
Yet ſhe had cauſe enough to weep,
Her ſilly heart did goe a ſtray,
Then flying to the Neighbouring Grove,
She left the tender Flock to rove,
And the Windes did breathe her love.
She ſought in vain,
To eaſe her pain,
The heedleſs windes did fan her fire,
Venting her grief,
Gave no relief,
But rather did increaſe deſire.

Then

The [illegible] with her [illegible] a cross,
Her sorrows streaming from each eye,
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolv'd to die,

Mock Song 8.

ON yonder Hill a Beacon stands,
My Gloves will hardly sit your hands.
I think 'twill freeze to night,
Tobacco is an *Indian* weed,
Jeffory can neither write nor read,
I'm sure some Dogs will bite.
Pease-porridge is a Lenten dish,
Pudding is neither flesh nor fish,
Some Cheese will choak a Daw,
The Mayor of *Quinborough*'s but a Clown,
The Lawyer wears a dagled Gown,
Was *Tyler* and *Jack Straw*.
The Sun sets always in the West,
Is not the *Popes* Religion best?
Yes, when the Devil's blind.
Room for my Lord Mayer and his horse,
The Spaniard took *Breda* by force,
With butter'd fish he din'd.
Hark how my Hostiss puffs and blows,
Maids ha'any Corn, in your feet or toes.
Let's play a game at Bowls.
The Courtier leads a merry life,
The Parson loves a handsom wife,
Duke Humphrey din'd in *Pauls*.

Song 9.

WHen cold Winters withered brow
Wax'd sad and pale with sorrow,
Had overcome the darksom night,
And coming was the morrow,
I heard a Lad with Buglet clear,
A Jubet, and a Pfollow,

Cry come away,
'Tis almost day,
Forsake your Beds and follow.
Then with a Troop well arm'd for sport,
Upon their Coursers mounted,
Such as Venus Joys withstood,
When she the wild Boar hunted,
We on the Downs
With a Pack of Hounds
Whom Nature had befriended,
Pursu'd poor Wat,
New rais'd from squat,
Her first sleep scarcely ended.
Then over Hills, and over Dales,
And over craggy Mountains,
Through the Woods and shadowed Groves
Enrich'd with Christal Fountains,
The little Brooks with murmurs sweet,
And pretty Birds with wonders,
Sing careless Notes,
Through their well tun'd throats,
And fill the Air with thunders;
Ecchoes shrill,
From the Vaults of the Hill,
The Selvages and Satyrs,
Elves and Fairies do awake.
And *Sea*-Nymphs from the waters,
They listen to our larger strain,
Attentively delighted,
Courting the day
For a longer stay,
That we might not be benighted,

Song 10.

TEll me gentle *Stre, hon*, why
You from my embraces fly?
Does my love thy love destroy?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay

Stay, o stay, and I will feign
(Though I break my heart) disdain:
But left I too unkind appear,
For ev'ry frown, I'le shed a tear.
And if in vain I court thy love,
Let mine at least thy pitty move,
Ah! while I scorn, vouchsafe to wooe,
Methinks you may dissemble too.
Ah! *Phillis* that you would contrive
A way to keep my love alive,
But all your other charms must fail,
When kindness ceases to prevail.
Alas! Far more than you I grieve,
My dying flame hath no reprieve;
For I can never hope to finde,
Shou'd all theNymphs I court be kind.
One Beauty able to renew
Those pleasures I enjoy'd by you,
When Love and Youth did both conspire,
To fill our breasts and veins with fire.

Song 11.

A *Marill'is* told her Swain,
Amarillis told her Swain,
That in love he should be plain,
And not think to deceive her,
Still he protesting on his truth,
That he would never leave her.
If thou dost keep thy vow, quoth she,
If thou dost keep thy vow, quoth she,
And that thou ne'r dost leave me,
There's ne'r a Swain
In all this plain,
That ever shall come near thee
For Garlands and embroyder'dScrips,
For I do love thee dearly.
But *Colin*, if thou change thy love,
But *Colin*, if thou change thy love,

A Tygresse then I'le to thee prove,
If e're thou dost come near me.
Amarillis fear not that,
For I do love thee dearly.

Song 12.

WHen *Celadon* gave up his heart
A Tribute to *Auſtera's* eyes,
She ſmil'd to ſee ſo fair a prize,
Which Beaty had obtained more than Art:
But Jealouſie did ſeemingly deſtroy
Her chiefeſt comfort, and her chiefeſt joy.
Baſe Jealouſie that ſtill doſt move
In oppoſition to all bliſs,
And teacheſt thoſe that do amiſs,
Who think by thee, they tokens give of love:
But if a Lover ever will gain me,
Let him love much, but fly all jealouſie.

Song 13.

SWeeteſt Bud of Beauty, may
No untimely Froſt decay
Th'early Glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchleſs Face.
But kindly opening like the Roſe,
Freſh Beauties every day diſcloſe,
Such as by Nature are not ſhown,
In all the bloſſoms he has blown,
And then what Conqueſt ſhall you make,
Who hearts already daily take,
Scorcht in the morning with thy beams,
How ſhall we bear thoſe ſad extreams,
Which muſt attend thy threatning eyes,
When thou ſhalt to thy noon ariſe?

Song 14.

TIs not ith' power of all thy ſcorn,
Or unrelenting hate,
To quench my flames, or make them burn
With heat more temperate,

Still

Still do I struggle with despair,
And ever court disdain,
And though you ne'r prove less severe,
I'le dote upon my pain;
Yet meaner Beauties cannot dain
In Love this tyranny,
They must pretend an equal flame,
Or else our passions die.
You fair *Clarinda*, you alone
Are priz'd at such a rate,
To have a Votary of one
Whom you do reprobate.

Song 15.

CAll for the Master, O! this is fine,
He boasts of his twenty rich Nectars.
Liquors of life; but lees of dead wine.
For us the Cocks of the Hectors,
Wine wherein Flies were drown'd last Summer,
Hang't let it pass, here's a health in a Rummer.
Hang't let it, &c.
Bold Hectors we are of *London*, *New Troy*,
Fill us more Wine: Hark here, Sirrah Boy,
Speak in the *Dolphin*, speak in the *Swan*,
Drawer, Anon Sir, Anon.
Ralph, *George*, speak in the *Star*,
The Reckoning's unpaid; we'l pay at the Bar,
The Reckoning's unpaid, &c.
A Quart of Clarret in the *Mytre*, score:
The Hectors are Ranting, *Tom* shut the door:
A Skirmish begins, beware Pates and Shins,
The Pits-pots are down, the Candles are out,
The Glasses are broake, and the Pots flie about.
Ralph, *Ralph*, speak in the *Chequer*: By and by,
Robin is wounded, and the Hectors do flie,
Call for the Constable, let in the Watch,
These Hectors of *Hexam* shall meet with their match,
These Hectors, &c.

At

At Midnight you bring your Justice among us,
But all the day long you do us the wrong;
When for Verrinus you bring us Mundungus,
Your Reckonings are large, your Bottles are small,
Still changing our wine as fast as we call;
Your Canary has Lime in't, your Clarret has Stum,
Tell the Constable this, and then let him come,
Tell the Constable this, and then let him come.

Song 16.

YOur merry Poets, old Boys
Of *Aganippes* Well,
Full many tales have told Boys,
Whose Liquor doth excel;
And how that place was haunted
By those that lov'd good wine,
Who tipple'd there, and chaunted
Among the Muses Nine;
Where still they cry'd Drink clear Boys
And you shall quickly know it,
That 'tis not lousie Beer, Boys,
But Wine that makes a Poet.

Song 17.

THe thirsty Earth drinks up the Rain;
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The Plants stick in the Earth, and are,
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The Sea it self, (which one would think,
Should have but little need to drink)
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'reflow the Cup,
The busie Sun, and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face, no less
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.
They drink, and dance by their own light,
They drink and Revel all the night;

Nothing in Nature's ſober found,
But an eternal health goes round,
Fill up the Bowl, and fill it high,
Fill all the Glaſſes here, for why
Should every Creature drink but I?
Why, man of mortals, tell me why.

Song 18.

FIne young folly though you wear
That fair Beauty, I do ſwear,
Yet you ne'r could reach my heart;
For We Courtiers learn at School,
Only with your Sex to fool,
Y'are not worth our ſerious part.

Song 19.

BE thou that art my better part,
A Seal impreſs'd upon my heart;
May I thy fingers Signet prove,
For Death is not more ſtrong than Love.
The Grave's not ſo inſatiate,
As Jealouſies enflame debate.
Should falling clouds with floods conſpire,
Their waters would not quench Loves fire;
Nor in all Natures Treaſury,
The freedom of affection buy.

Song 20.

TO friend and to foe,
To all that I know,
That to Marriage Eſtate do prepare,
Remember your days
In ſeveral ways,
Are troubled with ſorrow and care:
For he that doth look
In the married mans Book,
And read but his *Items* all over,
Shall find them to come,
At length to a Sum,
Shall empty Purſe, Pocket, and Coffer.

In

In the paſtimes of love,
When their labors do prove,
And the Fruit beginneth to kick,
For this, and for that,
And I know not for what,
The woman muſt have or be ſick.
There's *Item* let down,
For a Looſe-bodied Gown,
In her longing you muſt not deceive her;
For a Bodkin, a Ring,
Or the other fine thing,
For a Whisk, a Scarf, or a Beaver;
Deliver'd and well,
Who ſhall cannot tell,
Thus while the Child lies at the Nipple;
There's *Item* for wine,
And Goſſips ſo fine,
And Suger to ſweeten their Tipple;
There's *Item* I hope,
For Water and Sope,
There's *Item* for Fire and Candle;
For better for worſe,
There's *Item* for Nurſe,
The Babe to dreſs and to dandle,
When ſwadled in lap.
There's *Item* for Pap,
And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle;
A Corral with Bells,
Which cuſtome compels,
And *Item* ten Groats for a Cradle;
With twenty odd knacks,
Which the little one lacks,
And thus doth thy pleaſure bewray thee!
But this is the ſport,
In Country and Court,
Then let not theſe paſtimes betray thee.

Song 21.

I Dote, I dote,
But am a Sot to ſhow it,
I was a very fool to let her know it,
For now ſhe doth ſo cunning grow,
She proves a friend worſe than a foe,
She will not hold me faſt, nor let me go:
She tells me I cannot forſake her,
Then ſtrait I endeavour to leave her,
But to make me ſtay,
Throws a Kiſs in my way,
O then I could tarry for ever.
Thus I retire,
Salute, and ſit down by her,
There I do fry in froſt, and freeze in fire;
Now Nectar from her lips I ſup,
And though I cannot drink all up,
Yet I am fox'd by kiſſing of the Cup;
For her lips are two brimmers of Clarret,
Where I firſt began to miſcarry.
Her Breſts of delight,
Are two bottles of white,
And her Eyes are two cups of Canary.
Drunk as I live,
Dead drunk beyond reprieve,
And all my ſenſes driven through a ſieve;
About my neck her arms ſhe layeth,
Now all is Goſpel that ſhe ſaith,
Which I lay hold on with my fuddled faith:
I finde a fond Lover's a Drunkard,
And dangerous is when he flies out,
With hips, and with lips,
With black eyes, and white thighs,
Blinde *Cupid* ſure tipled his eyes out.
She bids me riſe,
Tells me I muſt be wiſe,

Like

Like her, and she is not in love, she cries;
This makes me fret, and fling, and throw,
Shall I be fettered to my foe?
I begin to run, but cannot go:
I prethee sweet use me more kindely,
You were better to hold me fast,
If you once disengage
Your Bird from his Cage,
Believe it he'l leave you at last.
Like *Sot* I sit,
That fill'd the Town with wit,
But now confess I have most need of it;
I have been fox'd with Duck and Dear,
Above a quarter of a year,
Beyond the cure of sleeping, or small Beer,
I think I can number the moneths too,
July, August, September, October,
Thus goes my account,
A mischief light on't,
But sure I shall goe when I'm sober.
My legs are lam'd,
My courage is quite tam'd,
My heart and all my body is enflam'd,
As by experience I can prove,
And swear by all the powers above
'Tis better to be drunk with wine than love;
For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,
Our fore-heads with Jewels adorning,
Although we do grope,
Yet there is some hope,
That a man may be sober next morning.
Thus with command,
She throws me from her hand,
And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand;
I measure all the ground by trips,
Was ever Sot so drunk with sips,

Or can a man be over-seen with lips?
  I pray Madam fickle be faithful,
  And leave of your damnuble dodging,
Then do not deceive me,
Either love me, or leave me,
  And let me go home to my lodging.
    I have too much,
    And yet my folly's such,
I cannot hold, but must have t'other touch;
Here's a Health to the King: How now?
I'm drunk, and could chatter I vow,
Lovers and fools say any thing you know;
  I fear I have tyred your patience,
  But I'm sure 'tis I have the wrong on't,
My wit hath bereft me,
And all that is left me,
  Is but enough to make a Song on't;
    My Mistriss and I,
    Shall never comply,
  And there's the short and the long on't.

Song 22.

WHy should we not laugh and be jolly?
  Since all the World is mad,
And lull'd in a dull melancholly;
    He that wallows in store,
    Is still gaping for more,
  And that makes him as poor,
As the wretch that ne'r any thing had.
  How mad is that damn'd Money-monger,
That to purchase to him and his heirs,
Grows shriveld with thirst and hunger?
    While we that are bonny,
    Buy Sack with ready money,
And ne'r trouble [illegible] nor Lawyers.
  Those Guts that by scraping and toyling,
Do swell their Revenues [illegible],
  [illegible] their [illegible],

But

But are marks for each Tax,
While they load their own backs,
With the heavier packs,
And lie down gall'd and weary at laſt.
While we that do traffick in Tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whoſe Jaws are ſo hungry and gripple;
We ne'r trouble our heads
With Indentures or Deeds,
And our Wills are compos'd in a word.
Our money ſhall never indite us,
Nor drag our free minds to thrall,
Nor Pyrates nor Wracks can affright us;
We that have no Eſtates,
Fear no plunder nor rates,
We can ſleep with open gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.
We laugh at thoſe fools, whoſe endeavours
Do but fit them for Priſons and Fines,
When we that ſpend all are the ſavers;
For if Thieves do break in,
They go out empty agen,
And the Plunderers loſe their deſigns.
Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tipple and laugh while we may,
To waſh from our hearts all ſorrow;
Thoſe Cormorants which,
Are troubled with an Itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.
The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,
What a pox is he better than we?
He muſt vail to the man with his Buff on;
Though he Cuſtard may eat,
And ſuch lubbarly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

Song 23.

NEver more will I protest
To love a Woman but in jest;
For as they cannot be true,
So to give each man his due,
When the wooing fit is past,
Their affections cannot last.
Therefore if I chance to meet
With a Mistris fair and sweet,
She my service shall obtain,
Loving her for love again:
Thus much liberty I crave,
Not to be a constant slave.
For when we have try'd each other,
If she better like another,
Let her quickly change for me,
Then to change am I as free:
He or she that loves too long,
Sell their freedom for a Song.

Song 24

NOw fie on foolish love, it not befits,
Or man or woman know it;
Love was not meant for people in their wits,
And they that fondly show it,
Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,
And shall have Bedlam for their pain;
If single love be such a Curse,
To marry is to make it ten times worse.

Song 25.

TUrn *Amarillis* to thy Swain,
Thy *Damon* calls the back again,
Here is a pretty Arbor by,
Where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,
Where *Apollo* cannot spy,
There let's sit, and whilst I play,
Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

Song

Song 25.

COurtiers, Courtiers think it no scorn,
That filly poor Swains in love should be;
There is as much love in rent and torn,
As there is in Silks and Bravery;
The Begger loves his Lass as dear,
As he that hath Thousands, Thousands, Thousands,
He that hath Thousands Pounds a year.

Song 27.

TAke a pound of Butter made in *May*,
Clap it to her Arse in a Summers day,
And ever as it melts, then lick it clean away;
'Tis a Med'cine for the Tooth-ach, old-wives say.

Song 28.

B*Ess* black as Charcoal,
Was found in a dark-hole
With *Kit* at the Cat and the Fiddle;
But what they did there,
None safely can swear,
Yet Gentlemen, Riddle my Riddle.
Troth I would be loath,
Were I put to my Oath,
To swear *Kit* with *Bess* did ingender;
Yet it would tempt a man,
Bridle all that he can,
His present well wishes to tender.
But 'twas found at last,
E're a twelve-month was past,
hat *Christopher Bess* had o'er-master'd,
For her belly betray'd her,
And so she down laid her,
And brought him a jolly brown Bastard.

Song 29.

THe Glories of our Birth and State
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no Armor 'gainst our Fate,

Death lays his Icy hands on Kings:
Scepter and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal laid,
With the poor crooked Sythe and Spade.
Some men with Swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh Laurels where they kill;
But their strong Nerves at last must yeild,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They bend to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
While the pale Captive creeps to Death.
The Garland withers on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
For on Deaths purple Altar now,
See where the Victor Victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold Tomb,
Only the Actions of Just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Song 30.

SWeet *Jane*, sweet *Jane*,
I love thee wondrous well,
But am afraid,
Thou't die a Maid,
And so lead Apes to Hell.
For why my dear, 'tis pity it should be so,
Thou'st better then to take a man,
And keep thee from the foe.
Thou art so pretty and fine,
And wondrous handsom too,
Then be not coy,
Let's get a boy,
Alas what shou'd we do.
I see thy brow,

And well I know
What colour is below,
Then do not jeſt,
But ſmile the reſt,
Eſfaith I know what I know.

Song 31.

VIctorious Beauty, though your eyes
Are able to ſubdue an Hoaſt,
And therefore are unlaw'd to boaſt
The taking of a little prize,
Do not a ſingle heart deſpiſe.

Song 32.

Chloris, it is not in your power
To ſay how long our love will laſt,
It may be we within this hour
May loſe thoſe joys we now may taſte,
The bleſſed that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.
And though you now immortal ſeem,
Such is th' exactneſs of your fame;
Thoſe that your beauty ſo eſteem,
Will find it cannot laſt the ſame:
Love from mine eyes has ſtolen my fire,
As apt to waſte, and to expire.
Then ſince we mortal Lovers are,
Let's queſtion not how long 'twill laſt,
But while we love, let us take care
Each minute be with pleaſure paſt:
It were a madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe we're ſure to die.
Fear not though Love and Beauty fail,
My reaſon ſhall my heart direct;
Your kindneſs now will then prevail;
And paſſion turn into reſpect
Chloris, at worſt, you'l in the end,
But change your Lover for a Friend.

Song

Song 33:

Celemana, of my heart
None shalle're bereave you;
If with your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day,
I will never leave you.

Celemana.

Passion's but an empty name,
Where respect is wanting:
Damon, you mistake your aim,
Hang your heart, and burn your flame,
If you must be ranting.

Damon.

Love as pale and muddy is,
As decaying Liquor,
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

Celemana.

Love by quarrel to beget,
Wisely you endeavour,
With a grave Physicians wit,
Who to cure an Ague-fit,
Puts me in a Feavor.

Damon:

Anger rouses Love to fight,
And his only Bait is;
'Tis the spur to vain delight,
And is but an eager bite,
When desire at height is.

Celemana.

If such drops of heat can fall
In our wooing weather;
If such drops of heat do fall.
We shall have the devil and all,
When we come together.

Song

Song 24.

TWelve ſorts of meat my wife provides,
And bates me not a diſh;
Of which, four fleſh, four fruit there are,
The other four of fiſh.
For the firſt courſe ſhe ſerves me in
Four Birds that Dainties are;
The firſt a Quail, the next a Rail,
A Bitter, and a Jar.
Mine Appetite being cloy'd with theſe,
With Fiſh ſhe makes it ſharp,
And brings me next a Lamp, a Pout,
A Gudgeon, and a Carp,
The ſecond is of Fruit well ſtav'd,
Fitting well the ſeaſon,
A Medler, and a Hartichoak,
A Crab, and a ſmall Reaſon.
What's he that having ſuch a wife,
That on her would not dote,
Who daily does provide ſuch fare,
Which coſts him never a Groat?

Song 35.

BE gone, be gone thou perjur'd man,
And never more return,
For know that thy inconſtancy,
Hath chang'd my love to ſcorn;
Thou haſt awak't me, and I can
See clearly there's no truth in man;
Thou may'it perhaps prevail upon
Some other to believe thee.
And ſince thou canſt love more than one,
Ne'r think that it ſhall grieve me.
For th'haſt awak't me, and I can
See clearly there's no truth in man.
By thy Apoſtacy I finde,
That love is plac'd amiſs,
And can't continue in the minde,

Where

Where Virtue wanting is.
I'm now resolv'd, and know there can
No constant thought remain in man.

Song 36.

STrait my green Gown into Breeches I'le make,
My long yellow Locks much shorter I'le take,
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down-a.
Then I'le cut me a *Switch*, and on that ride about,
And wander, and wander, till I finde him out,
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down-a.
And when *Phylander* shall be dead,
I'le bury him, I'le bury him,
And I'le bury him in a Primrose-bed,
Then I'le sweetly ring his Knell,
With a pretty Cowslip-bell,
Ding Dong Bell, Ding Dong Bell.

Song 37.

LOok, see how unregarded now
That Piece of Beauty passes!
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone, but mark the fate of faces:
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm, or I not see.
And yet the face continues good,
And I have still desires,
And still the self same flesh and blood,
As apt to melt, and suffer from such fires:
Oh some kinde Power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or mine eyes.
She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often die,
Neither her power then, nor my will,
Can quest'onable be: what is the mystery?
Sure Beauty's Empire, like the greatest States,
Have certain periods set, and hidden dates.

Song

Song 38.

DEar, give me a thousand kisses,
Pay the Debt thy Lips do owe;
Let the number of those blisses,
To ten thousand thousands grow,
Till to infinites they flow;
Let the sweet perfumed treasure
Of thy breath, my spirits fill;
To enjoying endless pleasure,
Breaths rebreathing, let us still
Breath one breath, and with one will.

Song 39.

LIttle love serves my turn,
'Tis so enflaming,
Rather than I will burn,
I'le leave my gaming;
For when I think upon't
Oh 'tis so painful,
'Cause Ladies have a trick,
To be disdainful.
Beauty shall court it self,
'Tis not worth speaking,
I'le no more amorous pangs,
No more heart-breaking.
Those that ne'r felt the smart,
Let them go try it,
I have redeem'd my heart,
Now I defie it.

Song 40.

NO more, no more,
I must give o're,
For Beauty is so sweet,
It makes me pine,
Distrust my minde,
And forfeit when I seek:
Forgive me Love,

If I remove
Unto some other sphear,
Where I may keep
A Flock of sheep,
And know no other care.

Song. 41.

Chloris farewel, I now must go,
For if with thee I here do stay
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall grow blinde and lose my way.
Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Amongst the rest me hither brought;
Finding this Fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.
For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.
But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.
For thou may'st say, 'twas not my fault,
That thou didst thus unconstant prove,
Thou wert by my example taught,
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.
No *Chloris*, no, I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And the distrust me reprobate.
Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Song

Song 42.

TO little or no purpose I spent many days,
In ranging the Park, the Exchange and the Plays,
For ne'r in my Rambles till now did I prove
So lucky, to meet with the man I could love.
For oh, how am I pleas'd when I think of this man,
That I finde I must love, let me do what I can.
How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Feaver when I should be well;
My passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet I would give all the world he did know it:
But oh, how I figh when I think he should woo me,
I cannot deny what I know would undo me.

Song 43.

SHall I lye wasting in despair,
Die because a womans fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care,
'Cause anothers Rosie are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery Meads in *May*,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be.
Shall I mine affections slack,
'Cause I see a woman black?
Or my self with care cast down,
'Cause I see a woman brown?
Be she blacker than the Night,
Or the blackest Jet in sight,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how black she be.
Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kinde?
Or a well disposed Nature,
Joyned in a comely Feature?
Be she kinde or mecker than
Turtle-dove, or Pelican,

If

If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be.
Shall my foolish heart be burst,
'Cause I see a woman curst,
Or a thwarting hoggish nature,
Joyned in as bad a feature?
Be she curst, or fiercer then
Brutish beasts, or savage men,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be.
Shall a womans Virtues, make
Me to perish for her sake;
Or her merits value known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
That may merit name of best,
If she seem not so to me,
What care I how good she be.
Shall a womans Vices, make
Me her Virtues quite forsake;
Or her faults to me made known,
Make me think that I have none?
Be she of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how bad she be.
'Cause her fortunes seem too high,
Should I play the fool, and di.?
He that bears a noble minde,
If not outward help he finde,
Think what with them he would do,
That without them dares to woo,
And unless that minde I see,
What care I how great she be.
'Cause her Fortunes seem too low,
Shall I therefore let her go?

He

e that bears an humble minde,
nd with Riches can be kinde,
hink how kinde a heart he'd have,
he were some servile slave,
And if that same minde I see,
What care I how poor she be.

reat, or good, or kinde, or fair,
will ne'r the more despair,
if she love, then believe
can die, e're she shall grieve;
f she slight me when I woo,
can slight, and bid her go.
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

oor, or bad, or curst, or black,
will ne'r the more be slack,
f she hate me, then believe
She shall die e're I will grieve;
f she like me when I woo,
can like and love her too;
For if she be fit for me,
What care I what others be.

Song 44.

OH *Chloris*, 'twas unkindly done,
First to invade me with your eyes,
And when my yeilding heart was won,
Then to begin your Tyrannies;
The generous Lion the right grows meek,
And gently spares the fearing Chase,
But the submissive wretch may seek
In vain for pity from that face;
Where while inchanting *Syrens* sing,
He allured Mariner is wrackt,
So whirling gulphs destruction bring,
And overwhelm what they attract.

Song

Song 45.

HElp, help, O help, *Divinity* of Love,
Or *Neptune* will commit a rape
Upon my *Chloris*, she's on his Bosome,
And without a wonder cannot scape.
See, *See*, the Winds grow drunk with joy, and thron
So fast to see Love's *Argo*, and the wealth it bear
That now the Tackling, and the Sails they tear,
They fight, they fight who shall convey,
Aminto's love into her Bay,
And hurl the Seas at one another,
As if they would the Welkin smother!
Hold *Boreas*, hold: he will not hear,
The Rudder cracks, the Main-mast falls,
The Pilot swears, the *Skipper* bawls,
A shore of Clouds in darkness fall,
To put out *Chloris* light withal;
Ye Gods, where are ye? Are ye all asleep,
Or drunk with Nectar? Why do you not keep
A Watch upon your Ministers of Fate?
Tye up the Winds, or they will blow the Seas
To Heaven, and drown your deities.
A Calm, a Calm, Miracle of Love,
The *Sea*-born Queen that sits above,
Hath heard *Aminto*'s cryes,
And *Neptune* now must lose his prize.
Welcome, welcome *Chloris* to the shore,
Thou shalt go to the *Sea* no more;
We to *Tempes* Groves will go,
Where the calmer Winds do blow,
And embark our hearts together,
Fearing neither Rocks nor Weather,
But out-ride the storms of Love,
And for ever constant prove.

Song

Song 46.

NOw, now, *Lucetta*, now make haste,
If thou wilt see how strong thou art,
There needs but one frown more to waste
The whole remainder of my heart.
Alas undone, to Fate *I* bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, now, now am dead.
You look to have an Age of tryal,
Ere you a Lover will repay,
But my state brooks no more denyal,
I cannot this one minute stay.
Alas undone, to Fate *I* bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, now, now am dead.
Look in my Wound, and see how cold,
How pale and gasping my soul lyes,
Which Nature strives in vain to hold,
Whilst wing'd with sighs, away it flyes.
Alas undone, to Fate *I* bow my head,
Readie to die, now die,
And now, now, now am dead,
See, see, already *Charons* Boat,
Who grimly asks, why all this stay?
Hark how the fatal Sisters shout,
And now they call, Away, away.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, oh now, am dead.

Song 47.

WHen as *Leander* young, was drown'd,
No heart by love receiv'd a Wound,
But on a Rock himself sat by,
There weeping superabundantly.
His head upon his hand he laid,
And sighing deeply, thus he said:

Ah

An cruel Fate and looking on't,
Wept as he'd drown the *Hellespont*:
And sure his tongue had more expreſt,
Had not his tears, Had not his tears,
Had not his tears forbad the reſt.

Song 48.

OH! how I hate thee now,
And my ſelf too,
For loving ſuch a falſe, falſe thing as thee,
Who hourly canſt depart,
From heart to heart,
To take new harbour, as thou didſt in me;
But when the world ſhall ſpie,
And know thy ſhifts as well as I,
They'l ſhut their hearts, and take thee in no more,
They that can dwell in none muſt out of door.
Thy pride hath overgrown,
All this great Town,
Which ſtoops, and bows as low,
As I to you;
Thy falſhood might ſupport,
All the New Court,
Which ſhifts and turns, almoſt as oft as thou,
But to expreſs thee by,
There's not an object low, or high,
For 'twill be found when e're the meaſure's tri'de,
Nothing can reach thy falſhood, but thy pride.

Song 49.

YOnder he goes,
Takes Corns from your Toes;
Cures the Gout, and all Woes,
Call him nither,
His Skill I will try,
Before he paſs by,

Or

Or here I shall die
This weather:
The reports of your fame, Sir,
Call you again, Sir,
Shew your skill, or shame your face for ever.

Song 50.

HAng sorrow, cast away care,
Come let us drink up our Sack;
They say it is good,
To cherish the blood,
And eke to strengthen the back;
'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aspire,
And fills the body with heat,
Besides 'tis good,
If well understood,
To fit a man for the Feat:
Then call,
And drink up all,
The Drawer is ready to fill,
A pox of Care,
What need we to spare,
My Father hath made his Will.

Song 51.

HAve you any work for a Tinker, Mistriss,
Old Brats, old Pots, or Kettles,
I'le mend them all with a tink, Terry-tink,
And never hurt your Mettles.
First let me have a touch of your Ale,
'Twill steel me 'gainst cold weather,
Or Tinkers Freeze,
Or Vintners Lees,
Or Tobacco chuse you whether;
But of your Ale,
Your Nappy Ale,
I would I had a Firkin,
For I am old,

And

And very very could,
And never wear a Jerkin.

Song 52.

HAve you observ'd the Wench in the street,
Shas scarce any hose, or shooes to her feet,
Yet she is very merry, and when she cries she sings,
I ha hot Codlings, hot Codlings.
Or have you ever seen or heard
The Mortal with a Lyon tawny Beard,
He lives as merrily as any heart can wish,
And still he cryes by a Brish, by a Brish.
Since these are so merry why should we take care
Musitians, like *Camelions*, must live by the Air:
Then let's be blithe and bonny,
And no good meeting balk,
For when we have no mony,
We shall finde chalk.

Song 53.

IF any so wise is,
That *Sack* he despises,
Let him drink his small Beer and be sober,
Whilst we drink Sack and sing
As if it were Spring,
He shall droop like the trees in *October*.
But be sure over-night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed,
To settle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning.
And be not so silly,
To follow old *Lilly*,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us;
Let his *Ne-assurgus*,
Be put in his Cap-case,
And sing *Bi-bi-to-vi-num Fa-ju-nus*.

Song

Song 54.

GOod *Simon*, how comes it your Nose looks so red.
And your cheeks, and lips, look so pale?
Sure the heat of your Toast,
Your Nose did so Roast,
When they were both souſed in Ale:
It shews like the spire,
Of *Paul's* Steeple on fire,
Each Ruby darts forth (such Lightning) flashes,
While your face looks as dead,
As if it were lead,
And covered all over with Ashes.
Now to heighten his colour,
Yet fill his pot fuller,
And nick it not so with froth;
Gramarcy mine Host,
It shall save thee a Toast;
Sup *Simon*, for here is good Broth.

Song 55.

HOw merrily looks the man that hath Gold;
He seemeth but twenty, though threscore year old,
How nimble the Bee, that flyeth about,
And gathereth Honey, within and without,
But men without Money,
And Bees without Honey,
Are nothing better than Droans, Droans, &c.

Song 56.

GOod *Susan* be as secret as you can,
You know your Master is a Jealous man,
Though thou and I do mean no hurt or ill;
Yet men take women in the worst sense still,
And fear of Horns more griet in hearts hath bred,
Than wearing Horns doth hurt a Cuckolds head.

Song 57.

THe wise men were but seven,
Ne'r more shall be for me:
The Muses were but nine,
The Worthies three times three:
And three merry Boys, and three merry Boys,
And three merry Boys are we.
The Virtues were but seven,
And three the greater be,
The *Cæsars* they were twelve,
And the fatal Sisters three;
And three merry Girls, and three merry Girls,
And three merry Girls are we.

Song 58.

A Womans Rule should be in such a fashion,
Onely to guide her Houshold, and her Passion,
And her obedience never out of season,
So long as either Husband lasts or Reason.
Ill fares the hapless Family that shows
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that Crows.
I know not which lives more unnatural lives,
Obedient Husbands, or commanding Wives.

Song 59.

A Pox on the Goaler, and on his fat Jowl;
There's liberty lies in the bottom o'th' Bowl.
A fig for what ever the Rascal can do,
Our Dung'on is deep, but our Cups are so too.
Then drink we a round in despight of our Foes,
And make our cold Iron cry chink in the close.

Song 60.

WHen Wives do hate the Husbands Friends,
As jealous of some fearless ends;
And still an angry look she settles,
As if of late sh'had piss'd on Nettles;
Ware ho, ware ho, for then of force
The Mare will prove the better Horse.
When Women will be ever nice,

Feel sh

Foolish, proud, and manly wife,
And their wanton Humour itches,
To wear their Husbands wideſt Breeches,
Ware ho, ware ho, for then on force
The Mare will prove the better Horſe.

Song 61.

IF ſhe be not kinde as fair,
But peeviſh and unhandy,
Leave her, ſhe's onely worth the care
Of ſome ſpruce Jack-adandy.
I would not have thee ſuch an Aſs,
Had'ſt thou ne'r ſo much leiſure;
To ſigh and whine for ſuch a Laſs,
Whoſe pride's above her pleaſure.
Make much of every buxum Girl,
Which needs but little courting;
Her value is above the Pearl,
That takes delight in ſporting.

A Catch 62.

HE that will win a widdows heart,
Muſt bear up briskly to her;
She loves the Lad, that's free and ſmart,
But hates the formal Wooer.

Song 63.

LAdies, though to your conqu'ring eyes
Love owes the chiefeſt Victories,
And borrows thoſe bright Arms from you,
With which he does the World ſubdue;
Yet you your ſelves are not above
The Empire, nor the griefs of Love.
Then wrack not Lovers with diſdain,
Leſt Love on you revenge her pain;
You are not free, becauſe y'are fair,
The Boy did not his Mother ſpare,
Beauty's but an offenſive Dart,
It is no Armor for the Heart.

Song 64.

Phillis though your powerful charms
Have forc'd me from my *Celia's* Arms,
That sure defence against all Power's
But those resistless eyes of yours,
Think not your Conquest to maintain
By rigour or unjust disdain;
In vain fair Nymph, in vain you strive.
For Love does seldom hope survive.
My heart may languish for a time,
While all your glories in their prime,
May justifie their cruelty,
By the same force that conquer'd me.
When Age shall come, at whose command
Those Troops of Beauties must disband:
A Tyrants strength once took away,
What slave's so dull as to obey?
Those threatning dangers to remove,
Make me believe (at least) you love;
Dissemble well, and by that art
Preserve and govern still my heart.
But if you'l choose another way,
To save your empire from decay,
Oh then for ever fix your throne,
Be kinde, but kinde to me alone.

Song 65.

A *Mintas* he once Went astray,
But now again hath found his way,
Mad Lovers oft do please themselves,
With noise and janglings of the Bells,
And fancy there some warbling Note,
As Ecchoing from a Mistriss throat,
And why disturb'd then should they be,
Since Love on Earth's our Deity?
But those who reason do preserve,

Make

Make all things to their purpose serve,
Taught then by that Example, I
Loves power now will soon defie,
Although fond *Cupid* once prevail'd,
His passions not on me entail'd,
No son of his, I'le boldly say,
I'm made of Steel and not of Clay.
Hold, let me not this God despise,
For fear he rob me of mine eyes,
His power subjects, and can destroy,
I'e therefore stoop unto the Boy,
By yeilding to his moderate fire
I may an easier way expire,
So sweet a death gives us no pain,
Whilst dying we revive again.

Song 66.

FAir *Phyllis* tempt no more,
I can thy beauty now no more adore,
Nor offer to thy shrine.
I serve a more Divine
And greater far than you,
Hark the Trumpet calls away,
We must go,
Let the foe,
Get the field, and win the day,
Then march bravely on,
Charge them in the Van,
Our Cause Gods is,
Though the odds is
Ten times ten to one.
Tempt no more, I may not yeild,
Although thine eyes
A Kingdom may surprize,
Leave of thy wanton tales,
The high-born Prince of *Wales*
Is mounted in the field,

Where the Loyal Gentry flock,
Though forlorn,
Nobly born,
Of a ne'r decaying Stock;
Cavaliers be bold,
Bravely keep your hold,
He that loyters,
Is by Traytors
Meerly bought and sold.
One Kiss more, and so farewel,
Fie, no more,
I prethee fool give o're,
Why couldst thou thus thy beams?
I see by these extreams,
A womans heaven or hell;
Pray the King enjoy his own,
That the Queen
May be seen,
With her Babes on *Englands* Throne.
Rally up your men,
One shall vanquish ten,
Victory, we come to try
Our Valour once agen.

Song 67.

WEre *Celia* but as chaste as fair,
How could I kiss the snare,
And never be
Weary of my Captivity!
But she's a whore, that cools my blood;
Oh that she were less handsom, or more good.
Would you believe that there can rest
Deceit within that brest?
Or that those eyes,
Which look like friends, are only spies?
But she's a whore, yet sure I lye,
May there not be degrees of chastity?

No,

No, no, what means that wanton ſmile,
But only to beguile?
Thus did the firſt
Of Women make all Men accurſt:
I for their ſakes give women o're,
The firſt was falſe, the faireſt was a whore.

Song 68.

THe morning doth waſte,
To the Meadows let's haſte;
For the Sun doth with glory ſhine on them;
The Maidens muſt rake,
Whilſt the Hay-cocks we make,
Then merrily tumble upon them.
The envy of Court,
Ne'r aims at our ſport,
For we live both honeſt and meanly;
Their Ladies are fine,
But to *Venus* encline,
And our Laſſes are harmleſs and cleanly.
Then let us advance
Our ſelves in a Dance,
And afterwards fall to our labor;
No meaſure we meet,
Nor Muſick ſo ſweet
To us, as a Pipe and a Tabor.

Song 69.

IN the merry moneth of *May*,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked the Woods ſo wide;
When as *May* was in her pride,
There I ſpied all alone,
Philliday and *Coridon*,
Much ado there was I wot;
He could love, but ſhe could not;
His love he ſaid was ever true,

Nor was mine e're falſe to you.
He ſaid he had lov'd her long,
She ſaid love ſhould do no wrong.
Coridon would kiſs her then,
She ſaid maids muſt kiſs no men,
Till they kiſs for good and all,
Then ſhe made the ſheperds call
All the Gods to witneſs ſouth,
Ne'r was lov'd a fairer youth.
Then with many a pretty Oath,
As yea, and nay, and faith, and troth,
Such as ſilly ſhepherds uſe
When they will not love abuſe,
Love that had been long deluded,
Was by kiſſes ſweet concluded.
And *Phillida* with Garlands gay
Was crown'd the Lady of the *May*.

Song 70.

DOwn in a Garden ſat my deareſt love,
Her skin more ſoft than down of *Swan*,
More tender hearted than the *Turtle Dove*,
And far more kinde than bleeding Pellican;
I courted her, ſhe roſe, and bluſhing ſaid,
Why was I born to live, and die a Maid?
With that I pluckt a pretty Marygold,
Whoſe dewy leaves ſhut up when day is done,
Sweeting (I ſaid) ariſe, look, and behold,
A pretty Riddle I'le to thee unfold.
Theſe leaves ſhut in as cloſe as cloyſter'd Nun,
Yet will they open when they ſee the Sun.
What mean you by this Riddle *Sir*, ſhe ſaid,
I pray expound it: Then I thus began,
Are not Men made for Maids, and Maids for Men?
With that ſhe chang'd her colour, and grew wan,
Since now this Riddle you ſo well unfold,
Be you the Sun, I'le be the Marygold.

Song

Song 71.

THe Pot and the Pipe,
The Cup, and the Can,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a Man.
The Hawk, and the Hound,
The Dice, and the Whore,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a Score.
Quite undone, quite undone,
Many a more.

Song 72.

LOve is a sowre dilight, and sugred grief,
A Sea of fears, and everlasting strife,
A breach of Reasons, Laws, a secret thief,
A living death, an ever dying life:
A bane for souls, a scourge for noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shaft that never hits.
A Labyrinth of doubts, and idle lust,
A raving Bird, a Tyrant most unjust;
Yet mighty Love, regard not what I say,
But blame the light that led mine eyes astray;
Yet hurt her not, lest I sustain the smart,
Which am content to lodge in her my heart.

Song 73.

THen our musick is in prime,
When our teeth keep triple time;
Hungry Notes are fit for Knells,
May Lankness be,
No guest to me,
The Bag-pipe sounds when that it swels,
A mooting night brings Wholsome smiles,
When *John* an *Oaks* and *John* a *Styles*,
Do grease the Lawyers Satin,
A Reading day,

Frightens *French* away,
The Benchers dare ſpeak Latin;
He that's full doth Verſe compoſe,
Hunger deals in ſullen Proſe,
Take notice and diſcharge her.
The empty Spit,
Ne'r cheriſht wit,
Minerva loves the Larder,
Firſt to Breakfaſt, then to Dine,
Is to conquer *Bellarmine*;
Diſtinctions then are budding,
Old *Suckliffs* wit,
Did never hit,
But after his Bag-pudding.

Song 74.

WHy ſhould I not dally (my Dear) in thine eye,
And chaſe the dull hours away?
He that lets ſuch a fair opportunity fly,
He loſes his aim by delay,
And its pitty he ever ſhould ſip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Upon thy fair Treſſes (which *Phabus* excell)
My diligent fingers I'le twiſt;
O there's my deſire for ever to dwell,
And I hope thou wilt never reſiſt;
And e're and anon I will ſip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Upon the fair Breaſts I'le be mounted aloft,
And there in my Chariot I'le feel
The grain of the Body more precious and ſoft
Than the web of *Archne's* wheel:
And e're and anon I will ſip
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
I'le wander abroad in the veins, and I'le trick
The Mazes of pleaſure and Love,
The Garden of *Venus* it is in thy cheek,

An

And thither my fancy ſhall move:
And e're and anon I will ſip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
There on the Lillies and Roſes I'le light,
And gather my ſweets like the Bee:
And I will not go far for a lodging at night,
For ſurely the Hive ſhall be thee:
And e're and anon I will ſip
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Where when I am hurl'd, my neſt I will build,
Of Hony-combs all in a rank;
I'le Buz in each corner, until it be fill'd,
And make thee more full in the flank:
And e're and anon I will ſip
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Come then with a Cornish let us combine,
(I know thou canſt eaſily do't
Thou ſhalt take my heart, and I will take thine,
And I'le give thee my hand to boot:
And e're and anon I would ſip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

Song 75.

ALL in vain,
Turn again,
Why ſhould I love her?
Since ſhe can
Love no man,
I will give over,
I'le not ſtay
To obey,
But will retire:
Why ſhould I
Thither fly,
And not enjoy her?
Let her ſtill
Pleaſe her will,

With

With a denial;
She shall be
Unto me,
As a Sun-Dial.
Let her blood
Raise the mud,
All in good season;
I'le not gaze
On her face,
Till I have reason.

Song 76.

HOw happy and free is the plunder,
When we care not for *Jove*, and his thunder,
Having entred a Town,
The Lasses go down,
And to their O're-comers lie under.
Why then should we study to love, and look pale,
And make long Addresses to what will grow stale?
If her fingers be soft, long, and slender,
When once we have made her to render,
She will handle a Flute,
Better far than a Lute,
And make what was hard to grow tender.
Then why should we study to love, and look pale,
And make long Addresses to what will grow stale?
If her hair of the dilicate brown is,
And her belly as soft as the Down is,
She will fire your heart
In performing her part,
With a flame that more hot than the Town is.
Why then should we study to love, and look pale,
And make long Addresses to what will grow stale.
When the houses with flashes do glitter,
Who can sever our sweet from the bitter,
And in that bright night,
We can take our delight,

No Damsel shall scape but we'l hit her.
Why then should we study to love and look pale,
And make long Addresses, but never prevail.

Song 77.

I'Me sick of love, Oh let me lie
Under your shades to sleep, or die;
Either is welcome so I may have,
Or here my bed, or here my grave.
Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
Time to my tears, whilst I do weep;
Can you have sense, or do you prove,
What Crucifixions are in love?
I know you do, and that's the why,
Y'are weeping sick of Love as I.

Catch 78.

THere was three Cooks of *Colebrook*,
And they fell out with our Cook,
And all was for a pudding they took,
From one of thee Cooks of *Colebrook*.
Slash Cook,
Swash Cook,
And thou maist kiss mine Arse Cook,
And all was for a pudden they took,
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.
And they fell all on our Cook,
And beat him sore that he did look,
As black as did the pudden he took
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.

Song 79.

LAst night I dreamed of my love,
When sleep did overtake her,
It was a pretty drowsie Rogue,
She slept I durst not wake her.
Her lips were like to Coral red,
A thousand times I kiss'd 'um,
And a thousand more I might have stoll'n,

For

For she had ne'r a miss'd 'um,
Her crisped Locks like threads of Gold,
Hung dangling o're the Pillow,
Great pitty 'twas, that one so fair,
Should wear the Rainbow-willow.
I folded down the Holland sheet,
A little below her belly,
But what I did you ne'r shall know,
Nor is it meet to tell ye.
Her Belly's like to yonder Hill,
Some call it *Mount of pleasure*,
And underneath there springs a Well,
Which no mans depth can measure.

Song 80.

I Feed a flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me;
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and so I love it,
That I had rather die, than once remove it,
Yet he for whom I grieve, shall never know it,
My tongue does not betray, nor mine eyes show it,
Not a sigh, nor a tear my pain discloses,
But they fall silently, like dew of Roses,
But to prevent my Love from being cruel,
My Hearts the Sacrifice, as 'tis the Fuel;
And while I suffer this, to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.
On his eyes will I gaze, there to delight me,
Whilst I conceal my love, no frowns can fright me;
Nor to be more happy I dare not aspire,
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Song 81.

FLy, Oh fly, sad sighs, and bear
Tactic few words into her ear;
Blest where ere thou dost remain,
Worthier of a softer chain
Still I live, if it be true,

The

The Turtle lives, that cleft in two,
Tears and sorrow I have store,
But, O thine, do grieve me more;
Die I would, but that I do
Fear my fate would kill thee too.

Song 82.

ALL the materials are the same
Of Beauty and Defire,
In a fair womans goodly frame,
No Beauty is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.
Then tell me what those creatures are,
That would be thought both chaste and fair.
If modesty it self appear,
With blushes in her face,
Think then the blood that danceth there,
Must revel in some other where.
To warm some other place.
Then tell me, &c.
If on her neck her hair be spread,
With many a curious Ring;
Why sure that heat which curls the head,
Will make her mad to be in bed,
And do the other thing.
Then tell me, &c.
Go ask but the Philosopher,
What gives her lips the Balm;
What spirit gives motion to her eye,
Which makes her breast to swell so high,
Gives moisture to her Palm.
Then tell me what those creatures are,
That would be thought both chaste and fair.

Song 83.

THis true, fair *Celia*, that by thee I live,
That every kiss, and every fond embrace,
Forms a new Soul within me, and doth give

A Balsom

A Balsom to the wound, made by thy face;
Yet still methinks I miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And onely then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.
Those favors which do bless me ev'ry day,
Are yet but empty and Platanical;
Think not to please your servants with half pay,
Good Gamesters never stick to throw at all.
Who can endure to miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And onely then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.
If all those sweets within you must remain,
Unknown and ne'r enjoy'd, like hidden treasure,
Nature as well as I will lose her name,
And you as well as I your youthful pleasure,
We wrong our selves to miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.
Our souls which long have peep'd at one another,
Out of the narrow Casements of our eyes,
Shall now by love conducted be together,
And in their mutual pleasure sympathize.
Then, then we shall not miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And onely then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.

Song

Song 84.

I Keep my Horſe, I keep my Whore,
I take no Rents, yet am not poor;
Travel all the Land about,
And yet was born to never a foot:
With Partridge plump, and Woodcock fine,
I do at midnight often dine,
And if my Whore be not in caſe,
My Hoſteſs Daughter has her place.
The maids ſit up and watch their turns,
If I ſtay long the Tapſter mourns.
The Cook-maide has no minde to ſin,
Though tempted by the Chamberlin;
But when I knock, Oh how they buſtle!
The Hoſtler yawns, the Geldings juſtle;
If maid but ſleep, Oh how they curſe her,
And all this comes of, deliver your Purſe Sir.

Song 85.

I Wo'not go to't, I mun not go to't,
For love, nor yet for fee,
For I am a maid, and will be a maid,
And a good one till I dee;
Yet mine intent I could repent,
For one mans company.

Song 86.

HE that marries a merry Laſs,
He has moſt cauſe to be ſad;
For let her go free in her merry tricks,
She'l work his patience mad.
But he that marries a ſcold, a ſcold,
He has moſt cauſe to be merry;
For when ſhe is in her fits,
He may cheriſh his wits,
With ſinging heigh down derry.
He that weds a roaring Girl,
That will both ſcratch and fight;

Though

Though he ſtudy all day,
To make her away,
Will be glad to pleaſe her at night.
And he that copes with a ſullen wench,
That ſcarce will ſpeak at all;
Her doggedneſs more,
Than a Scold or a Whore,
Will penetrate his gall.
He that's matcht with a Turtle Dove,
That has no ſpleen about her;
Shall waſte ſo much life,
In love of his wife,
He had better be without her.

Catch 87.

THe parch't earth drinks the rain;
Trees drink of that again;
Rivers the Seas do quaff,
Sol drinks the Ocean off,
And when that health is done,
Pale *Cynthia* drinks the Sun.
Friends, why do ye chide,
And ſtern my drinking tide?
Think ing to make me ſad,
I will, I will be mad.

Song 88.

COmmit the ſhip into the winde,
But not thy faith to women-kinde;
There is more ſafety in a wave,
Than in the truſt that women have.
There is none good; yet if it fall
Some one prove good among them all,
Some ſtrange intents the Fates have had,
To make a good thing of a bad.

Song

Song 89.

LIke to the falling of a Star,
Or as the flight of Eagles are,
Or like the freſh Springs gaudy hue,
Or ſilver drops of morning dew;
Or like the wind that chaſes the flood,
Or Bubbles which on waters ſtood,
Even ſuch is man whoſe borrowed light,
Is ſtraight call'd in, and paid to Night:
The Winde blows out, the Bubble dies,
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies:
The Dew's dried up, the Star is ſhot,
The Flight is paſt, and man forgot.

Song 90.

LIke a Ring without a finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer,
Like a Horſe was never ridden;
Or a feaſt and no Gueſt bidden;
Like a Well without a Bucket,
Or a Roſe if no man pluck it:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.
The Ring, if worn, the finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer ſpeaks,
The Horſe doth eaſe, if he be ridden,
The Feaſt doth pleaſe, if Gueſt be bidden;
The Bucket draws the water forth,
The Roſe when pluckt is ſtill more Worth:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries e're ſhe dies.
Like to a Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon;
Like a Jack without a Weight,
Or a Barque without a Freight;
Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day:

Juſt

Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.
The grafted Stock doth bear beſt fruit,
There's muſick in the finger'd Lute.
The Weight doth make the Jack go ready;
The Fraight doth make the Barque go ſteady;
The Key the Lock doth open right,
The Candle's uſeful in the night;
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're ſhe dies.
Like a Call without *Anon Sir*,
Or a Queſtion and no Anſwer;
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Myne was never digg'd;
Like a Wound without a Tent,
Or Silver Box without a Scent:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.
The *Anon Sir*, doth obey the Call,
The civil Anſwer pleaſeth all;
Who rig's a Ship, Sayls with the winde,
Who digs a Myne doth Treaſure finde;
The Wound by wholſom Tent hath eaſe,
The Box perfum'd, the Senſes pleaſe:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're ſhe dies.
Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commendations, and no Token;
Like a fort, and none to win it,
Or like the Moon, and no man in it:
Like a School without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit, and no Preacher;
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.
The broken Marrow-bone is ſweet,
The Token doth adorn the Greet;

There's

There's tryumph in the Fort being won,
The man rides glorious in the Moon,
The School is by the Teacher fill'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd;
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.
Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd,
Like the Gold was never tryed,
Or the Ground unoccupied;
Like a House that's not possessed,
Or a Book was never pressed;
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.
The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,
Due season sweetens every thing;
The Gold that's try'd, from dross is pur'd,
There's profit in the Ground manur'd;
The House is by possession graced,
The Book well press'd is most embraced:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

Song 91.

THe Wit hath long beholden been,
Unto the Cap to keep it in;
Let now the Wit flie out amain,
In praise, to quit the Cap again.
The Cap that owes the highest part,
Obtain'd that place by due desart.
For every Cap (whatever it be)
's still the sign of some degree.
The Cap doth stand (each Head can show)
Above the Crown, the King's below;
The Cap is nearer Heav'n than we,
A sign of greater Majesty,

When

When off the Cap we chance to take,
The Head and Feet obeysance make
For ev'ry Cap (whatever it be,
Is still the sign of some degree.
The Munmouth Cap, the Sailors Thrum,
And that wherein the Tradesmen come,
The Physick, Law, the Cap Divine,
And that which Crowns the Muses Nine,
The Caps that Fools do countenance,
The goodly Cap of Maintenance,
And ev'ry Cap, &c.
The sickly Cap both plain and wrought,
The Fudling Cap however bought,
The quilted, furr'd, the Velvet, Satin,
For which so many Fools learn Latin:
The Cruel Cap, the Fustian Pate,
The Perriwig, a Cap of late,
And ev'ry Cap, &c.
The Souldier that the Munmouth wear,
On Castle-tops their Enfigns rear:
The Sea-man with his Thrum doth stand
On higher parts than all the Land;
The Tradesmans Cap aloft is born,
By vantage of (some say) a Horn,
And ev'ry Cap, &c.
The Physick Cap to dust can bring,
Without controul, the greatest King:
The Lawyers Cap hath heav'nly might,
To make a crooked action right,
Which being round and endless knows
To make as endless any Cause.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
Both East and West, both North and South,
Where e're the Gospel findes a mouth,
The Cap Divine doth th ther looks
'Tis square like Scholars and their book,

e reſt are round, but this is ſquare,
o ſhew their heads more ſtable are.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
he Motly Cap a man may wear,
Which makes him fellow for a Peer,
nd 'tis no ſlender part of wit,
o act a Fool where great men ſit;
ut oh the Cap of *London* Town,
wis 'tis like a Gyants Crown.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
he ſickly Cap not wrought with ſilk,
like Repentance white as milk,
When Hats in Church drop off in haſte,
This never leaves the Head uncas'd,
he ſick mans Cap that's wrought can tell,
hough he be ſick his ſtate is well.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
he Fudling Cap by *Bacchus* might,
Turns night to day, and day to night;
t Jove-like makes proud heads to bend,
And lowly facts makes to aſcend:
It makes men higher than before,
By ſeeing double all their ſtore.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
This rounds the VVorld within the brain,
And makes a Monarch of a Swain;
VVhen it is on our heads, we be
Compleatly Armed Cap-a-pee,
The furr'd an quilted Cap of Age,
Can make a mouldy Proverb ſage.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
The Sattin and the Velvet Hive,
Unto a Biſhoprick doth drive:
Nay when a File of Caps ye are ſeen in,
A ſquare, then this, and next a linnen.

This triple Cap may raiſe ſome hope
(If Fortune ſmile) to be a Pope.
Thus every Cap, &c.
Though Fuſtian Caps be ſlender wear,
The head is of no better gear;
The Cruel Cap is Knit, like Hoſe,
For them whoſe zeal takes cold i'th Noſe,
Whoſe Purity doth think it meet,
To cloath alike the head and feet.
This Cap would fain, but cannot be
The onely ſign of ſome degree.
The Perriwig, oh, that declares,
The riſe of fleſh, but fall of Hairs;
And none but Grandees can proceed
So far in ſin, that this they need,
Before their Prince, which cover'd are,
And onely to themſelves go bare.
This Cap of all the Caps that be,
Is now the ſign of high degree.

Song 92.

CAſt our Caps and Care away,
This is beggars *Holiday*,
In the world look out and ſee,
Where's ſo happy a King as he?
At the Crowning of our King,
Thus we ever dance and ſing.
Where's the Nation lives ſo free,
And ſo merry as do we?
Be it Peace, or be it War,
Here at liberty we are;
Hang all Officers, we cry,
And the Magiſtrates too by.
We enjoy our eaſe and reſt,
To the fields we are not preſt.
When the Subſidy's increaſt,
We are not a penny ceaſt;

N

Nor are call'd into the Town,
To be troubled with a Gown;
Nor will any goe to Law
With a Beggar for a straw.
All which happiness he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

Song 93.

OF late in the *Park* a fine fancy was seen,
Betwixt an old *Bawd* and a lusty young *Queen*,
Their parting of money began this uproar,
I'le have half says the *Bawd*, but you shan't says the *Whore*.

Why 'tis my own house,
I care not a louse,
I'le have three parts of four or you get not a souse;
'Tis I says the *Whore* that must take all the pains,
And you shall be damn'd e're you get all the gains.
The *Bawd* being vexed straight to her did say,
Come off with your *Dud's* and I pray pack away,
And likewise your *Ribons*, your *Gloves*, and your *Hair*,
For naked you came, and so out you go bare:

Then th' *Buttocks* so bold,
Began for to scold,
Hurry-Dan was not able her clack for to hold,
Both Pell-mell fell to it, and made this uproar,
With these complements, thou'rt a *Bawd*, thou'rt a *Whore*.
The *Bawds* and the *Buttocks* that lived there round,
Came all to this case, both pockie and sound,
To see what the reason was of this same fray,
That did so disturb them before it was day;

If I tell you amiss,
Let me never piss;
This *Buttock* so bold, her name was call'd *Sis*,
By *Quiffing* with Cullies three pound she has got,
And but one part of four, must fall to her lot.

Then all the *Bawds* cry'd, let us turn her out bare,
Unless she will yeild to return you half share,
If she will not, we'l help to strip off her cloaths,
And turn her abroad with a slit on her Nose.
Who when she did see
There was no remedie,
For her from the tyrannous *Bawds* to get free;
The *Whore* from the money was forced to yeild,
And in the conclusion, the *Bawds* got the field.

Sung 94.

NO, No, cruel Beauty,
Ne'r tell me of Duty,
For I can no longer forbear,
On fear I will trample,
A dreadful example
I'le make thee for being severe,
To revenge all my harms
I'le take thee, and press thee, between my strong arms;
And then thou shalt prove
That I am a Devil in love,
There is not in Nature
So furious a creature
As I, when I view thy each grace,
As fierce as a Lyon
I leap, and flie on
To see so bewitching a face.
Now, now shalt thou know
What 'tis to provoke so merciless a foe;
From thy charms I'le be free'd,
For witches ne'r hurt when they bleed,
But *Phillis* who heard him
With scorn did regard him,
And vow'd she would humble his pride;
But alas, as he ranted,
He suddenly fainted,
And Truce, my fair *Phillis*, he cry'd;

Thus

Thus *Colon* was quell'd,
But ſtraight he recover'd new force and rebell'd,
And by turns in the field,
Both conquer'd, and neither would yeild.

Song 95.

THere is not in Nature, a merrier life
Than that of the brave Bonny-Baller,
Who ſtill at his beck, hath another mans wife,
And his Doxey when e're he will call her;
Who zealouſly all the week plies the burgundey,
And then lies in bed as devoutly on Sunday.
Before he is ſtirring, he ſends to provide,
The diſh that he moſt hath a minde to,
He riſes at twelve with a friend by his ſide,
That he oftentimes hath been kinde too,
And when he hath din'd, either ſooner or later,
He failes not to take a turn at the Theater;
Where he ſits in the pit while the Muſick doth call,
And then out of door he doth rally,
And if it be Summer he rows to Fox Hall,
To pick up a punck in an Alley,
And there if he fails, being hot with his dinner,
He walks the Pee-aches to meet a kinde ſinner.
But oh! How divinely we'l dance, and we'l ſing,
When we meet at the Dog, and the Partridge,
When every wench there hath the world in a ſtring,
Till each man hath emptied his Cartridge,
And when we come home, to drive away ſorrow,
We'l drink all their healths, and recruit for to morrow.

Song 96.

'TIs not how witty, nor how free,
No nor how beautiful you be,
But how much kinde, and true to me,
Freedom and wit none can confine,
And Beauty like the Sun doth ſhine,

But kinde, and true, is only mine,
Let others with attention sit
To listen, and admire your wit.
On that same rock I'le never split.
Let others dote upon your eyes,
And burn their hearts for sacrifice.
Beautie's a Calm where danger lies;
But kinde, and true, hath long been tri'd
A Harbour where we may confi'd,
And there at Anchor safely ride
From change of winde, we there are free,
Nor need we fear Storms Tyranny,
Nor Pyrate, though a Prince he be.

Song 97.

NO, To what purpose should I speak?
No wretched heart, swell till you break!
She cannot love me if she would,
And to say truth, 'twere pitty that she should.
No, To the Grave thy sorrows bear
As silent, as they will be there,
Since that lov'd hand, this mortal wound does give
So handsomly the thing contrive
That she may guiltless of it live,
So perish that her killing thee
May a Chance-medly, and no Murther be.
'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By her Beauty, not her Anger die;
This will look justly, and become
An execution; that a Martyrdom.
The censuring world will ne'r refrain,
From judgeing men by thunder slain.
She must be angry sure, if I should be
So bold to ask her to make me
By doing her's happier than she.
I will not; 'Tis a milder fate,
To fall by her not living, then her hate.

And

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear;
When found in every part,
Her sacrifice is found without an heart.
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath.
Then shall the world, my noble ruine see,
Some pitty, and some envy me,
Then she her self, the mighty she,
Shall grace my Funerals with this truth,
'Twas onely love destroy'd the gentle youth.

Song 98.

THus all the day long we are frolick, and gay,
Instead of Court revels, we merrily play
At Trap, and at Skeeles, and at Barly-break run,
At Goffe, and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
With these innocent sports, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass, we give a Green-gown.
We teach our little Dogs to fetch, and to carry,
The Partridge, the Hare, the Pheasant to quarry,
The nimble Squirrel with our cudgel we chace;
The innocent Lark, we betray with a glass:
But when we have done, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a Green-gown.
About the May-pole, we dance all a round,
With Garlands of Pinks, and Roses are crown'd,
Our little kinde tribute, we chearfully pay
Unto our bright Lord, and gay Lady of *May*;
But when the night comes, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass, we give a Green-gown.
With our dainty fine Nymphs we sport, and we toy,
What others but dream of, we daily enjoy,
With our Mistriss we dally, so long, till we finde
Her pretty eyes shows, that her heart is grown kinde;
And when we have done, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass, we give a Green-gown.

Song 99.

Streph. VEni Daphne, Chare mei
Perit magna pars diei.
Daph. Quid Strephon vis qui vocas me?
Streph. Ad myrtulatum sequere
Quo Venus Capite Tyaras
Convertit tuo raras.
Daph. Corrumpam Clauso in arbore,
Vel Certivem ut sequarte.
Streph. Mel meum me sit mora
Cito nimis fugit Ciora.
Daph. Mille Bassia dabo ibi
Cæca ac Cupido tibi.
Streph. Sum tuo vellem errare
In tam call do nive quis nollet deviare.
Cho. Ridentes mundum relinquemus,
Et ipsi qui videbunt
Di nobis invidebunt,
Nec tanta cum felicitate
Sua potiuntur deitate.

Song 100.

I Love thee not because thou'rt fair,
Or cause thou'rt virtuous too,
Though in them both, is power enough
To cause a Prince to woo.
Nor love I thee for those sweet lips,
Nor for thy dimpled chin,
Though in them both, is power enough
To tempt a Saint to sin.
Nor love I thee for those bright eyes
Which shine like lamps of Love,
'Twas not those lovely curled locks
Did my affection move.
Nor love I thee for those fair cheeks
Where Damask Roses grow,

Nor

Nor for that lovely neck of thine,
And breasts like hills of Snow.
Nor love I thee, because thou once
Disdain'd my love to see,
Was there ere such amorous flames
As may be found in me?
Since Love, and Virtue, now are lodg'd
within thy breast to grow,
I'le love thee still in spight of fate,
And let the world this know.

Song 101.

THere was a fair Maiden came out of *Kent*,
To be kist b'a Joyner was her intent,
To be kist by a Joyner was her intent;
I have a jobb of work for you to doe,
To make me a bed go jig a jog goo,
To make my bed, &c.
And when wou'd you have this jobb of work done,
By'th faith of my body soon as you can,
By'th faith of my body, &c.
When this jobb of work it was throughly done,
Then he laid this fair maiden thereupon,
Then he laid, &c.
He knockt in a pin where a pin should be,
Which made the bed to go jig a joggee,
Which made the bed, &c.
But in the old Mother came full of wo,
With oh, fie, Daughter why would you do so,
With oh, fie, Daughter, &c.
Since it must be done Mother, why not he,
That would make my bed go jig a joggee.

Song 102.

SInce Love hath in thine, and mine eye,
Kindled an holy flame,
What pitty 'twere to let it die,
What sin to quench the same;

The Stars that ſeem extinct by day,
Diſcloſe their Beams at night,
And in a ſubtile ſenſe convey
Their Loves in flames of light.
What though our bodies do not meet,
Love's fuel's more divine;
The fixt Stars by their twinckling greet,
Although they never joyn.
False Meteors that do change their place
Though they ſeem fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and looſe their light.
If thou perceiv'ſt thy love decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine,
And if I finde mine caſt away,
I'le ſetch freſh fire from thine;
Thus while we ſhall preſerve from waſte,
The flame of our deſires;
No Veſtal ſhall maintain more chaſte,
Nor more immortal fires.

Song 103.

BLinde Love to this hour,
Had never like me a ſlave under his power,
But bleſt be the dart
That he threw at my heart,
There's nothing can prove
A joy ſo great as to be wounded by love.
My ſoul's all on fire,
While I've the pleaſure to dote on deſire,
When a pretty ſoft pain
Does tickle each vain,
'Tis the pain of my ſmart
That makes my breath ſhort, when it beats at my heart.
My Days, and my Nights
Are fill'd to the purpoſe with ſorrows and frights,

From

From my heart I ſtill ſigh,
And my eyes are ne'r dry,
But *Cupid* be prais'd,
I am to the top of loves happineſs rais'd.
Sometimes in a pet,
When I'm neglected, my freedom I get,
Full many would with
To be wounded, and miſs,
But bleſt be love's fire,
But more bleſt be thoſe eyes that caus'd my deſire.

Song 104.

I Have followed thee a year at leaſt,
And never ſtopt my ſelf to reſt,
But yet can theſe o're take no more,
Than this day can the day that went before.
In this our fortunes equal prove
To Stars which govern them above;
Our Stars they move for ever round,
With the ſame diſtance ſtill betwixt them found.
In vain alas, in vain I ſtrive
The Wheel of fate faſter to drive,
Since if a round it ſwifter fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.
Hearts by Love ſtrangely ſhuffled are,
That there can never meet a pare;
Tamelier than worms are lovers ſlain,
The wounded Heart ne'r turns to wound again.

Song 105

I Will not urge thou art unjuſt
To force me from thy arms,
Since of neceſſity, I muſt
Confeſs I'm of the meaneſt duſt,
And thou art full of charmes.
But if thou wilt renew whats paſt,
Thy beauty unto me,
And kindeſs once more, let me taſte

Thy balmy lips, and hug thy waſte,
I'le court felicity.
But now alas when too too late
All joys are dreams I finde,
And yet I glory in my fate
Since ſhe that chang'd my former ſtate,
It is that is unkinde.
For ſuch my happineſs will be,
Neglected and forlorn,
'Tis fair, but cruel *Calia*, ſhe,
Made me become her property,
And I'le embrace her ſcorn;
Faithful *Aminter's* heart is torn.
Yet like the Phenix here I'le lie,
And kiſs the Beams that makes me die.

Song 106.

LIke to the wealthy Iſland thou ſhalt lie,
And like the Sea about it, I.
Thou like fair *Albion* to the ſailers ſigh;
Spreading her beautious boſom all in white;
Like the kinde Ocean, I will be
With loving arms for ever claſping thee.
But I'le embrace thee gentlier far than ſo;
As their freſh banks ſoft Rivers do,
Nor ſhall the proudeſt Planet boaſt a power,
Of making my full Love to ebb an hour;
It never dry, or low can prove,
Whilſt my unwaſted fountain feeds my Love.
Such heat and vigour ſhall our kiſſes bear,
As if like Doves we engendred there,
No bound, nor rule my pleaſures ſhall endure;
In Love there's none too much an Epicure.
Nought ſhall my hands, or lips controul;
I'le kiſs thee through, I'le kiſs thy very Soul.
Yet nothing but the night our ſport ſhall know,
Night, that's both blinde, and ſilent too,

Aphra

Alpheus found not a more ſecret trace,
His lov'd Sicanion Fountain to embrace,
Creeping ſo far beneath the ſea,
Than I will do to enjoy and feaſt on thee.
Men, out of wiſdom; Women out of pride,
The pleaſant theſts of Love do hide.
That may ſecure thee; but thou haſt yet from me
A more infallible ſecurity.
For there's no danger I ſhould tell
The joys, which are to me unſpeakable.

Song 107.

THough you doom all to die, who dare adore ye,
I'le not refuſe a fate ſo full of glory,
With my arms round your waſte graſping my treaſure,
While others die of pain, I'le die of pleaſure.
With my hand ſtraining yours, and fingers claſping
On your neck, and your breſt, let me lie gaſping,
On your lips while you look languiſhing on me,
Let me revenge the wrong your eyes have done me.
When from thoſe lips I have ſuck'd balmy kiſſes,
Crown my delight with the beſt of all bliſſes,
While with a ſigh you cry, when I begin it,
Ah my love, Oh my love, this is the minute:
Not the leaſt truce will I, beg from my cruel,
Till with my death I conclude the ſweet duel,
Then as a miſer lies hugging his treaſure,
While others die of pain, I'le die of pleaſure.

Song 108.

FAireſt thing that ſhines below,
Why in this Robe doſt thou appear?
Would'ſt thou a white moſt perfect ſhow,
Thou muſt at all no garment wear,
For thou wilt ſeem much whiter ſo,
Than winter when 'tis clad in ſnow.
'Tis not the linnen ſhows ſo fair,
Her skin ſhines through, and makes it bright,

So

So clouds themselves like suns appear,
When the sun pierces them with light.
So Lillies in a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as white as those;
Thou now one heap of Beauty art;
Nought outwards, or within is foul;
Condensed Beams make every part,
The Bodyes clothed like the Soul.
Thy Soul, which does it self display,
Like a Star plac't i'th' milkie way.
Such Robes the Saints departed wear,
Wooven all with light divine,
Such their exalted bodies are,
And with such full glory shine.
But they regard no mortals pain;
Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.
Yet seeing thee so gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue still;
Thou would'st not take this garment sure,
When thou hadst an intent to kill.
Of peace, and yeilding, who would doubt,
When the white flag he sees hung out.

Song 109.

I Others may with safety tell,
The moderate flames that in them dwell,
And either finde some medicine there,
Or cure themselves even by despair;
My loves so great that it may prove
Dangerous to tell her that I love,
So tender is my Wound, it must not bear,
Any salute though of the kindest Air,
I would not have her know the pain,
Or torments I for her sustain,
Lest too much goodness make her thro
Her love upon a fate too low.

For

Forbid it heaven my life should be
Weigh'd with her least conveniency:
No; Let me perish rather with my grief,
Than to her disadvantage finde relief.
Yet when I die, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all
Like covetous men who ne'r descry,
Their dear hid treasure till they die.
Ah fairest maid, how will it chear
My Ghost, to get from thee a tear!
But take heed; for if me thou pittiest, then,
Twenty to one, but I shall live agen.

Song 110.

DO not ask me charming *Phillis*,
Why I lead you hear alone,
By this bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And of Roses newly blown:
'Tis not to behold the Beauty
Of those flowers that crown the spring,
'Tis to-- but I know my duty,
And dare never name the thing.
'Tis at worst but her denying,
Why should I thus fearful be,
Every minute gently flying
Smiles and says make use of me:
What the Sun does to those Roses
While the Beams play's sweetly in,
I would-- but my fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.
Yet I die, if I conceal it,
Ask my eyes, or ask your own,
And if neither dare reveal it,
Think what Lovers think alone.
On this Bank of Pinks, and Lillies,
Might I speak what I would do,

I would,

I wou'd with my lovely *Phillis*,
I wou'd, I wou'd, Ah wou'd you,

Song 111.

GO soft desires, Loves gentle progeny,
And on the heart of charming *Silvia* seize,
Then quickly back again return to me,
Since that's the onely cure of my disease,
But if you miss her breast, whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and visit mine no more.

Song 112.

I Lov'd a Lass a fair one,
As fair as e're was seen,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another *Sheba* Queen.
But fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too,
But now alas sh'as left me,
Falero, lero loo.
Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister,
Which past all others far,
She would me Honey call,
She'd, oh, she'd kiss me too,
But now alas she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.
In summer time to *Medley*,
My love and I would go,
The Boatman he stood ready,
My love and I to rowe;
For Cream there would we call,
For Wine and Cheese-cakes too,
But now alas, &c.
Many a merry Meeting
My Love and I have had;
She was my onely sweeting,

She

She made my heart full glad,
The tears flood in her eyes,
Like to the morning-dew,
But now alas, &c.
And when abroad we walked,
As Lovers fashion is,
Oft as we sweetly talked,
The Sun would steal a Kiss;
The winde upon her lips
Likewise most sweetly blew,
But now alas, &c.
Her cheeks were like the Cherry,
Her skin as white as snow,
When she was blythe and merry,
She Angel like did show:
Her waste exceeding small,
The Fives did fit her shooe,
But now alas, &c.
In Summer time, or Winter,
She had her hearts desire,
I still did scorn to stint her,
From Suger, Sack, or Fire;
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew,
But now alas, &c.
As we walked home together,
At midnight through the town,
To keep away the weather,
O're her side cast my Gown,
No cold my Love should feel,
What e're the Heavens could do,
But now alas, &c.
Like Doves we would be billing,
And clip and kiss so fast;
Yet she would be unwilling,
That I should kiss the last,

They're

They're *Judas* Kisses now,
Since she hath prov'd untrue,
For now alas, &c.
To Maidens Vows and Swearing,
Henceforth no credit give,
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe;
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue,
For mine alas, &c.
If ever Madam Nature,
For this false Lovers sake,
Another Loving creature
Like unto her would make,
Let her remember this,
To make the other true,
For this alas, &c.
No riches now can raise me,
No want make me despair,
No misery amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care:
I have lost a world it self,
My Earthly Heaven adieu,
Since she alas hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Song 113.

BE not proud, pretty one, for I must love thee,
Thou art fair, but unkinde, yet dost thou move me,
Red are thy lips, and cheeks like Rosie blushes,
The flame that's from thine eyes, burns me to ashes,
And on thy breast, the place of Love's abiding,
Sits *Cupid* now crown'd, my pains deriding.

Song 114.

THe Silver Swan, who living had no note,
Till death approach'd, and lock't her silent throat,
Leaning

Leaning her breast against a reedy shore,
She sung her first, and last, and sung no more,
Farewell all joys, oh death come close my eyes,
More Geese than Swans now live, more fools than wise.

Song 115.

Cupid's no God, a wanton Childe,
His Art's too weak, his power's too milde;
No active heat, nor noble fire,
Feathers his Arrows with desire,
'Tis not his Bow or Shaft, 'tis *Venus* Eye
Makes him ador'd, and crowns his Deity.

Song 116.

MY Lodging it is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare,
But that which troubles me most, is
The unkindeness of my Dear,
Yet still I cry, O turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that I long for,
And alack what remedy.
I'le crown thee with a Garland of Straw then,
And I'le marry thee with a Rush Ring.
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
And merrily we will sing,
Oh turn to me my dear Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone canst,
Procure my liberty.
But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
And be deaf to my pittiful moan,
Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw all alone,
Yet still I cry, Oh turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art
The cause of my misery.

Song 117.

AMong Roſe-buds ſlept a Bee,
Wak'd by Love who could not ſee,
His ſoft finger that was ſtung,
Then away poor *Cupid* ſlung;
Firſt he ran, than flew about,
And to *Venus* thus cry'd out:
Help, Mother help, oh I'm undone,
A Scorpion hath ſtung your Son.
'Twas a Serpent, it could flie,
For't had wings as well as I;
Countrey-Swains call this a *Bee*,
But oh this hath murthered me.
Son, ſaid *Venus*, if the ſting
Of a Flie ſuch torment bring,
Think, oh think on all thoſe hearts,
Pierced by thy burning Darts.

Song 118.

HE deſerv'd much better than ſo,
In the thick woods to be loſt,
Where the Nut-trees grew ſo low,
As if they had been nipt with Froſt,
Oh whither, whither my Love doſt thou go?

Song 119.

ABout the ſweet-bag of a Bee,
Two *Cupids* fell at ods;
And whoſe the pretty prize ſhould be,
They vow'd to ask the *Gods*;
Which *Venus* hearing, thither came,
And for their boldneſs ſtript them,
And taking thence from each his flame,
With Rods of Mirtle whipt them;
Which done, to ſtill their wanton cryes,
And quiet grown ſh' had ſeen them,
She kiſt and dry'd their Dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

Song

Song 120.

See, See,

Chloris, my *Chloris*, comes in yonder Bark,
Blow gently windes, for if ye ſtrick that Ark,
You'l drown the world with tears, and at one breath,
Give to us all an univerſal death:
Hark, hark, how *Arion* on a Dolphin plays,
To my ſweet Shepherdeſs his Roundelay:
See how the *Syrens* flock to wait upon her,
As Queen of Love, and they her Maids of Honor.
Behold great *Neptune*'s riſen from the deep,
With all his Tritons, and begins to ſweep
The rugged waves into a ſmoother form,
Not leaving one ſmall wrinckle of a ſtorm,
Mark how the windes ſtand ſtill and on her gaze,
See how her Beauty doth the fiſh amaze; (ther,
The Whales have beg'd this boon of winde and wea-
That on their backs they may convey her thither.
And ſee the Lands juſt like the riſing Sun,
That leaves the briny lake when night is done,
Fly, fly, *Aminter* to thy envy'd bliſs,
And let not th' earth rob thee of her greeting Kiſs.

Song 121.

Alas poor *Cupid* art thou blinde?
Canſt not thy Bow and Arrows finde?
Thy Mother ſure the wanton plays,
And lays them up for Holy-days.
Then *Cupid* mark how kinde I'le be,
Becauſe thou once wert ſo to me;
I'le arm thee with ſuch powerful darts,
Shall make thee once more God of hearts,
My *Chloris* arms ſhall be thy Bow,
Which none but love can bend you know;
Her precious hairs ſhall make the ſtring
Which of themſelves wound every thing.

Then

Then take but arrows from her eyes,
And all you shoot at surely dies.

Song 122.

BRing back my comfort and return;
For well thou know'st, that I, that I,
In such a vigorous passion burn,
That missing thee, I die;
Return, return, insult no more.
Return, return, and me restore
To those sequestred joys I had before.

Song 123.

I Love the for thy sicklenes,
And great inconstancy;
For hadst thou been a constant Lass,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.
I love thee for thy wantonness,
And for thy Drollery;
For if thou hadst not lov'd to spost,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.
I love thee for thy Poverty,
And for thy want of Coin,
For if thou hadst been worth a Groat,
Then thou hadst ne'r been mine.
I love thee for thy Uglines,
And for thy foolery;
For if thou hadst been fair or wise,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.
Then let me have thy heart a while,
And thou shalt have my money,
I'le part with all the Wealth I have,
To enjoy a Lass so bonny.

Song 124.

THy love is chaste, they tell thee so,
But how young Souldier, shalt thou know?
Do by her,
As by thy Sword,

Take

Take no freinds vvord,
But try her;
'Tvvill raise her Honor one step higher,
Fame has her tryal at Loves Bar,
Deify'd *Venus* from a Star,
Shoots her Lustre;
She had never been Goddess't,
If *Mars* had been modest,
Try and trust her.

Song 125.

DRink to me Boy,
Here's to thee Boy,
A Health to our Master,
A nobler never obey'd I;
Couple him vvith my Lady,
Ne're man had a chaster;
Match the Vice-Roy as even,
With his Royal Creator,
To the King, bless him Heav'n,
And a Pox take the Traitor.

Song 126.

A Dialogue between the Evening and a Boy.

Evening I Am the Ev'ning dark as night,
Jack-vvith-the-lanthorn, bring a light,
Jack Whither? Whither? Whither?
Evening Hither; Hither; Hither;
Jack Thou art some prattling eccho of my making.
Evening Thou art a foolish fire by thy mistaking,
I am the Ev'ning that creates thee,
Jack My Lanthorn and my Candle vvaits the
Evening Those Flajolets vvhich vve hear play,
Are Reapers vvho have lost their vvay,
They play, they sing, they dance a round,
Lead them up, here's Fairy ground.

Chorus

Chorus

Let the men ware the Ditches,
Maids look to your britches:
We'l scratch them with Briars and Thistles,
When the Flajolets cry
We are a dry,
Pond-water shall wet their whistles.

Song 127.

THis is not the *Elysian* Grove,
Nor can I meet my slaug'ter'd Love
Within these shades, come death and be
At last as merciful to me,
As my dearest Dear loves fall,
Thou shewdst thy self Tyrannical.
Then did I die when he was slain,
But kill me now I live again;
And shall go meet him in a Grove,
Fairer than any here, above.
Oh let this woful life expire,
Why should I wish *Evadne's* fire,
Sad *Portia's* Doals, or *Lucrece* Knife,
To rid me of a loathed life?
'Tis shame enough, that grief alone,
Kill me not now, when thou art gone,
But life since thou art slow to go,
I'le punish thee for lasting so,
And make thee piece-meal every day,
Dissolve to tears and melt away.

Song 128.

Chloris when e're you do intend,
To venture at a bosom friend,
Be sure you know your servant well.
Before your liberty you sell,
For love's a Feavor in young or old,
Is sometimes hot, and sometimes cold,

And

And men you know when e're they please
Can soon be sick of this disease;
Then wisely chuse a freind that may
Last for an Age, not for a day,
That loves thee not for lip or eye,
But for a mutual Sympathy:
To such a friend thy heart engage,
For he will court thee in old age,
And kiss thy hollow wrinkled brow,
With as much joy as he does now.

Song 129.

THe Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain, and I,
The Gunner and his Mate,
Love *Mall*, *Meg*, and *Marina*, and *Margery*,
But none of us car'd for *Kate*,
For she has a tonge with a tang,
Would cry to a Saylor go hang,
She lov'd not the savor of Tar, nor of Pitch,
Yet a Saylor might scratch her where e're she did itch,
Then to Sea boys, and let her go hang.

Song 130.

BRight *Aurelia*, I do owe
All the Woe,
I can know,
To those glorious looks alone,
Though you are unrelenting stone:
The quick lightning from your eyes,
Did sacrifice,
My unwise,
My unweary harmless heart,
And now you glory in my smart.
How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame,
From you came,
Vext with what your self may burn
Your scorns to tinder did it turn.

The least spark how love can call,
That does fall,
On the small
Scorcht remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part:

Song 131.

BEauty and *Love* once fell at odds,
And thus revil'd each other;
Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,
And you wait on my Mother;
Thou hast no power o're men at all,
But what I gave to thee,
Nor art thou longer fair or sweet,
Than men acknowledge me.
Away fond Boy then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blinde,
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better finde;
'Twas I begot thee, mortals know,
And call'd thee blinde desire;
I made the Arrows and thy Bow,
And wings to kindle fire.
Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to *Vulcan* pray'd,
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish this proud maid;
So Beauty ever since hath bin,
But courted for an hour.
To love a day, is now a sin,
'Gainst *Cupid* and his power.

Song 132.

BRighteſt, ſince, your pitying eye,
Saves whom it once condemn'd to die;
Whom lingring time did long diſmay,
You have reliev'd in this ſhort day.

Propi-

Propitious Gods themselves can do no more,
Slow to destroy, but active to restore.
From your fair, but absent look,
Cold Death her pale Artillery took',
Till gentle Love that Dart suppresst,
And lodg'd a milder in your breast;
Like tam'd *Achilles* mistick Spear, thus you,
Both scatter Wounds, and scatter Balsam too.

Song 133.

LOve and Wenching are toys,
And at best but vain joys,
Fit to please beardless boys,
That sigh and pule till they are weary;
When they visit their Misses,
And boast of their Kisses,
I'le not envy their Blisses,
While Vertue consists in Canary.

Song 134.

DIsputes daily arise, and errors grow bolder,
Philosophers prattle, and so does the Sizer,
The more we should know then by being the older,
But plainly 't appears there's no body wiser:
He that spends what he has, and wisely drinks all,
'Tis he is the man Ma-the-ma-ti-cal.

Song 135.

WHere the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips Bell I lie;
There I crouch when Owls do cry,
On the Bats back I do fly:
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.

Song 136.

WHo is *Silvia*? What is she?
That all our Swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,

The Heav'n such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be,
Is she kinde, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindeness,
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And being help'd inhabits there;
Then to *Silva* let us sing,
That *Silvia* is excelling,
She surmounts each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling,
To her let us garlands bring.

A Drinking Catch, or Song 137.

HE that will look for a Swallows nest,
A swallows nest, a swallows nest,
Must look in the Chimney high,
And he that would look for a minnikin Lass,
And trimmikin Lass, and a sinnikin Lass,
Must chuse her by her black eye,
And he that will fish for frogs,
Must fish all in this Well,
And all those,
That will fuddle their nose,
That will fuddle their nose,
Must come where good Ale's to sell.

Song. 138.

YOu spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedge-hogs be not seen;
Newts and Blinde-worms do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomele with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby;
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely Lady nigh,
So good night with lullaby.

Wea-

Weaving Spiders come not here;
Hence you long-leg'd Spiders hence,
Beetles black approach not near;
Worm nor Snail do no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.
Hence away, now all is well.
One aloof, ſtand Sentinel.

Song 139.

TEll me, where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot? How nouriſhed?
It is ingendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancy dies
In the Cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancy's Knell,
Ding, Dong, Bell, Ding, Dong, Bell.

Song 140.

YOu that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true;
Since this Fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs;
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving Kiſs.

Song 141.

UNder the Green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry Note,
Unto the ſweet Birds throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But Winter and rough weather.
Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to live i'th Sun,

Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here you shall see
No enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Song 142.

WHat shall he have that kill'd the Deer?
His Leather-skin and Horns to wear,
Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burthen,
Take thou no scorn
To wear the Horn,
It was a Crest e're thou wast born;
Thy Fathers Father wore it,
And thy Father bore it:
The Horn, the Horn, the lusty Horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Song 143.

WEdding is great *Juno*'s Crown,
O blessed Bond of Board and Bed;
'Tis *Hymen* peoples every Town,
High Wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high Honor and Renown,
To *Hymen*, God of every Town.

Song 144.

A Tripe well broil'd cannot be ill,
Broil he hot, burn her not,
Turn the Tripe Gill,
For a Tripe well broil'd cannot be ill.

Song 145.

HOw long shall I pine for love?
How long shall I sue in vain?
How long like the Turtle-Dove,
Shall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the sayls of my love stand still?
Shall the grief's of my hope be unground?

Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round,
Think me ſtill,
In my Fathers Mill,
Where I have oft been found-a:
Thrown on my back,
On a well-fill'd Sack,
While the Mill has ſtill gone round-a,
Prethee Sirrah try thy skill,
And again let the Mill go round-a.
The young one, the old one,
The fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, though ne'r ſo unſound-a,
The Jew, and the Turk,
Have leave for to work,
The whileſt that the Mill goes round-a.

Song 167.

TAke her, and hug her,
Then turn her and tug her,
And turn her again Boy, again;
Then if ſhe mumble,
Or if her tail grumble,
Kiſs her amain Boy, amain;
Do thy endeavour,
To take off her Feavour,
Then her Diſeaſe no longer will raign;
If nothing will ſerve her,
Then thus to preſerve her,
Swinge her amain Boy, amain;
Give her cold Jelly,
To take up her Belly,
And once a day Swinge her again,
If ſhe ſtands all theſe pains,
Then knock out her brains,
Her diſeaſe no longer will raign.

Song 147.

COme fill with wine this lusty bowl,
'Twill scatter sorrows from my soul,
'Twill stifle care that inward foe,
'Tis the *Antipodes* to woe,
'Twill rescue old age from the grave,
'Twill make a Freeman of a Slave,
'Twill vigor and ripe fancy bring,
'Twill hoise a beggar to a King.
So how it glows and sparkles there,
Brighter than a spangled spear,
And how it bubbles from the deep,
Leaping to surprize my lip,
Rich Juice, since thou dost court my taste,
I'le meet a kiss with equal haste,
Go then, go mingle with thy blood,
Thus swallow I thy wealthy flood,
'Tis vanilar, and I see the shore,
Not wafted thither by an Oar;
Oh fill't again, and fill it high,
Oh let me be but drunk and die.
Seas heapt on Seas cannot asswage
This eager thirst, this violent rage;
Were half the Globe fill'd to the top,
I'de drink't, and eat the earth for sop:
But hah by all the Gods I reel,
My brains is Traitor to my will,
My Vitals stop, my spirits sink,
Come then I'le sleep, and dream of drink.
Cho. *We that* Bacchus *do adore,*
Envy not the Misers store;
Nor the charms, nor sweets of love,
Nor the states of Gods above.

Song 148.

'Tis late and cold, stir up the fire,
Sit close and draw the table nigher;

Be

Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty Medicine 'gainſt a Cold:
Your Beds of wanton Doun the beſt,
Where you ſhall tumble to your reſt;
I could wiſh you Wenches too,
But I am dead and cannot do:
Call for the beſt, the Houſe may ring,
Sack, White, and Claret let them bring;
And drink apace while breath you have,
You'l finde but cold drink in the Grave:
Plover, Partridge for your Dinner,
And a Capon for the ſinner,
You ſhall finde ready when you are up,
And your Horſe ſhall have his ſup:
Welcome, welcome, are ye all,
From Maſter high, to ſervant ſmall.

Song 149.

COme let us be friends, and moſt friendly agree,
For the Pimp, the Punk, and the Doctor are three
Which cannot but thrive when united they be.
The Pimp brings in cuſtom, the Punk ſhe gets treaſure
Of which the Phyſitian is ſure of his meaſure,
For work which ſhe makes him in ſale of her pleaſure;
For which when ſhe fails by Diſeaſes and Pain,
The Doctor new Vamps, and Upſets her again.

Song 150.

FEar not (Dear Love) that I'le reveal
Thoſe hours of pleaſure we two ſteal,
No eye ſhall ſee, nor yet the Sun
Deſery what thou and I have done,
No ear ſhall hear our love, but we
Silent as the night will be.
The God of Love himſelf (whoſe Dart
Did firſt wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know that we can tell,
What ſweets in ſtoln embraces dwell.

This onely means finde it out,
If when I die, Phyſicians doubt
What caus'd my death, and there to view,
Of all their Judgements, which was true:
Riſe up my heart, Oh then I fear
The world will ſee thy Picture there.

Song 151.

ARm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Ranks cloſe, & now your Honors win;
Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears,
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, Swords, Pikes, and Spears.
Like a dark Wood he comes, or Tempeſt pouring,
O view the Wings of Horſe the Meadows ſcouring:
The Vant-guard marches bravely, hark the Drums Dub-dub,
They meet, they meet, and now the Battel comes,
See how the Arrows flie,
That darken all the Skie,
Hark how the Trumpets ſound,
Hark how the Hills rebound,—Tara--tara--tara.
Hark how the Horſes charge, In boys, In boys, in Tara—tara.
The Battel totters, Now the wounds begin,
O how they cry, O how they die;
Room for the valiant *Memnon* arm'd with thunder,
See how he breaks the Ranks aſunder!
They flie, they flie, *Eumenes* has the Chaſe,
And brave *Polibius* makes good his place:
To the Plains, to the Woods,
To the Rocks, to the Floods,
They flie for ſuccour, follow, follow, follow,-Hey, hey,
Hark how the Souldiers hollow,
Brave *Diocles* is dead,
And all his Souldiers fled,
The Battel's won, and loſt,
That many a life hath coſt.

Song

Song 152.

A Curſe upon thee for a ſlave,
Art thou here, and heard'ſt me rave?
Flie not ſparkles from mine eye,
To ſhew my indignation nigh?
Am I not all foam and fire,
With voice as hoarſe as a Town-cryer?
How my Back opes and ſhuts together
With fury, as old mens with weather;
Couldſt thou not hear my Teeth knack hither?
Thou naſty, ſcurvy, mungril Toad,
Miſchief on thee, light upon thee,
All the plagues that can confound thee,
Or did ever raign abroad:
Better a thouſand lives it coſt,
Than have brave Anger ſpilt or loſt.

Song 153

PEace and Silence be the Guide
To the Man, and to the Bride:
If there be a Joy yet new
In Marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder;
If we ſhould ſtay, we ſhould do worſe,
And turn our bleſſings to a curſe,
By keeping you aſunder.

Song 154.

IO Wymen, Jo Hymen, Jo Hymen,
Was wont to be ſtill the old Song
At high Nuptial Feaſts,
Where the merry merry Gueſts
With joy and good wiſhes did throng:
But to this new Wedding new Notes do I bring,
To rail at thee Hymen, while ſadly I ſing,
Fie O Hymen, fie O Hymen, fie O Hymen,
What hands, and what hearts doſt thou knit?

A widow that's poor,
And a very very whore,
To an Heir that wants nothing but wit?
Yet thus far O Hymen, thy answer is made,
When his means are spent, they may live by her trade.

Song 155.

GIve me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid, or the frozen Zone,
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate afford me none;
Either extream of love, or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate,
Give me a storm: if it be love,
Like *Danae* in a golden showre,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My Vulture hopes; And he's possest
Of heaven, that's but from hell releast;
Then crown my Joys, or cure my pain,
Give me more love, or more disdain.

Song 156.

TEll me prethee, faithless Swain,
Tell me prethee, faithless Swain,
Why you did such passion feign,
On purpose to deceive me,
I no sooner lov'd again,
But you again do leave me.
Phillis we must blame our fate,
Phillis we must blame our fate,
Kindness bears a certain date,
And e're those Joys we tasted,
Yon in peevishness and state,
The time had almost wasted.
'Twas my love did yours destroy,
'Twas my love did yours destroy,
Strephon had I still been coy,

I know

I know you ſtill would prize me:
Think or dream you do enjoy,
And then you'l not deſpiſe me.
Love like other native fires,
Love like other native fires,
Leaves what's burnt, and ſtraight deſires
Freſh Objects to be chooſing;
Repetition always tyres,
And all's the worſe for uſing.
Once again thy love purſue,
Once again thy love purſue,
And my ſcorns I will renew,
But paſſion doth ſo ſway me,
That ſhould I my ſighs ſubdue,
My tears would ſoon betray me.
Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
Nymph, your beauty ſoon will gain
A more deſerving Lover;
Slaves that once have broke their chain,
You hardly can recover.

Song 157.

TEll me no more you love, in vain
Fair *Celia*, you this paſſion feign;
Can thoſe pretend to love, that do
Refuſe what love perſwades us unto?
Who once have felt his active flame,
Dull laws of Honor does diſdain,
You would be thought his ſlave, and yet
You will not to his power ſubmit.
More cruel then thoſe Beauties are,
Whoſe coyneſs wounds us with deſpair;
For all the kindneſs which you ſhow,
Each ſmile and kiſs which you beſtow,
Are like thoſe Cordials which we give
To dying men, to make them live,

And languiſh out an hour;
Be kinder *Celia*, or diſdain.

Song 153.

HOw happy art thou and I,
That never knew how to love!
There's no ſuch Bleſſings here beneath,
What e're there is above:
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty,
That every wiſe man loves.
Out, out upon thoſe Eyes
That think to murther me,
And he's an Aſs that thinks her fair,
That is not kinde and free:
There's nothing ſweet, there's nothing ſweet
To Man, but Liberty.
I'le tye my heart to none,
Nor yet confine my eyes;
But I will play my Game ſo well,
I'le never want a Prize:
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty,
Has made me now ſo wiſe.

Song 155.

WHy ſhould onely Man be ty'd
To a fooliſh Female thing,
When all Creatures elſe beſide,
Birds and Beaſts change every Spring?
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?
Why ſhould I my ſelf confine
To the limits of one place,
When I have all *Europe* mine,
Where I liſt to run my race?
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?
Would you think him wiſe, that now
Still one ſort of Meat doth eat,

When

When both Sea and Land allow
Sundry sorts of other Meat?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?
E're old *Saturn* chang'd his throne,
Freedom raign'd and banisht Strife,
Where was he that knew his own,
Or who call'd a woman Wife?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?
Ten times happier were those men,
That enjoy'd those golden days;
Until time's redress'd agen,
I will never *Hymen* praise.
Who is it would to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

Song 162.

LOve's Empire, as the World is wide,
All living Creatures Lovers be,
And those which have no life beside,
Love by a secret Sympathy.
Nay Gods themselves who limit Destiny,
To Love's almighty Scepter subject be.
Under gilt Roofs, in humble Cells,
In Desarts, and in Princes Courts,
This uncontrouled Power dwells,
Love unto every place resorts;
And all the World under his yoke does faint,
But he's a Monarch that brooks no restraint.

Song 163.

OH *Chloris*, would the Gods allow
We e're might love, as we love now,
What greater Joys hath earth in store,
Or Heav'n it self, to give us more?
For nothing sure so sweet can prove,
As pleasures of beginning Love.

But

But Love when to its heighth arriv'd,
Of all our Joys is shortest liv'd:
Its morning past, it sets so soon,
That none can finde the afternoon:
And of that little time is lent,
Half in unkindness is mis-spent,
Since Fate to Love such short life gives,
And Love's so tender whilst it lives,
Let us remove main fears away,
So to prevent its first decay;
For Love, like blood, let out before,
Will loose its power, and cure no more.

Song 162.

NO, no, thou all of red and white,
Thou hast not yet undone me quite;
For I have lost but half my heart,
Yet I confess the wound doth smart;
Then pretty thief, oh steal no more,
But let me keep one part in store.
Sure half's too much for thee of mine,
Unless I had some share in thine.
Though thou art fair, and though thou'rt young,
And though thou hast a pretty tongue,
And every word that thou dost say,
Might lead a Princes heart astray;
Yet all those traps will not catch me,
I must have kinder Snares from thee.
'Las thou shalt see I can retreat,
And not lie conquer'd at thy feet.
'Tis true, if I did keep the field,
At length I must be forc'd to yield;
Not like a Coward will I flie,
Nor like a fool will stay and die,
With half my heart I'le march away,
Then t'other part not long will stay;

A hear-

A heart divided knows no power,
Nor will ſubmit above an hour.
Reproach me not, though heretofore
I onely freedom did adore,
And brag that none, though kinde as fair,
The loſs of it could half repair,
Since I now willingly do yield
To *Chloris* beauty, all the field.
With greater Joys I do reſign
My freedom, though thou e're keepſt thine;
And am reſolv'd conſtant to prove,
Should her neglect tranſcend my love.
Strange charms they are which make me burn,
Without the hopes of a return.
To ſee, and not to be in love,
A wonder like her ſelf would prove,
Whoſe charms by Nature, and by Art,
Do each of them deſerve a heart,
For which my ſorrows are not ſmall,
I have but one to pay them all.
I muſt confeſs a while I ſtrove
With reaſon, to reſiſt my love,
All Saints ſometimes 'gainſt death do pray,
Though it be to heaven their onely way.
'Tis onely *Chloris* hath the skill,
To make me bleſt againſt my will.
Nor will I ſo much as endure,
To think Inconſtancy a Cure;
For were I to that Sin ſo bent,
It ſure wou'd prove my puniſhment,
Here to adore, I muſt confeſs
Is better, than elſewhere Succeſs.

Song 163.

WAke all ye dead, what Ho, what Ho,
How ſoundly they ſleep whoſe pillars lie low!
They

They minde not poor Lovers who walk above
On the Decks of the World, in ſtorms of love?
No whiſper now, nor glance can paſs
Through wicket, or through panes of glaſs;
For our windows and doors, are ſhut and barr'd,
Lie cloſe in the Church, and in the Church-yard.
In ev'ry Grave make room, make room,
The World's at an end, and we come, we come.
The State is now Loves foe, Loves foe,
Has ſeiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and Bowe,
Has pinion'd his Wings, and fetter'd his Feet,
Becauſe he made way for poor Lovers to meet;
But oh ſad chance, his Judge was old,
Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold.
No man being young, his Proceſs would draw:
Oh Heavens that Love ſhould be ſubject to Law!
Lovers go woo the dead, the dead,
Lie two in a grave, and to bed, to bed.

Song 164.

IN faith 'tis true, I am in love,
'Tis your black eyes have made me ſo;
My reſolutions they remove,
And former niceneſs overthrow.
The glowing Char-coals ſet on fire
A heart, that former flames did ſtun,
Who as Heretick unto Deſire,
Now's judg'd to ſuffer Martyrdom.
But Beauty, ſince it is thy fate
At diſtance thus to wound ſo ſure,
Thy Vertues I will imitate,
And ſee if diſtance prove a Cure.
Then farewel Miſtreſs, farewel Love,
Thoſe lately entertain'd Deſires,
Wiſe men can from that Plague remove;
Farewel black Eyes, and farewel Fires,
If ever I my heart acquit

Of

Of theſe dull Flames, I'le bid a Pox
On all black Eyes, and ſwear they'r fit
For nothing but a Tinder-box.

Song 165.

I Happy ſaw, and faithful lov'd,
Which I ſhall ever, ever do,
Not to be conſtant call'd and prov'd,
For that I am compell'd unto:
For ſhe that in her love does think of fame,
Loves not for the right end, but for a name.
Compell'd to love by parts divine,
I follow them whom Angels tend,
Then tell me, can my love decline,
Whoſe loweſt objects does aſcend?
No, I muſt love him, and will prove it then,
She's the beſt woman loves the beſt of men.

Song 166.

OUr Ruler hath got the *Vertigo* of State,
The world turns round in his politick Pate;
He ſteers in a Sea where his Courſe cannot laſt,
And bears too much ſail for the ſtrength of his Maſt.
Let him plot all he can,
Like a Politick man,
Yet Love though a Childe may fit him:
The ſmall Archer though blinde,
Such an Arrow will finde,
As with an old trick ſhall hit him.
Sure *Angelo* knows Love's party is ſtrong,
Love melts like ſoft Wax, the hearts of the young;
And none are ſo old but they think of the taſte,
And weep with remembrance of kindneſſes paſt,
Let him plot all, &c.
Love in the fooliſh is held a mad Fit,
And Madneſs is fools is reckon'd for Wit,
The wiſe value Love, as fools Wiſdom prize,
Which when they can't gain, they ſeem to deſpiſe.
Let him plot all, &c.

Cold

Cold Cowards all peril of anger shun,
To dangers of love, they leap when they run;
The Valiant in frolicks did follow the Boy,
When he led 'em a dance from *Greece* to *Troy*.

Let him, &c *Song* 167.

FOnd Love, what dost thou mean,
To court an Idle Folly?
Platonick love is nothing else,
But meerly Melancholly,
'Tis active love that makes us jolly.
To dote upon a face,
Or court a sparkling eye,
Or to esteem a dimpled cheek,
Compleat felicity,
Tis to betray ones liberty.
Then pray be not so fond,
Think you that women can,
Rest satisfi'd with Complements,
The frothy part of man?
No, no, they hate a Puritan.
They care not for your sighs,
Nor your erected eyes,
They hate to hear a man complain,
Alas he dies, he dies,
Believ't they love a closer prize.
Then venter to embrace,
'Tis but a smack or two;
I'm confident no woman lives,
But sometimes she will do,
The fault lies not in her, but you.

Song 168.

SIlly heart forbear,
Those are murdering eyes,
In the which I swear,
Cupid lurking lies,
See his Quiver, see his Bowe too, see his Dart,
fly, O fly! O fly! Thou foolish heart.

Song

Song 169.

POor *Artaxander* long hath woo'd
Fair *Celia*, but in vain,
For she on terms of Honor stood,
Though never no disdain.
His kinde Addresses as a charm,
Sometimes she'd entertain,
With soft embraces close and warm,
Yet streight grow cold again.

Song 170.

THou Deity, swift-winged Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power,
Thou that mak'st thy heart a tower,
And thy loop-holes Ladies eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise.
Did all the Shafts in thy fair Quiver,
Stick fast in my ambitious Liver,
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more.

Song 171.

O *Cupid*, turn away thy Bowe,
Thy power we Maids both feel and know;
Fair *Cupid*, turn away thy Bowe,
They be those golden Arrows,
Brings Ladies all their sorrows,
And till there be more truth in Men,
Never shoot at Maids agen.

Song 172.

FAin would I wake thee, Sweet, but fear
I shou'd invite you to worse chear;
In your Dreams you cannot fare,
Meaner than Musick, no compare;
None of your slumbers are compil'd
Under the Pleasures makes a Childe:

Your

Your Day-delights ſo well compact,
That what you think turns all to act.
I'd wiſh my ſelf no better paſy,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake, gently wake, part ſoftly from your Dreams,
The morning flies,
To your fair eyes,
To take her ſpecial Beams.

Song 173.

LEt the Bells ring,
And the Boys ſing,
The young Laſſes trip and play;
Let the Cups go round,
Till round goes the ground,
Our Learned Vicar we'l ſtay.
Let the Pig turn merrily hey,
And let the fat Gooſe ſwim,
For verily, verily, hey,
Our Vicar this day ſhall be trim,
The ſtew'd Cock ſhall crow—Cock a doodle dow,
A loud Cock a doodle ſhall crow,
The Duck and the Drake,
Shall ſwim in a Lake
Of Onions and Claret below.
Our Wives ſhall be neat,
To bring in our Meat,
To thee our noble Adviſer,
Our pains ſhall be great,
And our Pottles ſhall ſweat,
And we our ſelves ſhall be wiſer.
We'l labour and ſwink,
We'l kiſs, and we'l drink,
And Tithes ſhall come thicker and thicker,
We'l fall to the Plough,
And get Children enough,
And thou ſhalt be learned O Vicar.

Song

Song 174.

HE that a Tinker, a Tinker will be,
Let him leave other loves & come liſten to me;
Though he travels all the day,
Yet he comes home ſtill at night,
And dallies with his Doxie,
And dreams of delight.
His Pot and his Toaſt in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good Muſick he makes,
He wanders up and down to Wakes and to Fairs,
And caſts his Cap at the Court, and its cares;
When to the Town the Tinker doth come,
Oh how the wanton Wenches run.
Some bring him Baſons, ſome bring him Bowls,
All Werches pray him to ſtop up their holes;
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skellet, and the Scummer,
Come bring me the Copper Kettle,
For the Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry Tinker,
Oh he is the man of Mettle.

Song 175.

A Silly poor ſhepherd was folding his ſheep,
He walked ſo long he got cold in his feet,
He laid on his Coals by two and by three,
But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.
Alas good wife, what ſhould we do now,
To buy us more Fuel we'l ſell the brown Cow,
To buy us more Coals to warm thee and me,
But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.
Some ſhepherds, ſaid ſhe, themſelves can warm keep,
By feeding their flock, & folding their ſheep, (crook
But when thou com'ſt home with thy tar-box and
Oh how it grieves me, how Cuc-cold thou doſt look.
Alas good wife I walk through dew, dirt and mire,
Whilſt thou perhaps warmſt thy ſelf without fire,
With a friend in a corner, in ſuch ſort as whereby
The warmer thou art, the Cuc-colder am I.

Song

Song 174.

NOw that the Spring hath fill'd our veins,
With quick and active fire,
And made green Liv'ries o're the Plains,
And every Grove a Quire;
Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glee,
And *Bacchus* crown the Bowl,
And here's to thee,
And thou to me,
And every thirsty soul.
Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
But see that no man scape,
To take off the Sherry,
That makes us so merry,
And plump as the lusty Grape.

Song 175.

PIsh, modest Sipper, 'tis vain,
My sweetest Joy,
The Wine's not coy,
As Women are,
My dearest Pusing, prethee then,
Prethee my Fair,
Once more bedew those Lips of thine,
Mend thy draught, and mend the wine,
Since it hath tasted of thy Lip,
(Too quickly cloy'd)
How over-joy'd
It cheerfully
Invites thee to another sip;
Methinks I see
The Wine perfum'd by thee, my Fair,
Bacchus himself is dabling there.
Once more dear soul, nay prethee try,
Bathe that Cherry,
In the Sherry,
The Jocund Wine,

Which

Which sweetly smiles and courts thy eye,
As more divine:
Though thou take none to drink to me,
Takes pleasure to be drank by thee:
Nay my Fair, off with't, off with it clean,
Well I perceive,
Why this you leave,
My love reveals,
And makes me guess what 'tis you mean,
Because at Meals,
My lips are kept from kissing thee,
Thou needs wilt kiss the Glass to me.

Song 178.

THe *Spaniard* loves his ancient slop,
A *Lombard* the *Venetian*,
And some like breechless women go,
The *Russ*, *Turk*, *Jew*, and *Grecian*.
The thrifty *French-man* wears small waste,
The *Dutch* his belly boasteth.
The *English-man* is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.
The *Turk* in linnen wraps his head,
The *Persian* his in lawn too,
The *Russ* with Sable furs his Cap,
And change will not be drawn to.
The *Spaniard* constant to his Black,
The *French* inconstant ever,
But of all Felts that may be felt,
Give me the *English* Bever.
The *German* loves his Coney-wool,
The *Irish man* his Shag too;
The *Welsh* his *Monmouth* loves to wear,
And of the same will brag too
Some loves the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great, and others small things,
But oh our liquorish *English man*,
He loves to deal in all things.

The

The *Ruſh* drinks *Quaſs*; *Dutch*, *Lubecks* Beer,
And that is ſtrong and mighty;
The *Britain* he *Metheglin* quaffs,
The *Iriſh*, *Aqua vitæ*.
The *French* affects the *Orleans* Grape;
The *Spaniard* ſips his Sherry,
The *Engliſh* none of theſe can ſcape,
But he with all makes merry.
The *Italian* in her high Chopen,
Scotch Laſs, and lovely Vrouw too,
The Spaniſh *Donna*, French *Madam*,
He doth not fear to go to.
Nothing ſo full of hazard dread,
Nought lives above the Center;
No Health, no Faſhion, Wine, nor Wench,
On which he will not venter.

Song 179.

FRom the fair *Lavinian* ſhore,
I your Markets come to ſtore,
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell,
And my Wares come here to ſell;
Such is the ſacred Hunger of Gold.
Then come to my Pack,
Where I cry.
What do you lack,
What do you buy;
For here it is to be ſold.
You whoſe birth and breeding baſe,
Are rank'd into a Nobler Race,
And whoſe Parents heretofore
Neither Arms, nor Scutcheons bore;
Firſt let me have but a touch of your Gold,
Then come to me Lad,
You ſhall have,
What your Dad
Never gave,
For here it is to be ſold.

Ma-

Madam, for your wrinkled face,
Here's complexion it to grace,
Which, if your earneſt be but ſmall,
It takes away the vertue all.
But if your Palms are anointed with Gold,
Then you ſhall ſeem
Like a Queen
Of fifteen,
Though you are threeſcore year old.

Song 180.

WHen Daſies py'd, and Violets blue,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue;
And Lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
Do paint the Meadows with delight,
The Cuckow then on every Tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
Unpleaſant to a married ear.
When Shepherds pipe on Oaten ſtraws,
And merry Larks are Plough-mens Clocks,
When Turtles tread, and Rooks, and Daws,
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks,
The Cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

Song 181.

AFter the pangs of a deſperate Lover,
When day and night I have ſigh'd all in vain,
Ah what a pleaſure it is to diſcover
In her eyes pity, who cauſes my pain!
Chorus. *Ah what*, &c.
When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her eyes give what her tongue does deny,
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venter,
Ah what a trembling does uſher my Joy!

When with unkindneſs our Love at a ſtand is,
And both have puniſh'd our ſelves with the pain,
Ah what a pleaſure the touch of her hand is!
Ah what a pleaſure to preſs it again!
Chor. *A what*, &c.
When with a ſigh ſhe accords me the bleſſing,
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleaſure and pain,
Ah what a Joy! Oh beyond all expreſſing!
Ah what a Joy to hear it again!
Chor. *A what*, &c.
When with delight we have ſurfeit our ſenſes,
And like a Deer that retires from the Chace,
Ah what a thouſand of pretty pretences,
Doth ſhe uſe to be brought to the ſecond Embrace!
Chor. *A what*, &c.

Song 182.

6. P. CAlm was the Evening, and clear was the Skie,
And new budding Flowers did ſpring;
When all alone went *Aminta* and I
To hear the ſweet Nightingale ſing.
I ſate, and he laid him down by me,
And ſcarcely his breath he could draw,
But when with a fear,
He began to come near,
He was daſht with a ah, ah, ah.
He bluſht to himſelf, and lay ſtill for a while,
And his modeſty curb'd his deſire,
But ſtreight I convinc'd all his fears with a ſmile,
And added new flames to his fire.
Ah *Silvia*, ſaid he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe,
Then once more he preſt
With his hands to my breſt,
But was daſht with a ah, ah, ah.
I knew 'twas his paſſions caus'd all his fear,
And therefore I pitied his caſe,

I whiſ-

I whiſper'd him ſoftly, there's no body near,
And laid my cheek cloſe to his face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and ſaw,
And juſt as our bliſs
Began with a kiſs,
He burſt out with ha, ha, ha, ha.
I bade him be quiet for fear of the Swain,
And follow me down to the Grove,
Where we crope in a Cave, and we chatter'd again,
The dangers that proſecute Love.
He plaid with my pretty white ſhooe-ſtrings.
My legs he did tickle and claw,
But do what I cou'd,
Yet he forced my bloud,
And I ſqueek't with a ha, ha, ha, ha,
The ſmall of my leg he did prettily praiſe,
And my calf that ſo roundly did riſe,
I wink'd, and I frown'd, at his fooliſh delays,
Which made him skip up to my thighs,
He plaid with my ſoft panting Belly,
I bade to his fingers no law,
But when he did touch,
What he loved ſo much,
He burſt out with a ha, ha, ha, ha.

Song 183.

WHen Iſickles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the ſhepherd blows his nail,
And *Tom* bears Log into the Hall,
And Milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owl,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry Note,
While greaſie *Joue* doth keel the Pot.
When all aloud the Winde doth blow,
And coughing drowns the Parſons ſaw,

And birds sits brooking in the Snow,
And *Martins* Nose looks red and raw;
When roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry Note,
While greasie *Joan* doth keel the Pot.

Song 184.

TAke, oh take those Lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those Eyes the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my Kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

Song 185.

SIgh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey Nonny, nonny.
Sing no more Ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since Summers first was leavy,
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey Nonny, nonny.

Song 186.

A Maid, I dare not tell her name;
For fear I should disgrace her,

Tempted

Tempted a young man for to come
One night, and to embrace her;
But at the door he made a stop,
He made a stop, he made a stop,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
The Latch pull up, the Latch pull up.

This young man hearing of her words,
Pull'd up the Latch and enter'd;
And in the place unfortunately,
To her Mothers Bed he ventur'd;
But the poor Maid was sore afraid,
And almost dead, and almost dead,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
The Truckle-bed, the Truckle-bed.

Unto the Truckle-bed he went,
But as the Youth was going,
Th' unlucky Cradle stood in's way,
And almost spoil'd his wooing;
When after that, the Maid he spy'd,
The Maid he spy'd, the Maid he spy'd,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
The other side, the other side.

Unto the other side he went,
To shew the love he meant her,
Pull'd off his Clothes courageously,
And falls to th' work he was sent for;
But the poor Maid made no reply,
Made no reply, made no reply,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
A little too high, a little too high.

This lusty Lover was half asham'd
Of her gentle admonition,
He thought to charge her home as well,
As any Girl could with him;
O now my Love, I'm right I know,
I'm right I know, I'm right I know,

But she lay still, and snoring said,
A little too low, a little too low.
Though by mistakes, at length this youth
His business so well tended,
He hot the mark so cunningly,
He defi'd the world to mend it;
O now my Love, I'm right I swear,
I'm right I swear, I'm right I swear,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
O there, O there, O there, O there.

Song 187.

I Can love for an hour, when I'm at leasure,
He that loves half a day, sins without measure;
Cupid come tell me, what art had thy Mother,
To make me love one face more than another.
Men to be thought more wise, daily endeavor,
To make the world believe they can love ever.
Ladies believe them not, they will deceive you,
For when they have their wils, then they will leave you.
Men cannot feast themselves with your sweet features,
They love variety of charming creatures;
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can nothing do, they will be fooling.

Song 188.

Tom and *Will* were Shepherds Swains,
They lov'd and liv'd together,
When fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains,
Alas! why came she thither?
For though they fed two several Flocks,
They had but one desire,
Pastoras Eyes, and Amber Locks,
Set both their hearts on fire.
Tom came of honest gentle Race,
By Father, and by Mother,
Will was noble, but alas,
He was a younger Brother.

Tom

Tom was toysom, *Will* was sad,
No Huntsman, nor no Fowler,
Tom was held a proper Lad,
But *Will* the better Bowler.
Tom would drink her Health, and swear
The Nation could not want her,
Will could take her by the ear,
And with his voice enchant her.
Tom kept always in her sight,
And ne'r forgat his duty,
Will was witty, and could write
Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.
Thus did she exercise her skill,
When both did dote upon her,
She graciously did use them still,
And still preserv'd her honor.
So cunning and so fair a She,
And of so sweet behavior,
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he
Was chiefly in her favor.
Which of those two she loved most,
Or whether she lov'd either,
'Tis thought they 'l finde it to their cost,
That she indeed lov'd neither.
For to the Court *Pastora*'s gone,
'T had been no Court without her;
The Queen amongst her Train had none
Was half so fair about her.
Tom hung his Dog, and threw away
His Sheep-crook, and his Wallet,
Will burst his Pipes, and curst the day
That e're he made a Sonnet.

Song 189.

LAwn as white as driven Snow,
Cypress as black as e're was Crow,
Gloves as sweet as Damask Roses,

Masques for Faces, and for Noses,
Bugle-bracelets, Neck-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber,
Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers,
For my Lads to give their Dears;
Pins, and Poacking-sticks of Steel;
Come buy of me, Come buy, come buy;
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry:
Come buy.
Will you buy any Tape,
Or Lace for your Cape,
My dainty Duck, my Dear-a?
Any Silk, any Thread,
Any Toys for your Head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the Pedler,
Money's a Medler,
That doth utter all mens Ware-a.

Song 190.

FEar no more the heat o'th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and take thy wages.
Golden Lads and Girls all must,
As Chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o'th' Great,
Thou art past the Tyrants stroak,
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the Reed is as the Oak;
The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,
All follow thee, and come to dust.
Fear no more the Lightning flash,
Nor th'all dreaded Thunder-stone.
Fear no Slander, Censure rash,
Thou hast finisht Joy and Mone.
All Lovers young, all Lovers must

Consign

Consign to thee, and come to dust.
No Exorcisor harm thee,
Nor no Witchcraft charm thee.
Ghost unlaid forbear thee,
Nothing ill come near thee,
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy Grave.

Song 191.

A Young man lately in our Town,
He went to Bed one night,
He had no sooner laid him down,
But was troubled with a Sprite:
So vigorously the Spirit stood,
Let him do what he can,
Oh then he said,
It must be laid
By a woman, not a man.
A handsom Maid did undertake,
And into th' Bed she leapt,
And to allay the Spirits power,
Full close to him she crept:
She having such a guardian care,
Her office to discharge,
She opened wide her Conjuring-book,
And laid her leaves at large.
Her office she die well perform
Within a little space,
Then up she rose, and down he lay,
And durst not shew his face.
She took her leave, and away she went,
When she had done the deed,
Saying, if 't chance to come again,
Then send for me with speed.

Song 192.

'T Is a merry life we live,
All our work is brought unto us;

Still are getting, never give,
For their Clothes all men do wooe us,
Yet unkinde, they blaſt our names,
With aſperſions of diſhonor;
For which we make bold with their Dames,
When we take our meaſure on her.

Song 193.

HElp Love, or elſe I ſink; for know,
He beſt can help that cauſeth woe;
Help then, and with thy ſmoother Palm,
The fury of my Paſſions calm:
Succeeding tears in Billows riſe,
As there were Seas met in my eyes;
My ſighs united proudly grown,
As the four Winds combin'd in one:
Hark how they roar! my ſighs and tears,
Sure have conſpir'd to tempt my fears;
See how they ſwell now they are met,
And even a Tempeſt do beget!
It ſhakes my Barque, her Ribs do crack,
And now I fear a diſmal Wrack:
Help Love for pity, then I pray,
E're my poor heart be caſt away.

Song 149.

MAke ready fair Lady to night,
And ſtand at the door below,
For I will be there,
To receive you with care,
And with your true Love you ſhall go.
And when the Stars twinkle ſo bright,
Then down to the door will I creep;
To my Love I will flie,
E're the Jealous can ſpie,
And leave my old Daddy aſleep.

Song

Song 155.

ONce was I ſad,
Till I grew to be mad,
But I'le never be ſad again Boys;
I courted a Riddle,
She fancied a Fiddle,
The Tune does ſtill run in my brain Boys.
The Gittarn, the Lute,
The Pipe, and the Flute,
Are the new *Alamode* for the Nan boys,
With the Piſtol and Dagger,
The Women out-ſwagger
The Blades with the Muff and the Fan boys.
All the Town is run mad,
And the Hectors do pad,
Beſides the falſe Dice, and the Slur-boys:
The new formed Cheats,
With their acts and debates,
Have brought the old to a demur boys.
Men ſtand upon thorns,
To pull out their horns,
And to cuckold themſelves in grain-boys;
When to wear 'um before,
Does make their heads ſore,
But behinde they do ſuffer no pain-boys.
The Papiſt, the Presbyter,
And *Preſter John*,
Are much diſcontented we ſee boys;
For all their Religion,
No *Mahomets* Pidgeon,
Can make 'um be bolder than we boys.
There is a mad fellow,
Clad always in yellow,
And ſometimes his Noſe is blue boys:
He cheated the Devil,
Which was very evil

To

To him, and to all his Crew boys,
And whilest we are thus mad,
My Princess is glad
To laugh at the World, and at me boys;
'Cause I can't apprehend
What she please to command,
But it is not my self you see boys.

Song 156.

STay, shut the Gate,
T'other Quart; faith 'tis not so late
As your thinking,
The Stars which you see,
In the Hemisphere be,
Are but Studs in our Cheeks by good drinking.
The Sun's gone to tipple all night in the Sea boys,
To morrow he'l blush, that he's paler than we boys,
Drink Wine, give him Water, 'tis Sack make us the boys.
Fill up the Glass,
To the next merry Lad let it pass,
Come away with't:
Let's set foot to foot,
And give our mindes to't,
'Tis Heretical Six that doth slay wit;
Then hang up good Faces. let's drink till our Noses
Gives freedom to speak what our fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection, now under the Rose is.
Drink off your Bowl,
'Twill enrich both your Head and your Soul
With Canary;
For a Carbuncl'd Face,
Saves a tedious race,
And the *Indies* about us we carry:
No Helicon like to the Juice of good Wine is,
For Phœbus had never had wit that divine is,
Had his Face not been bow-dy'd, as thine is and mine is.

This

This must go round,
Off with your Hats till the Pavement be crown'd
With your Beavers;
A Red-coated Face,
Frights a Serjeant and's Mace,
While it the Constable trembles to shivers;
In state march our Faces like some of the Quorum,
While the whores do fall down, & the vulgar ador'um
And our Noses like Link-boys run shining before'um.

Song 197.

MAy I finde a Woman fair,
And her Minde as clear as air,
If her Beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if 't were none.
May I finde a Woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch;
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, Lover, where's thy gain?
May I finde a Woman wise,
And her falshood not disguise,
Hath she wit, or hath she will,
Double arm'd she is to ill.
May I finde a Woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind;
How should I call that Love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine.
May I finde a Woman true,
There is Beauties fairest hue;
There is Beauty, Love, and Wit,
Happy he can compass it.

Song 198.

I Courted a Lass, my folly
Was the cause of her disdaining,
I courted her thus: What shall I
Sweet *Dolly*, do for thy dear loves obtaining?
But another had dallied with *Dolly*,

That

That *Dolly* for all her feigning,
Had got ſuch a mountain above her valley,
That *Dolly* went hom. complaining.

Song 199.

GOod People give ear whilſt a Story I tell,
Of twenty black Tradeſmen, were brought up in hell,
On purpoſe poor People to rob of their due;
There's none ſhall be noozed, if you find but one true.
The firſt was a Coyner that ſtampt in a Mould,
The ſecond a Voucher to put off his Gold,
Then hark well,
And mark well,
See what will befall,
They are twenty ſworn Brethren,
Tradeſmen all.
The third was a Padder, that fell to decay;
And when he was living, took to the High-way.
The fourth is a Mill-ken, to crack up a Door;
He'l venture to rob both the Rich, and the Poor.
The fifth is a Glaſier, who when he creeps in,
To pinch all the Lurry, he thinks it no ſin.
Then hark well, &c.
The ſixth is a Foyl-cloy that not one Hick ſpares,
And the ſeventh is a Budge, to track up the ſtairs;
The eighth is a Bulk, that can bulk any Hick,
If the Maſter be napt, then Bulk he is ſick.
The ninth is a Ginny, to lift up a Grate;
If he ſees but the Lurry, with his Hooks he will bate.
Then hark well, &c.
The tenth is a Shop-lift that carries a Bob,
When he ranges the City the Shops for to rob.
The eleventh is a Bubber, much uſed of late,
He goes to the Alehouſe, and ſteals there the Plate.
The twelfth a Trapan, if a Cull he doth meet,
He naps all his Cole, and turns him i'th ſtreet.
Then hark well, &c.

The

The thirteenth a Fambler, false Rings for to sell,
When a Mob he has bit, his Cole he will tell.
The fourteenth a Gamester, if he sees the Hick sweet,
He presently drops down a Cog in the street.
The fifteenth a Prancer, whose courage is small,
If they catch him Horse coursing he's noozed for all.
Then hark well, &c.
The sixteenth a Sheep-napper, whose trade's so deep,
If he's caught in the Corn, he's mark'd for a Sheep.
The seventeenth a Dun-aker, that will make vows,
To go in the Countrey, and steal all the Cows.
The eighteenth a Kid-napper, Spirits young men,
Though he tip them the piks, they nap him agen.
Then hark well, &c.
The nineteenth is a Prigger of the Cacklers,
Goes into the Countrey, to visit the Farmers,
He steals their Poultrey, and thinks it no sin,
When into the Hen-roost i'th' night he gets in.
The twentieth a Thief-catcher, so we him call,
If he nap a poor Tradesman, he pays for all.
Then hark well, &c.
There's many more Craftsmen which I could name,
That do use such like Trades, yet think it no shame:
These may a poor Convert confess to his grief,
Are all the black Trades of a *Gentleman Thief*;
Who though a good Workman, is seldom made free,
Till he rides on a Cart to be nooz'd on a *Tree*.
Then hark well,
And mark well,
See what doth befall,
'Twas the end of these twenty sworn Brethren all.

Song 200.

COme hither sweet Melancholly,
Now 'tis time to be Jolly,
Dame *Fortune* is poor,
And *Venus* a Whore,

And

And *Cupid* is full of folly,
I cannot but laugh to ſee men,
Thus dote on fooliſh women,
Accurſed are they,
With ſuch Puppets to play;
And bleſſed is he that's a Free-man,
For as once, I dearly lov'd a creature,
For vertue more than feature;
But ſhe is grown coy,
That then was my Joy,
And ſhe is of a weather-cock nature.
I lov'd her as a ſiſter,
A thouſand times I kiſt her,
Yet nevertheleſs I miſt her.
Theſe words in her mouth were common;
She'd marry my ſelf, or no man;
But away ſhe flew,
Like a Hawk from a Mew,
So fickle a thing is woman.
Chaſte Life ſhall be my ſtudy,
My Cloſet a Walk that's woody;
And during my life,
Ile ne'r have a wife,
She'l make my brains grow muddy.
My Muſe ſhall be my Bedfellow,
A Bundle of Books my Pillow,
And in ſtead of a Horn,
My Bed I'le adorn,
With a Garland made of Willow.
I'le never more truſt a woman,
That will prove conſtant to no man,
She ſets up her guiles,
With flattering ſmiles,
With a purpoſe to undo man.
For they are always ſo fickle,
And in their behavior brittle,

Like

Like Graſs that is old,
And falls from the mould,
They are fit to be trim'd with a ſickle.
Falſe Fondling now I'le leave thee,
For thou wilt of my wits bereave me;
Although I am blinde,
I evermore finde,
Thou art conſtant to deceive me.
Prime youth laſts not, age will follow,
And make all white, thy Treſſes yellow;
And when time ſhall date thy glory,
Then too late thou wilt be ſorry.

Song 210.

A King lives not a braver life,
Than we merry Priſ'ners do,
Though fools in freedom do conceive;
That we are in want and wo,
When we never take care
For providing our Fare,
We have one that doth purvay
For victual day by day.
What pray then can a King have more;
Than one that doth provide his ſtore?
Kings have a Keeper, ſo have we,
Although he be not a Lord,
Yet ſhall ſtrut and ſwell as big as he,
And command all with a word;
All the Judges do appear
Twice before us ev'ry year,
Where each one of us doth ſtand
With the Law in his own hand.
Can Kings command then more than we,
Who of all Laws Commanders be?
Each to the Hall walks in his Chain,
Where our Guard about us ſtand,
And all the Countrey comes in amain,

At holding up of a hand.
Though your Chaplain cannot preach,
Yet he'l ſuddenly you teach
To read of the hardeſt Pſalm,
Doth not he deſerve the Palm?
Ye Courtiers all ye cannot ſhow,
Such Officers as theſe I trow.

Song 202.

GO bid the Needle his dear North forſake,
To which with trembling rev'rence it doth bend,
Go bid the ſtones a Journey upwards make:
Go bid the ambitious flames no more t'aſcend,
And when theſe falſe to their own motions prove,
Then ſhall I ceaſe thee, thee alone to love.
The faſt-linkt Chain of everlaſting Fate,
Does nothing tie more ſtrong, than me to you;
My fixt love hangs not on your love, or hate,
But will be ſtill the ſame, what e're you do,
You cannot kill my love with your diſdain,
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.
Me, mine example, let the Stoicks uſe,
Their ſad and cruel Doctrine to maintain;
Let all Predeſtinators me produce,
Who ſtruggle with eternal Bonds in vain,
This Fire I'm born to, but 'tis ſhe muſt tell,
Whether 't be Beams of Heav'n, or Flames of Hell.
You who mens fortunes in their faces read,
To finde out mine, look not alas, on me;
But mark her face, and all the features heed;
For onely there is writ my deſtiny.
Or if the Stars ſhew it, gaze not on the Skies;
But ſtudy the Aſtrol'gie of her Eyes.
If thou finde there kinde and propitious Rays,
What *Mars* and *Saturn* threaten I'le not fear;
I well believe the fate of mortal days
Is writ in Heav'n; but, oh my Heav'n is there.

What

What can men learn from Stars they ſcarce can ſee;
Two great Lights rule the World; and her two, Me.

Song 203.

'Tis well, 'tis well with them (ſay I)
Whoſe ſhort liv'd paſſions with themſelves can (die;
For none can be unhappy, who
Midſt all his ills, a time does know,
Though ne're ſo long, when he ſhall not be ſo.
What ever parts of me remain,
Thoſe parts will ſtill the love of thee retain;
For 'twas not onely in my heart,
But like a God by powerful art,
'Twas all in all, and all in every part.
My affection no more periſh can
Than the firſt matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter if age Duſt of me,
Mixt with anothers ſubſtance be;
'Twill leaven that whole Lump with love of thee;
Let Nature if ſhe pleaſe diſperſe
My Atoms over all the Univerſe,
At the laſt they eaſily ſhall
Themſelves know, and together call;
For thy Love like a Mark, is ſtampt on all.

Song 204.

I Wonder what thoſe Lovers mean, who ſay,
They have given their hearts away;
Some good kinde Lovers, tell me how,
For mine is but a torment to me now.
If it be ſo, one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courteſie can Love do more,
Than joyning hearts, that parted were before?
Woe to her ſtubborn heart, if mine once come
Into the ſelf ſame room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Granado-like, into a Magazine.

Then

Then shall Love keep the Ashes, and torn parts
Of both our broken hearts;
And out of both one new one make,
From hers th'allay; from mine the mettal take.
For of her heart, he from the flames will finde,
But little left behinde:
Mine onely will remain entire;
No dross was there to perish in the fire.

Song 205.

MY love is mortal, and it must be fed
With its own mothers Milk, or it is dead;
Nor grow my flames like others, by disdain,
But must be kindly courted for its pain:
She that doth think to make my flames rise high,
Must bring her fewel to't so well as I,
I scorn to steal into my Mistress Bed,
Did she not wish for every step I tread;
And being there should she prove coy and dull,
I'de do no more than to a common Trull;
But if she proves as kind as might another;
I never any will esteem above her.

Song 206.

MEn of War, march bravely on,
The Field is easie to be won;
There's no danger in that War,
Where Lips both Swords and Bucklers are;
Here's no cold to chill you,
A Bed of Down's your Field,
Here's no Sword to kill you,
Unless you please to yield:
Here is nothing to incumber,
Here will be no scars to Number.

Song 207.

IN Love, away, you do me wrong,
I hope I have not liv'd so long,
Freed from the treach'ries of your eyes,

Now

Now to be caught and made their prize.
No Lady, 'tis not all your Art
Can ſhake me, and my freedom part,
In love, with what? with *Spaniſh*-wine,
Or the *French*-juice in carnadine,
The Dimple or the other Grace,
But not in Love with your fair Face
No, there's more ſweetneſs in pure Wine,
Than either looks or lips of thine.
Your God you ſay can ſhoot ſo right,
He'l wound a heart in th' darkeſt night,
Pray let him fling away his Dart,
And ſee if he can hit my heart:
No *Cupid*, know if thou'lt be mine,
Turn *Ganimede*, and fill ſome Wine.
Then fill a Cup of Sherry,
And we will be merry,
There's nought but pure Wine,
Makes us Love-ſick and pine,
I'le hug the Cup, and kiſs it,
And ſigh if I miſs it,
'Tis that makes us Jolly.
Sing hey trolly lolly.

Song 208.

A Maiden fair I dare not wed,
For fear I wear *Actæons* head;
A maiden black is ever proud,
The little one is ever loud.
A Maiden that is tall of growth,
Is always ſubject unto ſloth:
The fair, the foul, the little, the tall,
Some faults remain among them all.

Song 209.

NOw by my love, the greateſt Oath that is;
There's none that loves thee half ſo well as I,
I do not neither ask your love for this;

For

For Heavens ſake believe me, or I die;
No faithful ſervant e're but did deſerve
His Maſter ſhould believe that he did ſerve,
And I ask no more wages, though I ſtarve.
My love, fair Beauty, like thy ſelf is pure,
Nor could I e're a beſtial love approve,
One ſmile would make me willingly endure,
It can't but keep together Life and Love.
Being your priſ'ner, and your captiv'd ſlave,
So do not feaſt nor banquet look to have,
A little bread and water's all I crave.
Upon your ſigh for pity I can live,
One tear will keep me twenty years at leaſt,
And fifty more a gentle Look will give,
A hundred years but one kinde Word will feaſt,
A thouſand more will ſurely added be,
If you an inclination have for me,
They comprehend a vaſt Eternity.

Song 210.

HAve you any work for the Sow-gelder, ho?
My Horn goes too high, too low,
Have you any Pigs, Calves, or Colts?
Have you any Lambs in your Holts,
To cut for the Stone?
Here comes a cunning one.
Have you any Brauches to ſpade,
Or e're a fair Maid,
That would be a Nun?
Come kiſs me, 'tis done.
Hark how my merry Horn doth blow,
Too high, too low, Too high, too low,

Song 211.

I Am a Rogue, and a ſtout one,
A moſt couragious Drinker,
I do excel,
'Tis known full well,

The

The Ratter, Tom, and Tinker.

Still do I cry,
Good your Worſhip, good Sir,
Beſtow one ſmall Denire Sir,
And bravely then,
Pot the Bouzing-ken,
I'le ſpend it all in Beer Sir.
If a Bung be got by the high-way,
Then ſtraight I do attend them;
For if Hue and Cry
Do follow, I
A wrong way ſoon do ſend them.
Still do I cry, &c.
Ten Miles unto a Market,
I run to meet to Miſer,
Then in a throng,
I nip his Bung,
And the party ne'r the wiſer.
Still do I cry, &c.
My dainty Dells, my Doxies,
When e're they ſee me lacking,
Without delay,
Poor wretches, they
Will ſet their Duds a packing.
Still do I cry, &c.
I pay for what I call for,
And ſo perforce it muſt be,
For yet I can
Not know the man,
Or Hoſteſs that will truſt me.
Still do I cry, &c.
If any give me Lodging,
A courteous Knave they finde me,
For in their Bed,
Alive or dead,
Some Lice I leave behinde me.
Still, &c.

If

If Gentlefolk be coming,
Then ſtraight it is our faſhion,
Our Leg to tie,
Cloſe to our Thigh,
To move them to compaſſion.
Still do I cry, &c.
My Doublet-ſleeve hangs empty,
And for to beg the bolder
For meat and drink,
Mine arm I ſhrink
Up cloſe unto my ſhoulder.
Still do I cry, &c.
If a Coach I hear be rumbling,
To my Crutches then I hie me;
For being lame,
It is a ſhame,
Such Gallants ſhould deny me.
Still do I cry, &c.
With a ſeeming burſten Belly,
I look like one half dead Sir,
Or elſe I beg,
With a wooden Leg,
And a Night-Cap on my head Sir.
Still do I cry, &c.
In winter time ſtark naked,
I come into ſome City,
Then ev'ry man
That ſpare them can,
Will give me Clothes for pity.
Still do I cry, &c.
If from out of the Low Countrey;
I hear a Captains name Sir,
Then ſtraight I ſwear,
I have been there,
And ſo in Fight came lame Sir.
Still do I cry, &c.

My Dog in a ſtring doth lead me,
When in the Town I go Sir,
For to the blinde,
All men are kinde,
And will their alms beſtow Sir.
Still do I cry, &c.
With Switches ſometimes ſtand I,
In the bottom of a Hill Sir,
Where thoſe men which
Do want a Switch,
Some money give me ſtill Sir,
Still do I cry, &c.
Come buy, come buy a Horn-book,
Who buys my Pins and Needles?
In Cities I
Thoſe things do cry,
Oft times to ſcape the Beadles.
Still do I cry, &c.
In *Pauls* Church by a Pillar,
Sometimes y'ave ſeen me ſtand Sir,
With a Writ that ſhows
What care and woes
I paſt by Sea and Land Sir.
Still do I cry, &c.
Now blame me not for boaſting,
And bragging thus alone Sir,
For my ſelf I will
Be praiſing ſtill,
For Neighbors I have none Sir.
Which makes me cry
Good your Worſhip, good Sir,
Beſtow one ſmall Denire Sir,
And bravely then,
At the Bouzing-Ken,
Ile ſpend it all in Beer Sir.

Song 212.

LEt's have a Dance upon the Heath,
We gain more life by *Duncons* death,
Sometimes like brinded Cats we shew,
Having now Musick but our Mew;
Sometimes we dance in some old Mill,
Upon the Hopper, Stones, and Wheel,
To some old Saw, or bardish Rhime,
Where still the Mill-clack does keep time.
Sometimes about a hallow Tree,
A round, a round, a round dance we;
Thither the chirping Critick comes,
And Beetles singing drowsie hummis,
Sometimes we dance o're Fens and Furs,
To howls of Wolves, and barks of Curs,
And when with none of these we meet,
We dance to the ecchoes of our feet.

Song 213.

MY Muse denies
To Apologize,
For my Songs acceptation,
I know it will fit
Your Appetite,
Because 'tis of the Fashion.
New Fashions began
With the World and Man,
In *Adam*'s time: and *Eve*s
They did begin,
To cover sin,
With a fashion of their leaves.
After was try'd,
The rough Buck's Hide,
A wear of commendation,
Had not with the Skin,
The Horns crept in,
And turn'd it to a Fashion.

Each

Each Tailor is read
In this fashion, his head
Is capable on't 'tis fear'd,
When he's not at leisure,
His wife will take measure,
Though't be by his Neighbors Yard.
The Clowns array,
Is an innocent grey,
Nor stain'd by the Dyers Art,
Which doth invest
As pure a brest,
And no less spotless heart.
The Farmers Hose,
His wearing shoos,
For both are wondrous plain,
His Honesty,
Not Knavery, he
Most purely dies in Grain.
The School-master in
His Trouzes hath been
And bumbast Doublet long space,
He's a *Menoptote*,
For he varies not
At any time his case.
His wife is pure,
In her talk demure,
Her Gown is of Reformation.
And she verily
Turns up her eye,
In a very zealous fashion.
The Shop-keepers walk,
And oftentimes talk
In Gowns, or of Purple, or Blue,
Since *Vanner* and *Farr*,
Wore such at the Bar,
Some wisely have chang'd the hue.

The Lawyer (be't known
To all men) is prone
To the fashion of long Hose;
And fain he would
Still have and hold
Long Suits, for he lives by those.
Now with the best,
Your Pimp's in request,
Thus your Gallant is supply'd,
By his bones as well,
As his Cloathes you may smell,
He's rarely Frenchify'd;
His Mistress Plum'd,
Painted, Perfum'd,
Is Gillified all over,
Her loose array
Doth every day
Alooser Body cover.
The Scholar will trust,
In his black Sute brusht,
Is like to Jet in his degree,
Nor is it enough,
Men point at Stuff,
He'l be pointed at the knee.
Thus are we become
As Apes of *Rome*,
Of *France*, *Spain*, and all Nations,
And not Horses alone,
But Men are grown
Diseased of the Fashions.

Song 24

WHen *Orpheus* sweetly did complain,
Upon his Lute with heavy strain,
How his *Euridice* was slain;
The Trees to hear,
Obtain'd an ear,

And

And after left it off again.
At every ſtroke and ſorry ſtay,
The Boughs kept time, and nodding lay,
And liſtned, bending all one way;
The *Aſpen-Tree*
As faſt as he,
Began to ſhake, and learn to play.
If Wood could ſpeak, a Tree might hear;
If Wood could ſound true grief ſo near,
A Tree might drop an Amber tear:
If Wood ſo well
Could ring a Knell,
The Cypreſs might condole the Beer.
The ſtanding Nobles of the Grove,
Hearing dead Wood to ſpeak and move,
The fatal Axe began to love;
They envy'd Death
Which gave ſuch breath,
As men alive do Saints above.

Song 115.

Chloris forbear a while,
Do not o'rejoy me,
Urge not another ſmile,
Leſt it deſtroy me;
That Beauty paſſeth moſt,
And is beſt taking,
Which is ſoon won, ſoon loſt,
Kind, yet forſaking:
I love a coming Lady, faith I do,
But now and then I'd have her ſcorn'ful too.
O're-cloud thoſe Eyes of thine,
Boo-peep thy Features,
Warm with an *April* ſhine,
Scorch not thy creatures,
Still to diſplay thy Ware,
Still to be fooling,

Argues how rude you are
In *Cupids* Schooling.
Disdain begets a smile, scorn draws us nigh,
'Tis cause I would, and cannot, makes me try.
Chloris I'd have thee wise,
When Gallants view thee,
Courting do thou despise,
Fly those pursue thee;
Fast moves an appetite,
Makes hunger greater,
Who's slinted of delight,
Fall's to't the better.
Be coy and kind betimes, be smooth and rough,
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

Song 216.

YOu say you love me, nay can swear it too,
But stay, Sir, 'twill not do;
I know you keep your Oaths,
Just as you wear your Cloaths,
While new and fresh in fashion:
But once grown old, you lay them by,
Forgot like words you speak in passion.
I'le not believe you, I.

Song 217.

YE Fiends and Furies, come along,
Each bring a Crow and massie Prong;
Come bring your Sheckles, and drew near,
To stir up an old Sea-coal cak'd,
That in the hallow hell hath bak'd
Many a thousand, thousand year,
In sulphurous Broth, *Tirius* hath boild,
Salted with Brimstone; *Tarquin* hath broil'd
Long, long enough; then make more room,
Like smokie Flitches hang 'um by
Upon their sootie walls to dry;
A greater Ravither will come,

If

If you want fire, fetch it from *Ætna* pure;
Yet ſtay a while, and do not ſtir,
For if his glowing eyes ſhould chance
On *Proſerpine* to ſhoot a glance,
He is ſo hot, he'd raviſh her.

Song 218.

GO happy heart, for thou ſhalt lie
Intomb'd in her, for whom I die,
Example of her crueltie.
Tell her if ſhe chance to chide
Me for flowneſs, in her pride,
That it was for her I dy'd.
If a tear eſcape her eye,,
'Tis not for my Memory,
But thy Rights of Obſequy.
The Altar was my loving breſt,
My heart the ſacrificed beaſt,
And I was my ſelf the Prieſt.
Your body was the ſacred ſhrine,
Your cruel minde the Power Divine,
Pleas'd with the hearts of men, not Kine.

Song 219.

AH *Chloris*! that I now could ſit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleaſure, nor no pain.
When I the Dawn us'd to admire
And prais'd the coming day;
I little thought the growing fire
Would take my reſt away.
Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
Like Mettals in the Mine.
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your Charms inſenſibly
To their perfection preſt,

Pond Love as unperceiv'd did flie,
And in my bosom rest.
My Passion with your Beauty grew,
And *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his Mother favor'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart,
Each glory'd in their wanton part,
To make a Lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art,
To make a Beauty she.
Though now I slowly bend to Love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.
Lovers like dying men, may well
At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell,
What fortune they must see.

Song 110.

ALl Joy unto that happy Pair,
Which this day united are,
Though all the World suffer'd decrease,
Yet may their love never grow less,
But still recruited every day.
With fresh delights may it increase,
And may it lasting be,
As vast Eternity.
May never fatal accident have force,
To interrupt the pleasing course
Of their united Passions, till they grow
So far above all here below;
They may themselves so happily deceive
As to believe,
That though they're here,
Yet they in Heav'n do fill a sphere.

Song

Song 221.

Dialogue Paſtoral, Strephon *and* Phillis.

Phil. STrephon, what envious cloud hath made,
All o're thy face, this ſullen ſhade?
Streph. It is the Index of my grief.
Phil. But ſay, admits it no relief?
Thy now neglected Flock doth ſtray,
The Wolf ſecurely takes his prey,
And thy diſcarded Pipes lies by,
Whilſt thou under ſome Beach does lie,
Or Mirtle in the ſhady Grove,
And ſigh'ſt and pin'ſt like one in love.
Str. Ah *Phillis*, thou haſt touch'd me now,
I can't my Paſſion diſavow,
At that word *Love*, my heart does riſe,
And with it ſtrangely ſympathize.
Ph. But who did thus your heart ſurprize?
Str. It was the Shepherdeſs, whoſe eyes
Are brighter far than any ray,
The Sun diſcloſed on *May-day*.
Ph. Who was it? *Strephon* tell me true.
Str. Ah Deareſt *Phillis*, it was you.
Ph. Strive not falſe Shepherd, to deceive
A Nymph too eaſie to believe
A Paſſion, which ſhe likes ſo well,
Such falſhood would deſerve a hell.
Str. May the Gods for whom fat Lambs I feed,
That on their ſmoaking Altars bleed,
All my devouteſt Prayr's deſpiſe,
And all my humble Sacrifice;
Or what's a greater Curſe, may I
Finde nought from thee but Cruelty,
If I do love my *Phillis* leſs,
Than my own greateſt happineſs;
If truth doth not in Swains reſide,
Where is ſhe in the world beſide?

Phil. I can't distrust so lov'd a truth,
Deliver'd by so sweet a youth,
Chorus. Let's joyn our hands and hearts, & we'l out-vie
of two. The Gods themselves with our felicity.
Chorus. Let those that in deceitful Courts do dwell,
Chorus Delay their joys, and tedious suits pursue.
Voices. Our honest words their courtship far excel.
Mongst unambitious shepherds love is true.

Song 222.

HAste sluggish morn, why dost thou stay,
This is *Venus* Holiday;
Can nothing bribe thee, can no charms,
Force thee from thy *Tython*'s Arms?
Oh yonder comes the expected Guest,
Sol from his Chambers of the East,
And does methinks dance as one Easter day,
Th' Intelligences on the Sphears do play,
The winged Songsters of the Groves,
Do celebrate the union of these loves;
The Heavens do smile, the Earth and all conspire,
To make the joys of thy blest time entire.
Come forth fair Bride, what wouldst thou be
Wedded to Virginity?
Haste to the Temple, do not stay,
Kill not him with thy delay,
Whose expectations calls each hour a day,
Lo now breaks forth the beauteous Dame,
Like Lightnings sudden flame;
Her high instructing power's such,
It melts the soul, but not the body touch;
The Bridegroom all do envy, each should be
The principal in this solemnity,
But now to Church they walk,
And each mans talk,
Is of the happy pair,
And what will be

Done

Done when they united are,
They prophecy.
Their buſie tongues on that do clink,
The Ladies will not ſpeak, but think;
Now to the Temple they draw near,
Where jolly *Hymen* do's appear
Without his Saffron Robe, that there might be
No emblem of enſuing jealouſie.
The Prieſt begins, their hearts and hands he joyns,
And heir loves with the Myſtery refines,
The Bridegroom then curſes the ſlow-pac'd Vicar,
That in the Ceremony he is no quicker.
Now home they go to eat, to drink, to dance,
And at the Bride to glance.
The luſty Bridegroom's Spring-tide of his blood,
Swells in a purple flood,
Which puts him to ſuch pains,
In his diſtended veins,
It longs to ebb, and now the night has hurl'd,
Her Sable Curtains over half the world,
When we by whiſprings deſcry,
A Plot againſt Virginity.
The Ladies ſteal the Bride away,
Th'impatient Bridegroom brooks no ſtay,
But ſlinks away, and thither all do ſwarm
The Bridal Ceremony's to perform;
Then we withdraw, nor may the Candles ſtay,
'Cauſe they are emblems of the unwith'd for day."
My Muſe dare ſay no more, but leaves the theam
To ev'ry man and woman that nights dream.

Song 223.

WHen *Celia* I intend to flutter you,
And tell you lies to make you true,
I ſwear
There's none ſo fair,
There's none ſo fair,
And you believe it too.

O:

Oft have I match't you with the Roſe, and ſaid,
No Twins ſo like hath Nature made;
But 'tis
Onely in this,
Onely in this,
You prick my hand and fade,
Oft have I ſaid there is no precious ſtone,
But may be found in you alone,
Though I,
No ſtone eſpy,
No ſtone eſpy,
Unleſs your heart be one.
When I praiſe your Skin, I quote the Wooll,
The Silk worms from their entrails pull,
And ſhew,
That new-faln Snow,
That new-faln Snow,
Is not more beautiful.
Yet grow not proud by ſuch Hyperboles,
Were you as excellent as theſe,
While I,
Before you lie,
Before you lie,
They might be had with eaſe.

Song 224.

A Maiden of late,
Whoſe Name was *Sweet Kate*,
Was dwelling in *London*, near to *Alderſgate*;
Now liſt to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She would have a childe, without help of a man.
To a Doctor ſhe came,
A man of great fame,
Whoſe deep skill in Phyſick report did proclaim,
Quoth ſhe, Maſter Doctor, ſhew me if you can,
How I may conceive without help of a man.
Then liſten, quoth he,

Since

Since so it must be,
This wondrous strong Med'cine I'le shew presently;
Take nine pound of thunder, six legs of a Swan,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.
The wooll of a Frog,
The juice of a Log,
Well parboil'd together in the Skin of a Fog,
With the Egg of a Moon-calf, if get it you can,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.
The love of false Harlots,
The faith of false Varlets,
With the truth of Decoys, that walk in their Scarlets,
And the feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.
Nine drops of Rain,
Brought hither from *Spain*,
With the blast of a Bellows quite over the Main.
With eight quarts of brimston, brew'd in a Beer-can,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.
Six pottles of Lard,
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turky-Eggs, each as long as a yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a Pan,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.
These Med'cines are good,
And approved have stood,
Well temper'd together with a pottle of blood,
Squeez'd from a Grashopper, & the nail of a Swan,
To make Maids conceive without help of a man.

Song 125.

NO man loves fiery Passion can approve,
As yielding either pleasure or promotion;
I like a milde, and lukewarm zeal in Love,
Although I do not like it in Devotion.
For it hath no coherence with my Creed,
To think that Lovers mean as they pretend,

If

If all that ſaid they dy'd, had dy'd indeed,
Sure long e're this the world had had an end.
Some one perhaps in long Conſumption dry'd,
And after falling into love, might dye:
But I dare ſwear he never yet had dy'd,
Had he been half ſo ſound at heart as I.
Another rather than incur the ſlander
Of true Apoſtate, will falſe Martyr prove;
I'le neither *Orpheus* be, nor yet *Leander*,
I'le neither hang, nor drown my ſelf for love.
Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have dy'd for love as others do,
Prais'd be great *Jove*, I dy'd in ſuch a ſort,
As I reviv'd within an hour or two.
Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And ne're had reaſon to repent me yet,
And whoſoever otherwiſe will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

Song 226.

WHat Creatures on earth,
Can boaſt freer mirth,
Leſs envy'd and loved than we?
Though Learning grow poor,
We ſcorn to implore
A Gift but what's noble and free.
Our freedom of mind,
Cann t be confin'd,
With riches w're inwardly bleſt;
Not Death, nor the Grave,
Our worth can deprave,
Nor malice our aſhes moleſt:
When ſuch Moles as you,
Your own earth ſhall mue,
And worms ſhall your memory eat:
Our names being read,
Shall ſtrike envy dead,
And Ages our worth ſhall repeat.

Song

Song 227.

WHen I see the young men play,
Young methinks I am as they,
And my aged thoughts lay by,
To the dance with joy I flie;
Come, a flowry Chaplet lend me,
Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me,
Age be gone, we'l dance among
Those that young are, and be young:
Bring some wine boy, fill about,
You shall see the old man's stout;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.

Song 228.

BRight *Cynthia* scorns,
Alone to wear horns,
To her Sexes grief and shame;
But swears in despight
Of the worlds great light,
That men should wear the same.
The man in the Moon,
To hear this in a swoun,
And quite out of his wits fell,
And with this affront,
(Quoth he) a Pox on't,
My forehead begins to swell.
Away straight he wo'd,
In his lunatick mood,
And from his Mistress would run;
And swore in his neat
Though stew'd in his sweat,
He had rather go live in the Sun.
But he was appeas'd,
To see other men pleas'd,
And none that did murmur or mourn:
For without an affright,

Each

Each man with delight,
Did take to himself the horn.
The Lord he will go,
In his Park to and fro,
Pursuing the Deer that is barren,
But whilest he's in's Park,
His Steward or Clark,
May boldly go hunt in his Warren.
The Citizen Clown,
In his Fox-fur'd Gown,
And his Doublet fac't with *Ale*,
Talks slow, and drinks quicker,
Till his Wife like his Liquor,
Leaves working and relisheth stale,
Le thus she behorns him,
And afterwards scorns him,
Though he comes to be Major of the rout;
And thinks it no sin,
To be well occupy'd within,
While her Husband is busie without.
The Puritan will go,
Ten miles to and fro,
To hear a sanctify'd Brother;
But whilest his zeal burns,
His Wife she up turns
The eggs of her Eyes to another.
The Lawyer to succour 'um,
With Parchment and Buck'rum,
To *London* next way will strike,
But whilest he opens his Case,
To his Adversaries face,
His Wife to her Friend doth the like.
The Physitian will ride,
To his Patient that dy'd
Of no Disease, but that he did come;
But whilest abroad he doth kill,

With

With Potion and Pill,
His Wife takes a Glister at home.
The Merchant o're-runs,
The Sea with his Guns,
His Marriners and their Mates,
But whilest he doth please
Himself on the broad Seas,
Another may ride on his Straights.
The Soldier will go,
Like a man to his foe,
With brave resolution to fight,
Whilest his Wife with her friends,
In her wanton arms spends
Time, and makes him a Beast by night.
And though that he be,
Well arm'd Cap a Pee,
He must yield to a naked Boy's scorn,
And in stead of bright Steel,
And hard Iron, he'l
Be content with a hard piece of Horn.
Thus all men will love
Their Wives, though they prove
Them false ev'n in their own sight,
But yet they do well,
For a Horn you can tell,
Was always a friend to the night.

Song 129.

COme away, bring on the Bride,
And place her by her Lovers side;
You fair Troop of Maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
Blush, and wish you Virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.
Chor. Hymen *fill the house with joy,*
All thy sacred Fires employ;
Bless the Bed with holy love,
Now fair Orb of Beauty move.

Song

Song 230.

AT dead low ebb of night, when none
But great *Charl's* wain was driven on,
When mortals ſtrict ceſſation keep,
To re-recruit themſelves with ſleep,
Twas then a boy knockt at my gate,
Who's there, ſaid I, that calls ſo late?
Oh let me in he ſoon reply'd,
I am a Child, and then he cry'd,
I wander without Guide or Light,
Loſt in this wet, blind, Moonleſs night.
In pity then I roſe,
And ſtraight unbarr'd my door and ſprang a light,
Behold it was a lovely boy, a ſweeter ſight
—— Ne'r bleſt mine eye;
I view'd him round and ſaw ſtrange things,
A Bowe, a Quiver, and two Wings,
I led him to the fire, and then
I dry'd and chaf'd his hands with mine;
I gently preſs'd his treſſes curles,
Which new faln rain had hung with Pearls;
At laſt when warm, the youngſter ſaid,
Alas my Bowe, I am afraid
The ſtring is wet, pray Sir, let's try
My Bowe; on that, Do, do; ſaid I,
He bent and ſhot ſo quick and ſmart,
As through my Liver reach'd my heart;
Then in a trice he took his flight,
And laughing ſaid, my Bowe is right:
It is, oh 'tis, for as he ſpoke,
'Twas not his Bowe, but my heart broke.

Song 231.

THe Beard thick or thin,
On the Lip or Chin,
Doth dwell ſo near the Tongue,
That her ſilence

In

In the Beards defe ce,
May do her Neighbor wrong.
Now a Beard is a thing,
That commands in a King.
Ee his Scepter ne'r ſo fair;
Where the Beard bears the ſway,
The people obey,
And are ſubjeſt to a hair.
'Tis a princely ſight,
And a grave delight,
That adorns both young and old;
A well thatch'd face,
Is a comely grace,
And a ſhelter from the cold.
When the piercing North,
Comes bluſtering forth,
Let a barren face beware;
For a trick it will find,
With a Razor of wind,
To ſhave the face that's bare.
But there's many a nice,
And ſtrange devi ce,
That doth the Beard diſgrace;
But he that is in,
Such a fooliſh ſi ,
Is a Traitor to his Face.
Now of Beards there be,
Such a Company,
And faſhions ſuch a throng,
That it is very hard,
To handle a Beard,
Though it be ne'r ſo long.
The Roman T
In its bravery
Doth firſt it ſelf diſcloſe,
But ſo high it turns,

That

That oft it burns,
With the flames of a torrid Nose.
The *Stiletto* Beard,
Oh it makes me afear'd,
It is so sharp beneath,
For he that doth place,
A Dagger in his Face,
What wears he in his Sheath?
But methinks I do itch,
To go through stitch,
The Needle Beard to amerd,
Which without any wrong,
I may call too long,
For a man can see no end.
The Soldiers Beard,
Doth march in shear'd,
In Figure like a Spade;
With which he'l make,
His En'mies quake,
And think their Graves are made.
The grim Stubble eke,
On the Judges Cheek,
Shall not my Verse despise,
It is more fit
For a Nutmeg, yet
It grates poor Prisoners eyes.
What doth invest,
A Bishops brest,
But a Milk-white spreading Hair,
Which an Emblem may be,
Of Integrity,
Which doth inhabit there.
I have also seen,
On a Womans Chin,
A Hair or two to grow,
But alas the Face,

Is

Is too cold a place,
Then look for a Beard below.
But Oh let us tarry
For the Beard of King *Harry*,
That grows about the Chin,
With his Bushy Pride,
And a Grove on each side,
And a Champion Ground between.
Last, the Clown doth out rush,
With his Beard like a Bush,
Which may be well endur'd;
For though his Face,
Be in such a case,
His Land is well manur'd.

Song 212.

FAir Mistress, I would gladly know,
What thing it is you cherish so,
What Instrument, and from whence bred,
Is that you call *A Maidenhead?*
Is it a Spirit, or the Treasure
Lovers loose in height of pleasure?
If it be so, in vain you keep
That walking, which you lose in sleep;
But since you know not, I will tell ye,
It is a Spring beneath your Belly,
Fruit that alone you cannot taste,
And barren Seed till it you waste;
Mettal that musts for want of using,
A Gem most precious when 'tis loosing,
A sweet and pleasing Sacrifice,
Then chiefly living when it dies.
A Wealth that makes the unthrift blest,
An Instrument that soundeth best,
(A Wonder to be heard or spoke)
When the String in two is broke.

Then

Then let us offer love his due,
My Maiden-head I'le give to you,
And in exchange receive another,
What would you more, there's one for th'other.

Song 23

A Dialogue between Orpheus *and* Charon.

Orph. *Charon, O Charon.*
Thou wafter of the soul's to bliss or bane,
Cha. Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?
Orph. Come near,
And say who lives in joy, and whom in fear.
Cha Those that dye well, eternal joys shall follow
Those that dye ill, their own soul fate shall swallow
Orph Shall thy black barque those guilty spirits row,
That kills themselves for love?
Cha. O no, O no.
My cordage cracks when such great sins are near,
No winds blow fair, nor I my self can steer.
Orph. What Lovers pass, and in *Elizium* raign?
Cha. Those gentle loves that are belov'd again.
Orph. This Soldier loves, and fain would die to win,
Shall he go on?
Cha. No, 'tis too foul a sin,
He must not come aboard: I dare not row,
Storms of despair, and guilty blood will blow.
Orph. Shall time release him, say?
Char. No, no, no, no,
Nor time, nor death, can alter us, nor prayer;
My boat is Destiny, and who then dare
But those appointed come aboard? live still,
And love by reason mortal, not by will.
Orph. And when thy Mistress shall close up thine eyes,
Char. Then come aboard and pass.
Chorus. Orph. *Till then be wise.*
Char. *Till then be wise.*

Song

Song 234.

LOok out bright eyes, and bless the air,
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut up, beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your body be confin'd,
And fought love a Prisoner bound;
Yet the beauty of your mind,
Neither check, nor chain hath found:
Look out nobly then, and dare
Even the Fetters that you wear.

Song 235.

SUre 'twas a dream, how long fond man have I,
Been fool'd into captivity;
My *Newgate* was my want of wit,
I did my self commit,
My Bonds I knit.
I mine own Goaler was my onely foe,
That did my freedom disavow;
I was a Prisoner, cause I would be so.
But now I well shake off my chains and prove,
Opinion built the Goals of Love;
Made all his Bonds, gave him his Bowe,
His bloody arrows too,
That murther so.
Nay, those dire deaths which idle Lovers dream,
Were all contriv'd to make a Theam
For some carousing Poets drunken flame.
'Twas a fine life I liv'd, when I did dress
My self to court your peevishness,
When I did at your Footstool lie,
Expecting from your eye,
To live or die.
Now smiles, or frowns, I care not which I have,
Nay rather than I'le be your slave,
I'le court the Plagues to send me to my grave.

Farewel

Farewel those Charms that did so long bewitch,
Farewel that want on youthful Itch,
Farewel that treacherous blinking Boy,
That proffers seeming Joy,
So to destroy,
To all those Night-embraces, which as you
Know very well, were not a few;
For ever, evermore I bid adieu.
Now I can stand the Sallies of your Eyes,
In vain are all those Batteries,
Nor can that Love-dissembling stile,
Nor can that crafty Smile,
Longer beguile;
Nor those Heart-traps which each hour you renew,
To all those Witchcrafts, and to you,
For ever, evermore I bid adieu.

Song 236.

HOld, hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*.
And hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*.
'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot,
And my Pot, and thy Pot,
Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*.
'Tis Malt will cure thy Maw, *Tom*,
And will heal thy Distempers in *Autumn*;
Felix qui facient,
I prethee be patient,
Alena pericula cautum
Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*,
Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*,
Neither Parson, nor Vicar,
But will toss off his Liquor,
Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*.

Song 237.

NOw I confess I am in love,
Though I did think I never could,
But 'tis with one dropt from above,

Whose

Whose nature's made of finest mould;
So fair, so good, so all divine,
I'd quit the world to make her mine.
Have you not seen the Stars retreat,
When *Sol* salutes our Hemisphere?
So shrink the Beauties called great,
When sweet *Rosela* doth appear;
Were she as other women are,
I should not love, nor yet despair.
But I could never bear a mind
Willing to stoop to common faces;
Nor confidence enough can finde
To aim at one so full of graces;
Fortune and Nature did agree,
No woman should be wed by me.

Song 238.

WIth an old motly Coat, and a Maumsie Nose,
And an old Jerkin that's out at the elbows,
And an old pair of Boots drawn on without Hose,
Stuffe with rags in stead of Toes.
And an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.
With an old rusty Sword that's hack'd with blows,
And an old Dagger to scare away the Crows,
And an old Horse that reels as he goes,
And an old Saddle that no man knows.
And an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.
With his old wounds in Eighty eight,
Which he recover'd at *Tilbury* Fight,
With an old Pasport that never was read,
That in his old travels stood him in great stead.
And an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.
With his old Gun, and his Bandaliers;
With an old Head-piece to keep warm his ears,

With an old Shirt is gone to wrack,
With a great Louse and a lift on his back.
Is able to carry a Pedlar and his Pack,
And an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.
With an old Quean to lie by his side,
That in old time had been pockify'd:
He's now rid to *Bohemia* to fight with his foes,
And he swears by his valor he'l have better clothes,
Or else he'l loose Legs, Arms, Fingers, and Toes,
And he'l come again when no man knows,
Like an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.

Song 239.

WIth an old Song made by an old ancient pate,
Of an old worshipful Gentleman who had a great estate
Who kept an old house at a bountiful rate
And an old Porter to relieve the poor at his gate,
Like an old Courtier of the Queens, &c.
With an old *Lady* whose anger good words asswages,
Who every quarter pays her old servants their wages,
Who never knew what belong'd to Coach-men, Foot-men, and Pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats & badges
Like an old Courtier, &c.
With an old Study fill'd full of learned Books,
With an old Reverend Parson; you may judge him by his looks,
With an old Buttery-Hatch worne quite off the old Hooks,
And an old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen old Cooks,
Like an old, &c.
With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes and Bowes,
With old Swords and Bucklers, which have born many shrewd blows,
And

And an old Tryfad-coat to cover his worſhips Trunke
And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Noſe,
Like an old, &c.
With an old faſhion when *Chriſtmas* is come,
To call in his Neighbors with Bag-pipe and Drum,
And good cheer enough to furniſh every old Room,
And old Liquor able to make a Cat ſpeak, and a wife
Like an old, &c. (man dumb,
With an old Huntſman, a Faulconer, and a Kennel of
Hounds,
Which never hunted nor hawk'd, but in his own
Grounds,
Who like an old wiſe man kept himſelf within his own
bounds,
And when he died gave every Childe a thouſand old
Like an old, &c. (pounds,
But to his eldeſt Son his Houſe and Lands he aſſign'd,
Charging him in his Will, to keep the old bountiful
mind, (kind:
To love his good old Servants, and to Neighbors be
But in the enſuing Ditty, you ſhall hear how he was
Like a young Courtier of the Kings, &c. (enclin'd,
Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
That keeps a brace of whores at his own command,
And takes up a thouſand pounds upon's own Land,
And lieth drunk in a new Tavern till he can neither go
Like a young, &c. (nor ſtand,
With a neat Lady that is friſk and fair,
Who never knew what belong'd to good Houſe-keeping, or care,
But buys ſeveral Fans to play with the wanton Air,
And ſeventeen or eighteen dreſſings of other mens hair
Like a young, &c.
With a new Hall built where the old one ſtood,
Wherein is burned neither Coal, nor Wood,
And a Shuffle-board Table, ſmooth and red as
blood,

Hung round with Pictures, which doth the poor little (good,
Like a young, &c.
With a new Study, stuff'd full of Pamphlets and Plays,
With a new Chaplain that swears faster than he prays.
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or five days,
With a new French Cook to make Kickshaws and (Toys,
Like a young, &c.
With a new fashion when *Christmas* is come,
With a new Journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new Porter *John*
Who relieves the Poor with a thump on the back with (a stone
Like a young, &c
With a Gentleman-Usher, whose Carriage is compleat,
With a Foot-man, a Coach-man, a Page to carry meat,
With a Waiting Gentlewoman, whose Dressing is very neat,
Who when the Master has dyn'd, lets the Servants (not eat,
Like a young, &c.
With a new honor bought with his Fathers old Gold,
That many of his Fathers old Manors had sold,
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That good House-keeping is now grown so cold,
Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
Oh the Kings young Courtier.

Song 242.

WIth a new Beard but lately trim'd;
With a new Love-lock neatly kem'd
With a new Favour fnatce'd or nim'd,
With a new Doublet French like limb'd,
With a new Gate as if he swim'd,
And a new Soldier of the Kings,
Oh the Kings new Soldier.
With a new Feather in his Cap,
With new white Boots without a strap,

And

And newly paid for, by great hap;
With a new Queen upon his lap,
And a new Brat that ne'r eat pap,
And a new, &c.
With a new Hat without a Band,
With a new Office without Land,
With all his fingers on his hand,
With a new face at *Plymouth* tan'd,
And a new Horse already pawn'd,
And a new, &c.
With a new Cassock lin'd with Cotton,
With Cardecues to call his Pot in,
With a new Gun that ne'r was shot in,
Under a new Captain very hot in
A new Command, and hardly gotten,
And a new, &c,
With a new Head-piece shot, ne'r hit,
With a new head of greenish wit,
With new Shirts without Louse or Nit,
With a new Band, not torn as yet,
With a new Spear, and very fit
For a new, &c.
With a new Jacket made of Buff,
With new sleeves of Spanish stuff,
With a new Belt of Leather enough;
With new Tobacco-pipes to puff,
And a new Brawl to take in snuff,
Like a new, &c.
He's newly come to sixteen years,
And gone abroad with his Mothers tears,
With his *Monmouth* Cap about his ears,
With new Bravadoes void of fears,
And a new Oath by which he swears,
To be a new, &c.
With a new Nose that ne'r met foe,
With a new Sword that ne'r struck blow,

With a new red Breech to make a ſhow,
With a new Copper Lace or two,
And new Points on his wings alſo,
To a new Courtier he will go.
To drink old Sack, and do no moe,
Like a new Soldier of the Kings,
Oh, the Kings new Soldier.

Catch, Or Song 241.

THe Hunt is up, the Hunt is up,
And now it is almoſt day,
And he that's abed with another mans wife,
It's time to get him away.

Mock Song 242.

OH Love! whoſe power and might,
No creature e're withſtood,
Thou forceſt me to write,
Come turn about *Robin Hood*,
Sole Miſtreſs of my heart,
Let me thus far preſume,
To crave in this Requeſt,
A black patch for the Rhume,
Grant pity or I dye,
Love ſo my heart bewitches,
With grief I howl and cry;
Oh how my elbow itches.
Tears overflow my ſight,
With floods of daily weeping,
That in the ſilent night,
I cannot reſt for ſleeping.
What is't I would not do
To purchaſe one ſweet ſmile?
Bid me to *China* go,
'Faith I'le ſit down the while.
Oh women you will never,
But think men ſtill will flatter;

How

I vow I love you ever,
But yet it is no matter.
Cupid is blind, they say,
But yet methinks he seeth;
He struck my heart to day,
A Turd in *Cupids* Teeth.
Her Tresses that were wrought,
Much like the golden snare,
My loving heart hath caught,
As *Moss* did catch his Mare.
But since that all relief,
And comforts do forsake me,
I'le kill my self with grief,
Nay then, the Devil take me.
And since her grateful merits,
My loving looks must lack,
I'le stop my vital spirits
With Claret and with Sack.
Mark well my woful hap,
Jove, Rector of the Thunder,
Send down thy Thunder-clap,
And rend her smock in sunder.

Mock-Song, in answer. 243.

YOur Letter I receiv'd,
Bedeckt with flourishing quarters,
Because you are deceiv'd,
Go hang you in your Garters.
My beauty, which is none,
Yet such as you protest,
Doth make you sigh and groan;
Fie, fie, you do but jest.
I cannot chuse but pity,
Your restless mournful tears,
Because your plaints are witty,
You may go shake your ears.
To purchase your delight,

No labor you shall leese,
Your pains I will requite;
Maid give him some bread and cheese,
'Tis you I fain would see,
'Tis you I daily think on,
My looks as kind shall be,
As the Devil over *Lincoln*.
If ever I do tame,
Great *Joves* of Lightning flashes;
I'le send my fiery flame,
And burn thee into ashes.
I can by no means miss thee,
But needs must have thee one day;
I prithee come and kiss me,
Whereon I sate on Sunday.

Song 244.

IF she be fair, I fear the rest,
If she be sweet, I'le hope the best;
If she be fair, they say she'l do,
If she be foul, she'l do so too:
If she be fair, she'l breed suspect,
If she be foul, she'l breed neglect.
If she be born o'th' better sort,
Then she doth savor of the Court;
If she be of the City born,
She'l give the City Arms, the Horn,
If she be born of Parents base,
I scorn her vertues for her place;
If she be fair and witty too,
I fear the harm her wit may do.
If she be fair and wanteth wit,
I love no beauty without it.
In brief, be what she will, I'm one
That can love all, though I wed none.

Song

Song 245.

THere's none but the glad man,
Compar'd to the mad man,
Whose heart is still empty of care,
His Fits and his Fancies
Are above all mischances,
And mirth is his ordinary fare:
Then be thou mad, and he mad, mad let us all be,
There's no men lead lives more merry than we.

Song 246.

GAze not on thy Beauties pride,
Tender Maid in the false tide
That from Lovers eyes do slide.
Let thy faithful Christal show
How thy colours come and go,
Beauty takes a foil from wo.
Love that in those smooth streams lies,
Under Pity's fair disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprize.
Nets of Passions finest thread,
(Snaring Poems) will be spread,
All to catch thy Maiden-head,
Then beware, for those that cure
Loves Disease, themselves endure
For a reward, a Calenture.
Rather let the Lover pine,
Than his pale cheek should assign
A perpetual blush to thine.

Song 247.

A Beggar got a Bayliff; a Bayliff got a Yeoman,
A Yeoman got a Prentice, a Prentice got a Free-
A Free-man got a Master, and he begat a Tease (man
And soon became a gentleman, then a Justice of Peace
This Justice got a Daughter, and she is come to light,
She stept into the Court, and there she got a Knight,
A Knight got a Lord, a Lord an Earl begot,
An Earl got a Duke, this Duke he was a *Scot*:

This Duke a Prince begot, a Prince of Royal hope,
He begot an Emperor, the Emperor a Pope.
The Pope got a Baſtard, he was a Noble Spark,
He lay with a Nun, and ſo begot a Clark.
A Clark got a Sexton, a Sexton got a Vicar,
A Vicar got a Parſon, and all of them got Liquor,
Till they were all made Prebends, and ſo they got a (Dean,
A deam got a Biſhop, a Biſhop got a Queen.

Song 248.

I'Le ſing you a Sonnet that ne're was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
I'le tell you before hand, you'l find *nothing* in't.
On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I ſlight,
Nor care I a pin, if I get *nothing* by't.
Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Beaſts, Birds, Fiſh, and (Men,
Did ſtart out of *nothing*, a Chaos, a Den;
And all *things* ſhall turn into *nothing* agen.
'Tis *nothing* ſometimes makes many things hit,
As when fools among wiſe men do ſilently ſit,
A fool that ſays *nothing* may paſs for a Wit.
What one man loves, is another mans loathing,
This Blade loves a quick thing, that loves a ſlow thing,
And both do in the concluſion love *nothing*.
Your Lad that makes love to a del'cate ſmooth thing
And thinking with ſighs to gain her and ſoothing,
Frequently makes much ado about *nothing*.
At laſt when his patience and Purſe is decay'd,
He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd;
But ſhe that hath *nothing*, muſt needs be a maid.
Your ſlaſhing, and clathing, and flaſhing of wit,
Doth ſtart out of *nothing* but fancy and fit;
'Tis little or *nothing* to what has been writ.
When firſt by the ears we together did fall,
Then ſomething got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all;
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it ſhall.

That

That Party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,
Who made our 3 Kingdoms, and Churches lie waste,
Their Project, and all came to *nothing* at last.
They raised an Army of Horse, and of Foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, Branches and Root;
They thunder'd, and plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't,
The Organ, the Altar, and Ministers cloathing,
In Presbyter *Jack* begot such a loathing,
That he must needs raise a petty New-*nothing*.
And when he had rob'd us in sanctifi'd cloathing,
Perjur'd the people by faithing and trothing;
At last he was catcht, and all came to *nothing*.
In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Dispute, and contend, and to fighting we fall;
He lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.
When War, and Rebellion, and Plundering grows,
The Mendicant man is the freest from foes;
For he is most happy hath *nothing* to lose.
Brave *Cæsar*, and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies follow'd as Goose follows Gander,
Nothing can say t'an Action of Slander.
The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,
Though conquer the world, and give mankind a rout,
Did bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out.
Old *Noll* that arose from High-thing to Low-thing,
By brewing Rebellion, Nicking, and Frothing,
In sev'n years distance was All-things, and *nothing*.
Dick (*Olivers* Heir) that pitiful slow thing,
Who once was invested with Purple Clothing,
Stands for a Cypher, and that stands for *nothing*.
If King-killers bold are excluded from Bliss,
Old *Bradshaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing*, than what he now is.
Blind Colonel *Hewson*, that lately did crawl
To lofty Degree, from a low Coblers Stall,
Did bring Aul to *nothing*, when Aul came to all.

Your

Your Gallant that Rants it in delicate clothing,
Though lately he was but a pityful low thing,
Pays Landlord Draper, and Taylor with *nothing*.
The Nimble-tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,
When death doth Arrest him and bear him away,
At the Gen'ral Bar will have *nothing* to say.
Whores that in silk were by Gallants embrac'd,
By a Rabble of Prentices lately were chac'd,
Thus Courting, and sporting comes to *nothing* at last.
If any man tax me for weakness of wit,
And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ,
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo, nihil fit.*
Yet let his discretion be never so tall,
This very word *nothing* shall give it a fall,
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.
Let every man give the Poet his due;
Cause then it was with him, as now its with you;
He study'd it when he had *nothing* to do
This very word *nothing*, if took the right way,
May prove advantagious, for what would you say,
If the Vintner should cry, there's *nothing* to pay.

Song 149.

BY Heaven I'le tell her boldly that 'tis she,
Why should she asham'd or angry be,
That she's belov'd by me?
The Gods may give their Altars o're;
They'l smoak but seldome any more,
If none but happy men must them adore.
The Lightning which tall Oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain,
The humbler Furzes of the plain.
She being so high, and I so low,
Her power by this doth greater show,
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.
Compared with her all things so worthless prove,
That nought on earth can towards her move,

Till

Till't be exalted by her love.
Equal to her, alas, there's none;
She like a Deity is grown,
That must create, or else must be alone.
If there be man who thinks himself so high,
As to ptetend equality,
He deserves her less than I.
For he would cheat for his relief,
And one would give with lesser grief,
To an undeserving beggar than a Thief.

Song 250.

WHen I drein my Goblets deep,
All my cares are rockt asleep,
Rich as *Crasus*, Lord o'th' Earth,
Chanting *Odes* of wit and mirth,
And with Ivy Garlands crown'd,
I can kick the Globe round, round.
Let others fight while I drink,
Boy, my Goblet fill to th' brink;
Come fill it high, fill it high,
That I may but drink and die.
For when I lay down my head,
'Tis better to be drunk, 'Tis better to be drunk,
Dead drunk, than dead.

Song 251.

BE not thou so foolish nice,
As to be invited twice;
What should women more incite,
Than their own sweet appetite?
Shall Salvage things more freedom have,
Than Nature unto woman gave?
The Swan, the Turtle, and the Sparrow,
Bill and Kiss, then take the Marrow;
They Bill and Kiss, what then they do,
Come Bill and Kiss, and I'le shew you.

Song

Song 252.

Phillis on the new made Hay,
Phillis on the new made Hay,
In a wanton Posture lay,
Tainking no Shepherd by her,
But *Amintas* came that way,
And threw himself down by her.
Hotly he pursu'd the Game,
Hotly he pursu'd the Game,
She cry'd pish and fie for shame,
I vow you shall not do it;
But the Youth soon overcame,
And eagerly fell to it.
When alas to vex her more,
When alas to vex her more,
He e're she began gave o're;
For such was the Adventure,
He made his Complement at door,
And could not stay to enter.
In great rage she flung away,
In great rage she flung away,
He asham'd, and breathless lay;
But though he had displeas'd her,
He rally'd, and renew'd the Fray,
And manfully appeas'd her.

Song 253.

COme *Jack*, let's drink a Pot of Ale,
And I shall tell thee such a Tale,
Will make thine ears to ring:
My Coyn is spent, my Time is lost,
And I this onely fruit can boast,
That once I saw my King.
But this doth most afflict my minde,
I went to Court, in hope to finde
Some of my Friends in place;
And walking there I had a sight

Of

Of all the Crew, but by this light,
I hardly knew one Face.
Safe of so many noble Sparks,
Who on their Bodies bear the Marks
Of their Integrity,
And suffer'd ruine of Estate,
It was my base unhappy fate,
That I not one could see,
Not one upon my life, among
My old acquaintance all along,
At *Truro*, and before:
And I suppose the place can show,
As few of those whom thou didst know,
At *York*, or *Marston-Moor*.
But truly there are Swarms of those
Whose Chins are Beardless, yet their Nose
And Back-sides still wear Muffs:
Whilest the Old rusty Cavalier
Retires, and dares not once appear,
For want of Coin and Cuffs.
When none of these I could descry,
Who better far deserv'd than I,
I calmly did reflect:
Old Servants they by rule of State,
Like Almanacks grow out of date,
What then can I expect?
Troth in contempt of Fortunes frown,
I'le fairly get me out of Town,
And in a Cloyster pray:
That since the Stars are yet unkinde
To Royalists, the King may finde
More faithful Friends than they.

Song 254.

I Marvel *Dick*, that having been
So long abroad, and having seen
The world as thou hast done:

Thou

Thou shouldst acquaint me with a tale,
As old as Nectar, and as stale,
As that of Priest or Nun.
Are we to learn what is a Court?
A Pageant made for Fortunes sport,
Where merits scarce appear:
For bashful merits onely dwells
In Camps, in Villages, and Cells,
Alas it comes not there.
Desert is nice in its address,
And merit oft times doth oppose
Beyond what guilt would do;
But they are sure of their demands,
That come to Court with Golden hands,
And brazen faces too.
The King indeed doth still professe
To give his party soon redress,
And cherish honesty;
But his good wishes prove in vain,
Whose service with the Servants gain,
Not always doth agree.
Ah Princes be they ne'r so wise,
Are fain to see with others eyes,
But seldom hear at all.
And Courtiers finde their interest,
In time to feather well their Nest,
Providing for their fall.
Our comfort doth on him depend,
Things when they are at worst will mend,
And let us but reflect
On our condition 'tother day,
When none but Tyrants bore the sway,
What did we then expect?
Mean while a calm retreat is best,
But discontent if not suppresst,
May breed Disloyalty:

This

This is the constant Note I'lle sing,
I have been faithful to my King,
And so shall live and die.

Song 255.

PHillis I pray,
Why did you say,
That I did not adore you?
I durst not sue,
As others do,
Nor talk of love before you.
Should I make known
My flame, you'd frown,
No tears could e're appease you,
'Tis better I,
Should silent die
Than talking to displease you.

Song 256.

COme Chloris hie we to the Bower;
To sport us e're the day be done.
Such is thy power,
That every flower
Will ope to thee as to the Sun.
And if a flower, but chance to die,
With my sighs blast, or mine eyes rain;
Thou canst revive it with thine eye,
And with thy breath make sweet again,
The wanton Suckling and the Vine,
Will strive for th' honour, who first may
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

Song 257.

THough I am young, and cannot tell
Either what Love or Death is well;
And then again I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, and Death with cold.
Yet I have heard they both bear Darts,

And

And both do aim at humane hearts;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.

Song 258.

UPon the *Change* where Merchants meet,
'Twixt *Cornhil* and *Threadneedle*-ſtreet,
Where Wits of ev'ry ſize are hurl'd,
To treat of all things in the world,
I ſaw a folded Paper fall,
And upon it, theſe words were writ,
Have at all.
Thought I, if have at all it be,
For ought I know 'tis have at me;
And (if the conſequence be true)
It may as well be have at you:
Then liſten pray to what I ſhall
In brief declare, what's written there,
Have at all.
I am a Courtier who in ſport,
Do come from the *Utopian* Court,
To whiſper ſoftly in your ear,
How high we are, and what we were;
To tell you all would be too much,
But here and there a litte touch,
Have at all.
I was not many years ago,
In tatter'd trim from top to toe,
But now my ruin'd Robes are burn'd,
My Rags are all to Ribons turn'd:
My patches into pieces fall,
I cog a Dye, ſwagger and lie,
Have at all.
Upon my Pantalonian Pate,
I wear a Millenerſs eſtate:
But when he duns me at the Court,
I ſhew him a Protection for't;

Whilst he doth to protesting fall,
And then I cry, Dam me, you lie,
Have at all.
Since *Venus* shav'd off all my hair,
A powder'd Perriwig I wear,
Which brings me in the Golden Girls,
Which I procure for Lords and Earls;
When Love doth for a Cooler call,
My fancy drives at Maids and Wives,
Have at all.
My Lodgings never are at quiet,
Another duns me for my Diet,
I had of him in fifty three,
Which I forget, so doth not he;
I call him sawcy fellow, Sirrah;
And draw my Sword to run him thorough,
Have at all,
Yet once a friend that sav'd my life,
Who had a witty wanton wife,
I did in courtesie requite,
Made him a Cuckold and a Knight;
Which makes him mount like Tennis-ball,
Whilst she and I, together cry,
Have at all,
But yet those Citts are subtil slaves,
Most of them Wits, and knowing Knaves;
We get their Children, and they do
From us get Lands, and Lordships too:
And tis most fit in these affairs,
The Land shou'd go to the right Heirs,
Have at all.
A Souldier I directly hate;
A Cavalier once broke my Pate;
With Cane in hand he overcome me,
And took away my Mistress from me;
For I confess I love a wench,

Though

Though English, Irish, Dutch, or French,
Have at all.
A Soldiers life is not like mine;
I will be plump, when he shall pine:
My Projects carry stronger force,
Than all his Armed Foot and Horse;
What though his Morter-pieces roar,
My Chimney-pieces shall do more,
Have at all.
Thus have I given you in short,
A Courtier of Utopia Court.
I write not of Religion,
For (to tell you truly) we have none;
If any me to question call.
With Pen, or Sword, Hab Nab's the word,
Have at all.

Song 259.

POor *Jenny* and I we toiled,
A long long Summers day;
Till we were almost spoiled,
With making of the Hay.
Her Kerchief was of Holland clear
Bound low upon her brow,
I'se whisper'd something in her ear,
But what's that to you?
Her Stockings were of Kersey green,
Well stitcht with yellow Silk,
Oh! sike a leg was never seen,
Her skin as white as milk.
Her hair was black as any Crow,
And sweet her mouth was too,
Oh! *Jenny* daintily could mow,
But what's that to you?
Her Petti-coats were not so low,
As Ladies now do wear 'em;
She needed not a Page I trow,

For

For I was by to bear 'em ;
I'a took 'em up all in my hand,
And I think her Linnen too,
Which made a friend of mine to ſtand,
But what's that to you ?

King *Solomon* had Wives enough,
And Concubines a Number ;
Yet I'z poſſeſs more happineſs
And he had more of Cumber ;
My Joy ſurmounts a wedded life,
With fear ſhe lets me mow,
A Wench is better than a wife,
But what's that to you ?

The Lilly and the Roſe combine
To make my *Jenny* fair ,
There's no contentment like as mine,
I'm almoſt void of care.
But yet I fear my *Jenny*'s face,
Will cauſe more men to woo,
Which I ſhall take for a diſgrace,
But what's that to you ?

Song 260.

AH! *Celia*, leave that cruel Art
Of killing with thoſe conquering eyes ,
Your triumph o're a tender heart,
Makes a ſad Victim of your prize.
Such Soldiers little honor gain,
As trample o're a Captive-ſlave ;
That uſe of Victory is vain,
Purſues the Foe unto his Grave.

But Priſoner-like as when repriev'd ,
Sad ſighs I will no more approve,
Nor think 'tis happy to be griev'd,
Nor ſacrifice my ſelf to Love.

Though 'tis moſt true, your Beauty laſts
As powerful as it was before ,

But

But having felt its fatal blasts,
I'm warn'd to give devotion o're.
If now at last you will be kind,
And just, as I have been to you,
I then may once more change my mind,
And be for ever, ever true.
But if you will be cruel still,
And constant zeal can nothing move,
Then be you wedded to your will,
And I'le divorce my self from love.

Song 261.

COok *Laurel* would have the Devil his Guest,
And bade him home to *Peak* to Dinner,
Where Fiend had never such a Feast,
Prepared at the Charge of a Sinner.
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down.
His stomack was squeasie, he came thither Coacht,
The jogging had caused his Crudets to rise,
To help which, he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turn up the white of his eyes.
With a Hey, &c.
And so he recovered unto his wish,
He sate him down, and began to eat:
A Promooter in Plumb-broth was the first dish,
His own Privy-Kitchin had no such meat.
With a Hey, &c.
Yet though with this he much was taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher,
As soon as he spyed the Bawd and Bacon,
By which you may know the Devil's a wencher.
With a Hey, &c.
Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
With Sempsters and Tyre-women fit for his Pallet,
With Feather-men and Perfumers, put,
Some twelve in a Charger, to make a Grand-sallet,
With a Hey, &c.

A rich

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his Marrow,
With him a Lawyers Head and Green-sawce,
All which his belly took in like a Barrel,
As though till then he had never seen Sawce.
With a Hey, &c.
Then Carbonado'd and Cookt with pains,
Was brought up a Serjeants cloven face,
The Sawce was made of a Yeomans brains,
That had been beaten out with his Mace.
With a Hey, &c.
Two roasted Sheriffs came hot to the Board,
The Feast had nothing been without them,
Both living and dead were foxed and furr'd,
And their Chains like Sausages hung about them.
With a Hey, &c.
The next Dish was the Mayor of the Town,
With a Pudding of Maintenance put in his Belly,
Like a Goose in her Feathers, in his Gown,
With a couple of Hinch-boys boyld to a Jelly.
With a Hey, &c.
Next came the over-worn Justice of Peace,
With Clarks like Gizzards stuck under each arm,
And Warrants like Sippets, lay in his own grease,
Set over a Chasing-dish to be kept warm.
With a Hey, &c.
A *London* Cuckold came hot from the Spit,
And when the Carver open had broke him,
The Devil chopt his head up at a bit,
But his Horns had almost like to choak him.
With a Hey, &c.
A fair large Pasty of a Midwife hot,
And for cold bak'd meat in this story,
A Reverend painted Lady was brought,
Long coffin'd in Crust till now she's grown hoary,
With a Hey, &c.
The Loyns of a Lecher then was roasted,

With

With a plump Harlots Head and Garlick ;
With a Panders Petti-toes that had boasted
Himself for a Captain that never was warlick.
With a hey, &c.
Then boiled and stuck upon a Prick,
The Gizzard was brought of a holy Sister,
That bit made the Devil almost so sick,
That the Doctor did think he'd need of a Glister.
With a Hey, &c.
The Jowl of a Jaylor serv'd for a Fish,
A Constable sowced piss'd Vinegar by ;
Two Aldermen Lobsters laid in a dish,
A Deputy Tart, and a Church-warden Pye.
With a Hey, &c.
All which he devoured, then for a close,
He did for a Draught of *Derby* call,
He heaved the Vessel up to his Nose,
And never left till he had drunk up all.
With a Hey, &c.
Then from the Table he gave a start,
Where Banquet and wine was not to seek,
All which he blew away with a Fart,
From whence it is call'd, *Th' Devils Arse in the Peak*
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down.

Song 261.

Thirsis, Thirsis, I wish as well as you,
To honor, to honor, there were nothiug due,
Then would I pay my debt of Love,
In that same Coin,
In the same Coin which you approve ;
And now you must in friendship take,
'Tis all the payment I can make,
Friendship so high, that I may say,
'Tis rather love,
'Tis rather love with some allay ;
Then rest contented, since that I

As

As well my self, as you deny,
And learn of me bravely to bear
The loss of what I hold so dear;
And that which Honor does in me,
Let my Example,
My Example work in thee.

Song 263.

OH! the little House that lies under the Hill,
Oh! the little House that lies under the Hill,
There's Ale, and Tobacco, and Wenches at will,
Oh! the little house that lies under the Hill.

Song 264.

ON a Hill there grows a Flow'r,
Fair befal the gentle Sweet,
By that Flow'r there is a Bow'r,
Where the Heav'nly Muses meet.
In that Bow'r there is a Chair
Fringed all about with Gold,
Where doth sit the fairest Fair,
Mortal ever did behold.
It is *Phillis* fair and bright,
She that is the Shepherds Joy,
She that *Venus* did despight,
And did blind her little Boy.
This is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see;
This is *Ipsa quæ*, the which,
There is none but onely she.
Who would not this face admire,
Who would not this Saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?
O fair eyes! but let me see
One good look, and I am gone;
Look on me, for I am he,

Thy poor silly *Coridon*.
Thou that art the Shepherds Queen,
Look upon thy silly Swain,
By thy vertues have been seen,
Dead men brought to live again.

Song 265.

SInce life's but short, and time amain
Flyes on, and ne'r looks back again;
Let's laugh and sing and merry be,
And spend our times in jollity.
Good Wine makes the Pope religious. given,
And sends all the Monks, and little Fryers to Heaven,
Then take a merry Glass,
Fill it just as it was,
And let no man take it in dudgeon;
He that makes any stir,
Is no true drunken Cur,
Hang him up that is a Curmudgeon.
'Twas *Joves* refreshment when his mind was shrunk
With cares, to make himself with Nectar drunk;
So heavenly drunk, his brain ran like the spheares,
Round, and made Musick to his ears. (tell you
He's a right honest man, you may believe what he
If he hath a jolly Nose, and a beautiful belly.
Then take a merry Glass, &c.
Great *Alexander* to enflame his heart
With courage, drank two Gallons and a quart
At six go downs, and then in Raptures hurld,
He went and conquer'd all the world.
Darius lost *Persia*, and the *Macedon* won it,
But if he had not bin drunk he could never have done
Then take a merry Glass, &c. (i

Song 266.

LOve I must tell thee, I'le no longer be
A Victim to the beardless Deity;
Nor shall this heart of mine,

Now

Now 'tis return'd
Be offer'd at thy ſhrine,
Nor at thy Altar burn'd,
Love like Religion's made an airy Name,
To aw thoſe ſouls whom want of wit makes tame.
There's no ſuch thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bowe,
Nor do's Love wound, but we imagine ſo;
Or if it does perplex,
And grieve the mind,
'Tis in the Maſc'line Sex,
Women no ſorrow find;
'Tis not our Parts or Perſons that can move 'em,
Nor is't mens worth, but wealth makes women love 'em
Reaſon, not Love, henceforth ſhall be my Guide,
Our fellow Creatures ſhan't be Deifi'd.
I'le now a Rebel be,
And ſo pull down,
The Diſtaff Hierachy,
Or Females fancy'd Crown.
In theſe unbridled times, who would not ſtrive
To free his neck from all prerogative?

Song 167.

THe Spring's coming on, and our Spirits begin
To retire to their places merrily home,
And every ſoul is bound to lay in
A new brewing of blood for the year that's to come.
They're Cowards that make it of clarifi'd Whey,
Or ſwill with the Swine in the Juice of the Grains;
Give me the Racy Canary to play,
(And the ſparkling Rhenish to vault) in my veins.
Let Doctors go teach our lives are but ſhort,
And overmuch wine a new death will invite,
But we'l be revenged before hand for't,
And crown a lives mirth, with the ſpace of a night.
Then ſtand we about with our Glaſſes full crownd
Whilſt ev'ry thing elſe to their poſtures doth grow,

Til our heads and our caps with the houſes turn round
And the Cellars become where the chambers are now
Then fill out more wine, 'twill a ſacrifice bring,
We'l tipple, and fiddle, and fuddle all out (King,
This night in full Draughts, with a Health to our
Till we baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about,
Whoſe firſt riſing Rais when ſhot from his throne,
Shall dath upon faces as red as his own,
And wonder that mortals can fuddle away
More wine in a night, than he water in a day.

Song 268.

LOve is a Bauble,
No man is able
To tay it is this, or 'tis that,
'Tis ſo full of paſſions,
Of ſundry faſhions,
'Tis like I cannot tell what.
'Tis fair in the Cradle,
'Tis tou' in the Saddle,
'Tis either too cold, or too hot.
An errant Lier,
Fed by deſire,
It is I, and it is not.
Love is a fellow,
Clad all in yellow,
The canker worm of the mind.
A privy miſchief,
And ſuch a fly thief,
As no man is able to find.
Love is a wonder,
'Tis here, and 'tis yonder.
As common to one, as to moe,
So great a Cheater,
Every mans better,
Then hang him and ſo let him go.

Song

Song 269.

DEar Love, let me this Ev'ning die,
Oh ſmile not to prevent it,
But uſe this opportunity,
Leſt we do both repent it;
Frown quickly then, and break my heart,
So that my way of dying,
May though my life prove full of ſmart,
Be worth the worlds envying.
Some ſtriving knowledge to refine,
Conſume themſelves with thinking,
And ſome whoſe friendſhip's ſeal'd in wine
Are kindely kill'd with drinking,
And ſome are wrack'd on *Indian* coaſt,
Taither by gain invited,
And ſome in ſmoak of battel loſt,
Whom Drums, nor Lutes delighted.
Alas, how poorly theſe depart,
Their graves ſtill unattended,
Who dies not of a broken heart,
In love is not befriended;
His memory is onely ſweet,
All praiſe no pity moving,
Who fondly at his Miſtreſs feet,
Doth die with over-loving.
And now thou frown'ſt, and now I die,
My Corps by Lovers follow'd,
Shall ſhortly by dead Lovers lie,
For that ground's onely hallow'd.
If the Prieſt tak't ill, I have a grave,
My death not well approving,
The Poets my Eſtate ſhall have,
To teach the Art of loving.
And now let Lovers ring the Bel's,
For the poor youth departed,
He which all others elſe excel's,

That are not broken-hearted.
My Grave with flowers let Virgins strow,
But if thy tears fall near them,
They'l so excel in scent and show,
Thy self will shortly wear them:
Such flowers how much will *Flora* prize,
That on a Lover's growing,
And water'd by his Mistres eyes,
With pity over-flowing?
A Grave so deckt will (though thou art
Yet fearful to come nigh me)
Provoke thee straight to break thy heart,
And lie down boldly by me.
Then ev'ry where the Bells shall ring,
While all to black is turning,
All Torches burn, and each Quire sing,
As Natures self were mourning,
And we hereafter may be found,
(By Destinies right placing)
Making, like flowers, love under ground,
Whose roots are still embracing.

Song 270.

YEs, I could love if I could find
A Mistres pleasing to my mind,
Whom neither Pride, nor Gold can move,
To buy her Beauty, sell her Love,
Goes neat, yet cares not to be fine,
Who loves me for my self, not mine.
Not Lady proud, nor City coy,
But full of freedome full of joy,
Not childish young, nor beldam old,
Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold;
Not gravely wise to guide a State,
Not vain, as to be pointed at;
Not rich, nor proud, nor base, nor poor,
Nor chaste, nor no reputed Whore;

When

When such a Lass I shall discover,
Cupid entitle me a Lover.

Song 71.

YOu maidens & wives, and young widows rejoice
Declare your thanksgiving with heart and with voice,
Since waters were waters, I dare boldly say
There ne'r was such cause for a Thanksgiving day:
For from *London* Town,
There's lately come down
Four able Physitians that never wore Gown,
Their Physick is pleasant, their Dose it is large,
And you may be cur'd without danger or charge.
No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion, nor Pill,
(Which sometimes do cure, but oftner do kill,)
Your taste, nor your stomack, need never displease,
If you'l be advised but by one of these:
For they've a new Drug,
Which is call'd, *The close Hug*,
Which will mend your complexion, and make you look smug
A soveraign Balsom which once well apply'd,
Though griev'd at the heart, the Patient ne'r dy'd.
In the morning you need not be rob'd of your rest
For in your warm beds your Physick doth best;
And though in the taking some stirring's requir'd,
The motions so pleasant you cannot be tyr'd,
For on your back you must lie,
With your buttock raised high,
And one of those Doctors must always be by,
Who still will be ready to cover you warm,
For if you take cold, all Physick doth harm.
Before they do venture to give their direction,
They always consider their Patients complexion,
If she have a moist palm, or a red head of hair,
She requires more Physick than one man can spare.
If she have a long Nose,

The Doctor scarce knows,
How many good handfuls must go to her Dose.
You Ladyes that have such ill Symptomes as these,
In reason and conscience should pay double Fees.
But that we may give these Doctors due praise,
Who to all sorts of people their favours conveys,
On the ugly for pity sake, skill shall be shown,
And as for the handsom they're cur'd for their own,
On your silver, or Gold,
They never lay hold,
For what comes so freely they scorn should be sold.
Then joyn with those Doctors and heartily pray,
Their power of healing may never decay.

Catch. or Song 272.

Pompey was a mad man, a mad man,
Pompey was a mad man, a mad man was he,
So long he was a glad man, a glad man,
So long he was a glad man, a glad man was he,
Till *Cæsar* in *Pharsalia*, routed his Battalia,
'Cause he was a madder, a madder far than he;
Then be thou mad, and I mad, and mad let us be;
And the Devil himself shan't be madder than we.

Song 273.

OH *Anis* quoth he, well *Thomas* quoth she,
What wouldst thou say man unto me?
I love thee quoth he, dost love me quoth she,
Ch'ime the more beholding to thee.
To Bed then quoth he, no *Thomas* quoth she,
Not till the Parson hath said all unto me,
I'z bump thee quoth he, wo't bump me quoth she,
Ch'ime the more beholding to thee.
How lik'st it quoth he, well, *Thomas* quoth she,
So thou com'st but once more unto me,
That I will quoth he, sayst thou so quoth she,
Ch'ime the more beholding to thee.

Song

Song 274.

Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, lay thy leg o're me,
Thou be'st a bonny Lass, fain would I mow thee
Fain would I mow thee, ans thou wouldst let me,
Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, do not forget me.
Out away *Jonny* lad, I'se am a Virgin,
There is no hope for to get pergin,
For to get pergin, I dare not let thee,
Out away *Jonny* lad, I'se mun forget thee.
Thou be'it young, so is I, let us be doirg,
There is no better thing than to be mowing,
Than to be mowing, ans thou wouldst let me,
Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, do not forget me.
Why dost thou whimper, thou knowst my mind *Jo*,
Would mother suffer me, I would be kind *so*,
I would be kind *Jo*, ans she would let me,
Bonny lad, *Jonny* lad, I'se ne're forget thee.

Song 275.

I Went to the Alehouse as an honest woman shoo'd,
And a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves woo'd
Knaves will be Knaves in every degree,
I'le tell you by and by, how this Knave serv'd me.
I call'd for my pot as an honest woman shoo d,
And the Knave drank it up, as you know Knaves woo'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.
I went into my bed as an honest woman shoo'd,
And the Knave crept into't, as you Knaves woo'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.
I prov'd with Childe as an honest woman shoo'd,
And the Knave ran away, as you know Knaves woo'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every degree,
And thus have I told you how this Knave serv'd me.

Song 276.

HAng fear, cast away care,
The Parish is bound to find us,

Thou and I,
And all muſt die,
And leave this world behinde us;
The Bells ſhall ring,
The Clerk ſhall ſing,
And the good old wife ſhall winde us,
And *John* ſhall lay,
Our bones in clay,
Where the Devil ne'r ſhall finde us.

Song 277.

NAy prithee don't fly me,
But ſit thee down by me,
For I cannot endure
The man that's demure,
A pox on your Worſhips and Sirs:
For your Congees and Trips,
With your Legs and your Lips,
Your Madams, and Lords,
With ſuch finical words,
The Complement you bring,
That doth ſpell nothing,
You may keep for the Chains and the Furrs;
For at the beginning was neither Peaſant nor Prince,
And who the Devil made the diſtinction ſince?
Thoſe Titles of Honors,
Do remain in the Donors,
And not in the thing,
To which they do cling,
If his ſoul be too narrow that wears them;
No delight can I ſee,
In the thing call'd Degree,
Honeſt *Dick* ſounds as well,
As a name with an L,
That with Titles do ſwell,
And hums like a Bell,
To affright mortal ears that do hear 'um:

He

He that wears a brave Soul, and dares honestly do,
Is a Herald to himself, and a Godfather too.
Why should we then dote on,
One with a Fools Coat on,
Whose Coffers are cram'd,
Yet he will be damn'd
E're he'l do a good Act or a wise one?
What reason hath he,
To be Ruler o're me,
Who is Lord o're his Chest,
But his head, and his brest,
Are but empty and bare,
And puft up with air,
And can neither assist, nor advise one:
Honor's but air, and proud flesh but dust is,
'Tis the Commons makes Lords, as the Clerk makes Justice.
But since it must be,
Of a different degree,
'Cause some do aspire
To be greater and higher,
Than the rest of their fellows and brothers;
He that hath such a spirit,
Let him gain't by his merit,
Spend his wit, wealth, and blood,
For his Countreys good,
And make himself fit,
By his Valour and Wit,
For things above the reach of all others:
Honor's a Prize, and who wins it may wear it,
If not, 'tis a badge, and a burthen to bear it.
For my part let me,
Be but quiet and free,
I'le drink Sack and obey,
Let the great ones sway,
That spend their whole time in thinking;
I'le not busie my Pate,

With

With the matters of State,
The News-books I'le burn all,
And with the Diurnal
Light Tobacco, and admit,
They are so far fit,
To serve good Company and Drinking;
All the name I desire, is an honest good Fellow,
For that man has no worth that won't sometimes be mellow.

Song 278.

WHy shouldst thou swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee,
That fond impossibility.
Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours space?
I must all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Should I still dote upon thy face;
Not but all Joy's in thy brown hair,
By others may be found,
But I must search the black, and fair,
Like skilful Mineralists that sound
For treasure in a plow'd-up ground.
Then if when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she,
With spoil of other Beauties crown'd,
I loaden will return to thee,
Even fated with variety.

Song 279.

THe Maypole is up,
Now give me the Cup,
I'le drink to the Garlands around it;
But first unto those,

Whose

Whose hands did compose,
The glory of Flowers that crown'd it;
A Health to my Girls,
Whose Husbands may Earles
Or Lords be, granting my wishes;
And whence they shall wed
To the Bridal Bed,
Then multiply all like to Fishes.

Song 180.

FArewel fond Love, under whose Childish whip,
I have serv'd out a weary Prentiship;
Thou that hast made me thy scorn'd property,
To dote on those that love not, and to fly
Love that woo'd thee; go bane of my content,
And practice on some other Patient,
Farewell fond hopes that fan'd my warm desire,
Till it had rais'd a wilde unruly fire,
Which no sighs could, nor tears extinguish can,
Although my eyes out-flow the Ocean.
Forth from my thoughts for ever, thing of air,
Begun in error, finish'd in despair,
Farewel false world, upon whose restless stage,
'Twixt Love and Hope, I have fool'd out an age.
E're I will seek to thee for my redress,
I'le woo the wind, and court the wilderness,
And bury'd from the days discovery,
Find out some slow, but certain way to die.
My woful Monument shall be my Cell,
The murmurs of the purling brooks my Knell,
And for my Epitaph the Rocks shall grone
Eternally; if any ask that stone
What wretched thing doth in that compass lie?
The hollow Eccho shall reply, 'tis I, 'tis I.
The hollow Eccho shall reply, 'tis I.

Song 181.

GO with thy Staff the Sea divide,
And with thy Whistle stop the Tide.

Catch

Catch the wild winds fast in thy fist,
And let them blow but when thou list,
Creep into *Neptunes* watry bed,
And get a *Syrens* Maiden-head,
Then fore more high, and fetch me down
Fair *Ariadne*'s starry Crown,
So that with it I may wear
Some of *Berenies*'s hair,
Make *Mars* and *Saturn*'s aspects mild,
And get the Virgin Star with child,
But if thou hast a daring Soul,
Go whip the Bear about the Pole,
All this thou mayst long e're thou can
A woman find, a woman find, that's true to man;
For womens hearts take new desires
Far sooner than the powder fires,
Their flashes are more violent
Than those flames, and sooner spent.
Like Torrents womens loves rise high,
Make a noise, decrease and die,
Then let no wise man think it strange
That women are so apt to change.
No Creature underneath the Sun,
Bears such relation to the Moon,
He then that for their love is sick,
Is worse than they, Is worse than they, He's lunatick,

Song 282.

WIth more than Jewish Reverence, as yet,
Do I the sacred name conceal;
When ye kind stars, Ah! when will it be fit,
This gentle Mystery to reveal,
When will our love be nam'd, and we possess
That Christning as a Badge of happiness.

So bold as yet no Verse of mine has been,
To wear that Gem on any line,

Nor

Nor till that happy Nuptial Muse be seen,
Shall any Stanza with it shine.
Rest, Mighty Name, till then; for thou must be
Laid down by her, e're taken up by me.

Then all the Fields, and Woods shall with it ring;
The Ecchoes burden it shall be;
Then all the Birds in several notes shall sing,
And all the Rivers murmur thee:
Then every wind the sound shall upwards bear,
And softly whisper'd to some Angels ear.

Then shall thy Name through all my Verse be spread,
Thick as the Flowers in meadows lie,
And, when in future times they shall be read
(As thine, I think, they will not die,)
If any Critick doubt that they be mine,
Men by that Stamp shall quickly know the Coyn.

Mean while I will not dare to make a Name
So good to represent thee by;
Adam (Gods *Nomenclator*) could not frame
One, that enough should signifie.
Astraea or *Celia*, as unfit would prove,
For thee, as 'tis to call the Deity, *Jove*.

Song 283.

LOve; Fare thee well,
Since no Love can dwell
In her, that in hatred doth all excel:
All Love is blind,
But none more unkind,
Than that which repays Love, with a proud mind.
Love that's divine,
Is not love like mine,
Since she doth laugh, for whom I repine.

The

Then gentle Love, for Love's own ſake,
Wound faſter that my heart may break.
My Heart's on fire,
While I do admire,
Yet you with diſdain requite my deſire:
All Love muſt ceaſe,
Yet my flames encreaſe,
O curſt be that pride which murther'd my peace,
Nothing can be
More cruel to me,
Than thus to dote on your Tyranny.
Then gentle Love for Loves own ſake,
Wound faſter that my heart my break.
Many declare
What torments there are,
But none ever felt ſo much of deſpair,
No tongue can tell,
How high my griefs ſwell,
Oh Heaven! That ſo traduc'd me to Hell.
Nere was poor Heart
So pierc'd by a Dart,
Never leſs pity, nor greater a ſmart,
Then gentle Love, for Love's own ſake,
Wound faſter that my heart may break.

Song 284.

CUpid once when weary grown
With womens Arrants, laid him down
On a refreſhing roſie bed,
The ſame ſweet Covert harbored
A Bee, and as ſhe always had
A Quarrel to Loves idle trade,
Stings the ſoft Boy: pain and ſtrong fears
Straight melts him into cryes and tears,
As Wings, and Feet, would let each other,
Home he haſtens to his Mother.
Then on her knees he hangs his head,

And

And cryes, oh Mother, I am dead,
Anugly Snake, they call a Bee,
(O lee it (wels) has murther'd me;
Prune with (miles reply'd, O Sir,
Does a Bee's (ting, make all this ftir?
Think what pains attend thofe Darts
Wherewith thou ftill art wounding hearts;
E'en let it (mart, may chance that then
Thou'lt learn more pity towards men

Song 285.

AH! what advice can I receive,
No (atisfie me firft;
For who would Phyfick Potions give,
To one that dies with thirft.
A little puff of Breath we find
Small fires can quench and kill;
But when they're great the adverfe wind
Does make them greater ftill.
Now whilft you (peak, it moves me much,
But ftraight I'm juft the (ame:
Alas! The Fate muft needs be (uch
Of cutting through a flame.

Song 286.

A *Beggar*, a *Beggar*, a *Beggar* I'le be,
There's none leads a life more jocund than he,
A *Beggar* I was, and a *Beggar* I am,
A *Beggar* I'le be, from a *Beggar* I came,
If as it begins our Tradings do fall,
We in the concluf.on (hall *Beggars* be all.
Tradefmen are unfortunate in their Affairs,
And few men are thriving but Courtiers and Players.
A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
A Filer my Sifter, a Filcher my Brother,
A Canter my Unkle, that car'd not for Pelf,
A Litter my Aunt, and a *Beggar* my (elf;

In

In white wheaten ſtraw when their belly's were full,
Then I was got between Tinker and Trull.
And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'le be,
For there's none leads a life more jocund than he.
When boys do come to us, and that their intent is,
To follow our Calling, we ne'r bind them Prentice;
Soon as they come too't, we teach them to doo't,
And give them a ſtaff and a wallet to boot,
We teach them their *Lingua* to Crave and to Cant,
The Devil is in them if then they can want.
And or he, or ſhe, that beggars will be,
Without Indentures he ſhall be made free.
We beg for our bread, yet ſometimes it happens,
We feaſt it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,
For Churches Affairs, we are no Men-ſlayers,
We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers.
But if when we beg, men will not draw their Purſes,
We charge and give fire, with a volley of Curſes.
The Devil confound your good Worſhip we cry,
And ſuch a bold brazen fac'd beggar am I.
We do things in ſeaſon, and have ſo much reaſon,
We raiſe no Rebellion, nor never talk Treaſon,
We bill at our Mates, at very low Rates,
Whilſt ſome keep their Quarters as high as the gates
With Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blue-cap or Tage,
We into no Covenant enter, nor League.
And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'le be,
For none lives a life more merry than he.
For ſuch petty Pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,
We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges,
But ſometimes the whip, doth make us to skip,
And then we from Tything, to Tything do trip,
For when in a poor Bouzing-ken we do bib it,
We ſtand more in dread of the Stocks than the Gibbet
And therefore a merry mad Begar I'le be,
For when it is night in the barn tumbles he.

We

We throw down no Altar, nor ever do falter,
So much as to change a gold Chain for a Halter,
Though some men do flout us, and others do doubt us,
We commonly bear forty peices about us,
But many good Fellows are fine and look fiercer,
That owe for their Cloaths to the Taylor and Mercer,
And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,
I fear not the Compter, Kings-bench, nor the Fleet.
Sometimes I do frame, my self to be lame,
And when a Coach comes I hop to my game,
We seldom miscarry, or ever do marry,
By the Gown Common-prayer, or Cloak Directory.
But *Simon* and *Susan* like birds of a feather,
They kiss and they laugh, and so lie down together.
Like Pigs in the Pease-straw intangled they lye,
Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.

Song 287.

I Dream'd we both were in a Bed
Of Roses, almost smoothered,
But when I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night will blush by day,
I kiss thee (panting and I call)
The night to record, that was all;
But ah! if empty dreams so please,
Love give me more such nights as these.

Song 288.

GO treacherous hopes, by whose uncertain fire
I cherish my tyrannical desire;
Love is a more uncertain Guest than Care,
And my Fate's such,
That will cost as much,
To love as to despair.
'Tis true our lives are but a long disease,
Made up with real care, and seeming ease,
Ye Gods that such uncertain favors give,

Oh

Oh tell me why,
It is so hard to die,
And such a task to live.

Song 189.

WHy should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights
Knowing how many men have perform'd fights
Or why should we speak of Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
Or Sir *Tristram du Leon*, who fought for Ladies sake
Read old Stories, and you shall plainly see
How St. *George*, St. *George*, he made the Dragon flee.
St. George *he was for* England,
St. Dennis *was for* France,
Sing hony soit qui maly pense.
To speak of the Monarchs, it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the Romans how far they did excel
Hannibal and *Scipio* they many a Field did fight,
Orlando Furioso he was a valiant Knight,
Romulus and *Remus* were those that *Rome* did build
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd.
St. *George*, &c.
Joshua and *Gideon* they led their men to fight,
The *Gibbonites* and *Ammonites*, they put them all to
flight,
Hercules's valour was in the Vale of *Esse*,
And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of
an Asse,
And when he was blind pull'd the Temple to the
ground,
But St. *George* St. *George* the Dragon did confound.
St *George*, &c.
Valentine and *Orson* they came of *Pepins* blood,
Alfrid and *Aldricus* they were brave Knights and good,
The four Sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charlemain*
Sir *Hugh de Bourdeaux* and *Godfrey de Bullaigne*,
These were all French Knights, the Pagans did convert
But

But St. *George* St. *George* pull'd out the Dragons heart
St. *George*, &c.
Henry the fifth he conquered all *France*,
He quartered their Armies his Honour to advance,
He raced their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
And he garnish'd his Land with a double triple crown
He thumped the French, and after home he came,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he made the Dragon tame
St. *George*, &c
St *David* you know loves Leeks and toasted Cheese,
And *Jason* was the man brought home the golden
Fleece,
And *Patrick* you know he was St. *Georges* boy,
Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him
away,
For which knavish Act a slave he doth remain,
But St *George*, St *George*, the Dragon he hath slain.
St. *George* &c.
Chamberlain the Emperour in Iron Cage did Crown,
With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town,
Scanderbeg magnanimous *Mahomet's* Bashaw did
dread,
Whose victorious bones were worn when he was dead.
His *Beglerbegs*, his Corn-like dregs, *Geo. Castriot* he was
call'd,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath maul'd.
St. *George*, &c.
Tamerlain the *Tartar*, he came of *Persia's* Race,
The great *Mogul*, with his Chests so full of Cloves and
Mace,
The Grecian youth *Bucephalus* he madly did bestride,
But these with their Worthies Nine St. *George* did
them deride.
Gustavus Adolphus was *Sweadlands* warlike King,
But St. *George* St. *George*, pull'd forth the Dragons
Sting,
St. *George*, &c.
Pendragon

Pendragon and *Cadwallader* of Brittish blood do boast
Though *John* of *Gaunt*, his foes did daunt, St. *George*
shall rule the roast,
Agamemnon and *Cleomedon*, and *Macedon* did feats,
But compar'd to our Champion they are but meer
Cheats,
Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkish* Fights their brandish
Swords out-drew,
But St. *George* met the Dragon, and ran him through
and through,
St. *George*, &c.

Bidia the *Amazon*, *Portens* overthrew,
As fierce as any *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Sarazen*, or *Jew*,
The Potent *Holofernes* as he lay on his Bed,
In came wise *Judith* and subtly stole his head;
Brave *Cyclops* stout with *Jove* he fought, although he
thowr'd down thunder,
But St. *George* kill'd the Dragon, and is not that a
wonder?
St. *George*, &c.

Mark Anthony I'le warrant you plaid feats with
Egypts Queen,
Sr. *Eglemore* that valiant Knight, the like was never
seen,
Grim *Gorgon*'s Might was known in fight,
Old *Bevis* most men frighted,
The *Myrmidons* and *Prester Johns*, why were not these
men Knighted?
Brave *Spinola* took *Bredah*, *Nassaw* did it recover;
But St. *George* met the Dragon and turn'd him o're
and over,
St George *he was for* England,
St. Dennis *was for* France,
Sing Hony soit qui maly pense.

Song

Song 190.

WIth much of pains, and all the Art I knew,
Have I endeavor'd hitherto,
To hide my Love, and yet all will not do.

The World perceives it, and it may be, ſhe;
Though ſo diſcreet, and good ſhe be,
By hiding it to teach that skill to me.

Men without Love, have oft ſo cunning grown,
That ſomething like it they have ſhown,
But none who had it, ever ſeem'd t' have none.

Love's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple kind,
Cannot Arts, or diſguizes find,
But thinks none ſee's it, cauſe it's ſelf is blind.

The very eye betrays the inward ſmart,
Love of himſelf left there a part,
When thorough it, he paſs'd into the heart.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the Secret wiſely, yet,
Like Drunkenneſs, into the Tongue 'twill get.

Song 191.

SWifter as the feet of *Leda*, I
Will to *Olimpus* flowred boſom flie,
And there lie quaffing in mortality,
Who taſts ſuch ſweets, thoſe hearts can never die.
The Cyprus Queen's not half ſo fair,
Beauty herſelf can't with my Love compare,
She doth impale all things the Gods count rare,
Come vie with her what ſublunary dare?
Her neck's a Tower of Snow, her head
A roſie Globe with curling Amber ſpread,
Whoſe Darts are able to amaze the dead,

And

And make them leap from their cold shady Bed.
When she first opes her cased Eyes,
You'd swear two Suns at once broke through the skie
Or that they were bright Lamps of Paradice,
The sawcy Gazer on those splendor dies.
Her Ivory Brows a Throne erect,
To arbitrate betwixt each Lovers Sect.
Her Footstool with majestick Arch is deckt,
It frowns to death Loves wanton Heretick.
Descending hence a little, grows
A lovely Gnomon, rustick call'd the Nose,
Each side two blushing Hemisphere's disclose,
Where th' Lilly's youthful Bridal with the Rose.
Her lips like Gates of Rubies show',
And opens where two sets of Pearl doth grow,
In Coral Sockets, bending like a Bowe,
Whose worth the Lapidaries do not know.
Hence breaks a Voice such harmony,
Is able to transform a Deity,
And cause the dead to live, the living die,
Orpheus and *Amphion* at it mute doth lie.
Have you not seen at Sacrifices
How chassed Incense with brew'd Spikenard rises,
In Clouds of Perfumes, or in flaming Spices,
Just so her breath my senses each surprizes.
But on her breast two Hills advance,
Would cost a Pilgrim an Eternal Trance,
On this the Nymphs, on that the Graces dance,
Here *Cupid* lays his Bowe, there *Mars* his Lance.
Beneath this Vale's a Plain reveal'd,
Eden it self no such delight doth yield,
Where the bold Champion, though his back were steel'd,
Sounds a Retreat, but vanquisht quits the field,
O stay *Olympia*, I have not done,
These Plains I wander are *Elizium*,

Oh

Oh let me herein blest for ever rome,
Whilst in a babe we met, *Olimpia* come.
This is the Theatre of Love,
In this sweet Lab'rinth let me endless rove,
And like the Orb about thy Center move,
So I'le not change my Scene to be a Jove.

Song 292.

COme will you hear a merry Jest
That of a truth of late was play'd,
The story to you I'le relate,
Between the Mistress and the Maid.
Not far from hence a Lawyer dwelt,
Which had a neat and handsome Wife,
This Lawyer he was struck in years,
But yet he lov'd her as his life
This Lawyer had a handsome Clark,
That for his Master us'd to write,
On whom his Mistress often would,
Cast many an amorous sight.
Like *Adonis* that spruce youth
Was bashful, when fair *Venus* smil'd,
It seem'd in him but cowardize,
To shew himself so like a Childe.
Had warlike *Mars* been present there,
He'd not have dallied with Loves Queen,
But straight the Fort he would have scal'd,
And Master of the same have been.
But time doth matters bring about,
Young things you know delight to play;
And Love hath many a Stratagem,
(Though ne're so close) to find the way.
As Fortune smil'd, the Lawyer had
Occasion out of Town to ride;
To have her opportunity,
This witty Wife her senses try'd.
This Mistress had a Waiting-maid,

As many other Maidens be;
Betwixt them both a Plot they laid,
And now hear how they did agree.
The Mistress sitting by the fire,
The Man, and Maid, then standing by,
Quoth winking *Moll*, here's *John* our Clark,
I think he hath a docity.
You are deceiv'd the Mistress said,
The still Sow all the draught doth eat,
I'le warrant you, let *John* alone,
For he know's how to do the feat.
'Tis very like, then answered *Moll*,
A Wager with you I will lay,
Were he in bed between us both,
That still all night he would not lie.
I do believe it to be true,
The Mistress unto *John* did say,
I am afraid to lie alone,
A Wager with you I will lay.
And you shall bed between us both,
But if that you uncivil be,
Forty shillings you shall pay,
Next morning gentle *John* to me.
'Tis done, sweet Mistress, then said *John*,
And so to Bed this Couple went,
But he thinks of a cunning Trick,
His Mistress Plot for to prevent.
Straight to his thigh his Nag he ty'd,
With a silk Garter presently,
Quoth he revenge on thee I'le take,
If that thou wilt not quiet lie.
Stripping himself, to Bed he went,
And down betwixt them both he lay,
But *Moll* she slipt the running Knot,
And so poor *John* she did betray.
The Spirits mov'd him to the quick,

His

His Nag being let at liberty,
Then he began for to grow bold,
And on his Mistress face did fly.
Resting a while, he at the Maid,
Like to a Dragon straight he rusht,
Quoth he, revenge on thee I'le take,
But still she bade him do his worst.
This night poor *John* had little rest,
For he had work enough to do,
One woman it is hard to please,
Yet he was forc'd to please the two.
Next morning did his Mistress rise,
What Woman can believe a Man?
You were uncivil all the night,
The Wagers lost, say what you can.
Not so sweet Mistress, then said *John*,
Your words I utterly defie,
But when my Master doth come home,
He shall be Judge 'twixt you, and I.
Nay, *John* I hope you'l be more wise,
Than once to let your Master know,
Nay, by my troth, then answered *John*,
I do intend it shall be so.
Next morning came his Master home,
To wait at Table was his Task,
Now good Sir, may I be so bold,
Onely one question now to ask;
A man of late a Nag ty'd fast,
Hard by the Corn, where it did grow,
The Party that did owe the Corn,
Unty'd the Rope, and let him go.
This Nag being left at liberty,
Upon the Corn then did he graze,
And who can blame the Nag for this,
He did his kind, although he strays.
Now who the Trespass did commit,

Resolve me, Sir, I do you pray,
The party that did owe the Corn,
The Lawyer unto him did say.
Lo Mistress, I've your Wager won,
A crimson bluſh her Cheeks bespread,
Although the Wager I have lost,
It doth not grieve me much, she said.
And thus all parties were agreed,
But little did the Lawyer think,
The crafty Cat could catch a Mouse,
When that she did but seem to wink.

Song 253.

WHen I go to revel in the night,
The Brewers Dogs my brains do bite;
My head's too heavy, and my heels too light,
And I like my humour well, well,
And I like my humour well.
With *Ipse* 'ke I live my head,
My Hostess Cellar is my Bed,
The world's our own when the Devil's dead,
And I like, &c.
Then I fall to talking of the Court,
Or of the taking of some Fort,
And I swear a lie for a true report,
And I like, &c.
Then from the wars I came, I swear
How I made a fellow die for fear,
And how many I kill'd that I never came near,
And I like, &c.
If mine Hostess bids me pay the score,
I'le stand if I can, and call her Whore,
Or stumble and reel out of the Door,
And I like, &c.
The Cape of my Cloak hangs all on one side,
My Hatband is lost, and my Hose are unty'd,
My heels on the ground begin for to slide,
And I like, &c.

The

The i juſtle with every poſt I meet,
I kick the Dunghils about the ſtreet,
I trample the Kennels under my feet,
And I like, &c.
The Conſtable then I curſe and ban,
He bids me ſtand if I am a man,
I tell him he bids mè do more than I can,
And I like, &c.
If I fall to the ground, the Watchmen ſee,
They ask me if I ſoxed be?
I tell them it is my humility,
And I like, &c.
If I chance to juſtle with a Taylors ſtall,
My Noſe to the ground doth catch a fall,
We kiſs and be friends, and ſo we part all,
And I like, &c.
When I come home my wife doth ſcold,
It is my patience makes her bold,
She'l rail the more if I bid her hold,
And I like, &c.
When I go to bed I looſe my way,
Forgetting where my Cloaths I lay,
And call for drink before it be day,
And I like my humour well, well,
And I like my humor well.

Song 264.

Shall I woo thee lovely *Mally*,
She's ſo fair, ſo fatt, ſo jolly,
But ſhe has a trick of Folly,
Therefore I le have none of Molly no, no, no, no, no, no,
I'le have none of Molly, no, no, no.
Oh the cherry lips of *Nelly*,
They are red and ſoft as Jelly,
But too well ſhe loves her belly,
Therefore I le, &c.
What ſay you to bonny *Betty*,

Have you seen a Lass so pretty,
But her body is so swetty,
Therefore I'le, &c.
When I dally with my *Dolly*,
She is full of melancholly,
Oh that wench is pest'lent holy,
Therefore I'le, &c.
I could fancy lovely *Nanny*,
But she has the love of many,
Yet her self she loves not any,
Therefore I'le, &c
In a Flax-shop I spy'd *Rachel*,
Where she Tow and Flax did hatchel,
But her Cheeks hung like a Satchel,
Therefore I'le, &c.
In a corner I met *Biddy*,
Her heels were light, her head was giddy,
But she fell down and somewhat did I,
Therefore I le, &c.

Song 295.

THere was a Puritans Cat,
Was looking for her prey;
Being in the house,
She kill'd a Mouse,
Upon the Saboth Day,
Her Master being moved,
At such a Deed profane,
Being at his Book;
The Cat he took,
And ty'd her in a Chain.
Thou wicked damned Creature,
Thou Blood-sucker (said he)
Enough to throw,
To Hell below,
My holy house and me.

But

But be thou well assured,
Thou blood for blood shalt pay,
For spilling of
The Mouse's blood,
Upon the Saboth day.
Oh then he took his Bible book,
And earnestly he pray'd
That the great sin,
The Cat was in,
Might not on him be laid.
So then to Execution,
Poor Pussee, she was drawn,
Where on a Tree,
There hanged she,
And left her life in pawn.
For since the Act of Puritans,
Since they did bear such sway,
You murther must,
Nor Mouse, nor Louse,
Upon the Saboth Day.

Song 296.

SPeak *Chloris*, if thou canst not love,
Or if I am not he,
That can in thee such passion move,
Speak then, and set me free;
I hate to court and keep a pother,
To make you gamesome for another.
These ten days past, that I have lain,
Before thy lips and eyes,
Hath been long time enough to gain
A far more glorious Prize,
But I'me content, you make your boast,
That I my time, and you me lost.

Song 296.

IF the season proves unkinde,
The Bees will yield no Honey,

And if you'l lie with me to night,
You must give me your money;
And under the moss the Myne grows,
And under the Myne the money,
And under the Waste,
The Belly is plac'd,
And under that
I know not what,
But I think they do call it a —— Coney.

Song 297.

17 *l.* WHen *Aurelia* first I courted,
She had youth and Beauty too,
Killing pleasures when she sported,
And her Charms were ever new.
Conquering Time doth now deceive her,
Which her glories did uphold,
All her Arts can ne're retrieve her,
Poor *Aurelia*'s growing old.
The aiery spirits which invited,
Are retyr'd, and move no more;
And those eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore.
Want of these abate her merits,
Yet I've passion for her name,
Onely kind and am'rous Spirits,
Kindle and maintain a flame.

Song 298.

A Lover I am born, and a Lover I'le be,
And I hope from my Love I shall never be free,
Let wisdome abound in the grave Woman-hater,
Yet never to love, is a Sign of ill nature.
But he that loves well, and whose passion is strong,
Shall never be wretched, but ever be young.
With hopes, and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing and ever in motion,
When our passions are pal'd, & our fancies would fail,

Then

Then some little fresh quarrel, supplies a fresh gale,
But when the doubts clear'd, and the Jealousy's gone,
How we kiss, and embrace, and can never have done.

Song 299.

WE'l call for our Barge, & to *Lambeth* we'l row,
The fishes our Foot-men shall be,
The Swans that now silently swim to, and fro,
Shall die with their singing to thee,
We'l row, and we'l rest, we'l smile, and we'l kiss,
And *Neptune* himself, shall envy our bliss.
Our Drink shall be that which the Gods do delight in
But Nectar beyond any their's,
Our Servants shall tipple Canary, till fighting
Who first shall pledge thee, and thine Heirs,
See! each hath already his Cup to the brim,
And all our Attendants in Liquor shall swim.

Song 300.

ON the Bank of a Brook, as I sate fishing,
Hid in the Oziers that grew on the side,
I over-heard a Nymph, and a Shepherd wishing;
No time nor fortune, their loves might divide,
To *Cupid*, and *Venus*, each offer'd a Vow,
That they wu'd love ever, as they loved now.
Oh! said the Shepherd, and sigh't, what a pleasure
Is Love conceal'd, between Lovers alone,
Love must be secret as Fairy treasure,
When once discover'd 'twill quickly be gone,
For Envy and Jealousie, where they do stay,
Oh, it will soon at last make a decay.
Then let us leave the world, and care behind us,
Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand,
All alone, all alone, where none shall finde us,
In some far Desart, we'l seek a new Land,
And live from Envy, and Jealousie free,
And a whole world to each other we'l be.

Song 301.

I Always resolv'd to be free from the Charms,
That love with it's subtlety e're could invent,
I kick'd at his Deity, scorn'd at those harmes,
That he could inflict to abridge my content,
But now I do find,
Though the God he be blind,
The mark he has hit, and has charged my mind,
Though a God thought he be,
Yet his Manhood I see,
For with one poor shaft he has conquered me.
I likewise before such Beauties did see,
With Charms on their tongues, & Darts in their eyes
Who strove by their wiles to intoxicate me,
But never till now, my heart could surprize,
Yet now I do see,
That a slave I must be,
To that which before was a Servant to me;
For the angry Gods Dart,
Hath so pierced my heart,
No Balm that's apply'd but encreaseth my smart.
And thus being plung'd in this love in a maze,
This place is a Labyrinth where I reside,
Whose windings and turnings have so many ways,
That none can get out unless by a Guide.
And my Guide's so coy,
Though my Soul I employ,
To lie at her feet, yet my hopes she'l destroy,
But much rather than I,
Will keep parle with her eye,
To add to my Bonds, I'm resolved to die.

Song 302.

WHere ever I am, and what ever I do,
My *Phil'is* is still in my mind,
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* go,
My feet of themselves the way finde,

Unknown

Unknown to my ſelf, I am juſt at the door,
And when I would rail I can bring out no more,
Than Phillis too fair and unkind,
Than Phillis too fair and unkind.
When *Phillis* I ſee, my heart burns in my breaſt,
And the love I would ſtifle is ſhown,
Aſleep, or awake I am never at reſt,
When from my eyes *Phillis* is gone,
Sometimes a ſweet dream does delude my ſad minde,
But when I awake, no *Phillis* I finde,
How I figh to my ſelf all alone,
But I ſigh, &c.
Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He ſhould offer his Treaſure in vain,
Oh! let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again;
Let *Phillis* be mine, and but ever be kind,
I would to a Deſart with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign,
And envy no, &c.
Alas, I diſcover too much of my love,
And ſhe too well knows her own pow'r,
She makes me each day a new martyrdome prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour,
But let her each minute torment my poor minde,
I had rather love *Phillis* though falſe and unkinde,
Than ever be freed from her Pow'r,
Than ever be freed from her pow'r.

Song 303.

SInce you will needs my heart poſſeſs,
'Tis juſt to you I firſt confeſs
The faults to which 'tis given,
It is to change much more inclin'd,
Than Women, or the Sea, or wind,
Or ought that's under Heaven:
Nor will I hide from you this truth,

It hath been from it's very youth,
A most egregious Ranger,
And since from me, it often fled,
With whom it was both born, and bred,
'Twill scarce stay with a Stranger.
The Black, the fair, the grey, the sad,
Which made me often think 'twas mad,
With one kinde look would win it:
So naturally it loves to range,
That it hath left success for change,
And what's worse, glories in it.
Often when I am laid to rest,
It makes me act like one possest,
For still 'twill make a pother.
And though 'tis you I most esteem,
Yet it will make me in a Dream,
Court, and enjoy another.
And now if you are not afraid,
After these truths which I have said,
To take this arrant Rover,
Be not displeas'd, if I protest,
I think that heart within your brest,
Will prove just such another.

Song 304.

'Tis liberty I onely crave,
I am so airy minded,
Restraint to me is like a Grave,
I hate to be confined;
Until Death doth me arrest,
And saves I must be going,
Yet I'le drink and sing,
Till I feel it's sting,
For I fear no undoing.
Then let us ne're our selves deny,
That which is call'd a pleasure,
Wine, and women, I ill I cry,

On

On Earth's the onely treasure
We poor mortals can enjoy,
While we stand stiffly to 'em,
For, for half a Crown,
I'le have black or brown,
And ne're spend time to woo 'em.
He that doth misspend the day,
To court a thing calld Woman,
Is a mad man you will say,
Now they are grown so common;
They, poor souls, we cannot blame,
Since for their recreation,
The veriest Fact,
Which they sometimes act,
Is but predestination.

Song 305.

GReen was the Garden, and pleasant the walk,
The Fruit-trees all bending their heads,
When *Damon*, and I, did privately talk
Of our loves; and thus he proceeds,
My fair one, quoth he, be not cruel,
Denials augment but my wo,
And then he began,
T'bear up like a man,
But was quasht with a No, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
Recruiting himself, he renew'd the discourse,
No Listners were nigh but the Birds,
He zealously did the main Argument force
And often repeated his words,
Oh! *Phillis*, Denials will kill me,
My Dearest ne're answer me so,
And then with his hand,
He thought to command,
But was quasht, &c.
I modestly blusht, and then left him alone,

But

But was by him ſtraight overtook,
Quoth he, my delight is utterly flown,
When once I by you am forſook;
My love to you, faireſt, is real,
Then be you no longer my Foe,
Let each others bliſs,
Be ſeal'd with a kiſs,
But I anſwer'd him No, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Song 306.

13:c I Paſs all the night in a ſhady old Grove,
But I live not the day that I ſee not my Love,
I ſurvey ev'ry walk now my *Phillis* is gone,
And ſigh when I think we were there all alone,
O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think ther's no hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.
But each Grove, and each conſcious bank when I find
Where I once have happy, and ſhe hath been kind,
And ſpie where her print in the green doth remain,
And imagine the pleaſures may yet come again,
O then tis, O then 'tis, I think no joys above,
Like the pleaſures, the pleaſures of love.
But while I repeat to my ſelf all her charms,
She I love may be lock'd in another mans arms,
She may laugh at my cares, and ſo falſe may ſhe be,
To ſay all the kind things, ſhe before ſaid to me,
O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think there's no Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.
But when I conſider the truth of her heart,
Such innocent paſſion ſo kind without Art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope ſhe may be;
So full of true love, to be jealous of me.
O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think no joys above,
Like the pleaſures, the pleaſures of Love.

Song

Song 307.

ALl the flatt'ries of fate,
And the pleasures of state,
Are nothing to sweet, as what Love do's create;
If this you deny,
This time I should die,
Kind death's a Reprieve if you threaten to hate;
In some close shady Grove,
Will I wander, and rove
With the Nightingale, and the disconsolate Dove,
With a down hanging wing,
I will mournfully sing,
The tragick Events of unfortunate Love.
With our plaints we'l conspire,
To heighten Love's fire,
Still vanquishing life, till at length we'l expire,
And when I am dead,
In a cold leaden Bed,
Be interr'd with the Dirge of a desolate Quire.

Song 308.

I'Le go to my Love where he lies in the deep,
And in my embraces my dearest shall sleep,
When we wake the kind dolphins about us shal throng
And in Chariots of shells shall draw us along.
The Orient hath Pearls, which the Ocean bestows,
All mixed with Coral a Crown to compose,
Though the Sea-nymphs do spight us, & envy our bliss
We will teach them to love, and the Cockles to kiss.
For my Love lies now in his watry grave,
And hath nothing to shew for his Tomb but a wave,
Ple kiss his dear lips, than the Coral more red,
That growes where he lies in his watry Bed,
Ah, Ah, Ah, my Love's dead
There was not a Bell,
But a Tritons *shell,*
To ring, to ring out his Knell.

Song

Song 309.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen,
Oh things beyond compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place in *Engliſh* ground,
Be it at Wake, or Fair.
At *Charing-Croſs* hard by the way,
Where we thou know'ſt do ſell our Hay,
There is a houſe with ſtairs;
And there did I ſee coming down,
Such Volks as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt in paires.
Amongſt the reſt one peſt'lent fine,
(His Beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the reſt;
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him,
The King (God bleſs him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.
At Courſe-a-park without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out,
By all the Maids i'th' Town;
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.
But wot you what; the Youth was going,
To make an end of all his wooing;
The Parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt,
(Perchance) as did the Maid.
The Maid (and thereby hangs a Tale)
For ſuch a Maid no *Whitſon*-ale,
Could ever yet produce;
No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of juice.

He

Her Finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on, which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It lookt like the great Collar (just)
About our young Colts neck.
Her feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But *Dick* she dances such a way,
No Sun upon an *Easter day*,
Is half so fine a sight.
He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice
She would not do't in sight;
And then she lookt, as who should say,
I will do what I list to day,
And you shall do't at night.
Her Cheeks so rare a white were on,
No Dazy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone:)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a *Katherine*-pear,
The side that's next the Sun.
Her Lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin,
(Some Bee had stung it newly)
But *Dick*, her Eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in *July*.
Her mouth so small when she doth speak,
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get,
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If

If wishing should be any sin,
The Parson's self had guilty been,
(She look'd that day so purely)
And did the youth so oft the seat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him surely.
Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that that should be thought upon,
I trow besides the Bride.
The business of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there deny'd.
Just in the nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice,
His Summons did obey.
Each Serving-man with Dish in hand,
March'd boldly up like our Train'd-band,
Presented and away.
When all the meat was on the Table,
What man of Knife, or Teeth was able,
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the Parson could say Grace,
The Company was seated.
Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The Brides come thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers Health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
(And who can help it *Dick*?)
O'th sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again and sigh, and glance.
Then dance again and kiss;
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wisht her place,
And every man wisht his.

By this time all were ſtoln aſide,
To counſel, and undreſs the Bride;
But that he muſt not know;
But 'twas thought he gueſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind,
Above an hour or ſo.
When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay,
Like new-faln Snow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kiſſes were now the onely ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who ſhould ſay,
God b' w' y' with all my heart.
But juſt as Heavens would have to croſs it,
In came the Bride-maids with the poſſet,
The Bride-groom eat in ſpight:
For had he left the women to't,
It would have coſt two hours to do't;
Which were too much that night.
At length the Candles out, and now
All that they had not done they do,
What that is, you can tell;
But I believe it was no more,
Than thou and I have done before.
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*,

Song 310.

COme hither young Sinner;
Thou raw young beginner,
I'le ſhew if thou canſt underſtand me,
All the ways of a Wench,
Be ſhe *Engliſh* or *French*.
More than *Ovid de Arte Amandi*;
I'le teach thee to know,
Both the who, and the how;
And the when, and the where to delight,
If ſhe ſimper or Saint it,
Or patch it, or paint it,

I'le warrant, &c.

If ſhe jugg with her thighs,
Or twinkle with her eyes,
She bids you come on if you like her,
If without Joyes, or Fears,
She can laugh and ſhed tears,
'Tis the onely true Trick of a Striker.
If ſhe ſighes when ſhe ſpeaks,
Or doth uſe many freaks,
She is deeply in love, By this Light,
If you tread on her Toe,
And ſhe anſwer thee ſo,
I warrant, &c.

She'l ſmile and ſhe'l frown,
She'l laugh and lie down,
At every turn you muſt tend her;
She'l peep in her Glaſs,
And diſpraiſe her own face,
On purpoſe that you may commend her;
With Love-tales and fancies,
Pickt out of Romances,
She'l angle to try if you'l bite;
If ſhe ſpeak in a paſſion,
Or make application,
I warrant, &c.

If ſhe ſtand at a diſtance,
There isno reſiſtance,
Her very Retreat is a Call,
She'l ſtare in your eyes,
Like a Pyrate for Prize,
As if ſhe would ſay, *Have at all*.
She l ſhew you her breſt,
To gueſs at the reſt,
The Fountain of Love, and Delight,
If ſhe ſit in thy Lap,
Beware of a Trap,
I warrant, &c.

She'l hit, and she'l miss,
Look coy, and yet kiss,
o try and finde out what you are,
One Action shall say,
Pray Sir, *Go your way*,
nd another *Come on if you dare.*
She'l give you a glance,
Like Heaven in a trance,
o Diamond nor Saphir so bright,
If she drink Wine and Burrage,
And kiss with a Courage,
I warrant, &c.

She'l set you more snares,
Than her Tyre hath hairs,
he's subtle and swift in invention;
If you jest, and mean loosely,
Though ne're so recluſely,
he'l shew you her quick apprehension:
Her Plots are abounding,
She sits hath of sounding,
f she call on your Name in the fright;
Blind *Cupid* hath hit her,
And you too may fit her,
I warrant, &c.

When *Noll* stole the Scepter,
She canted in Scripture,
nd went to St. *Antholines* Lectures,
But now she doth trade,
Like a right Reformade,
And is a Decoy to the Hectors;
She'l swear she is free,
From all men but thee,
And blush like a Bride the first night,
If she squint through her hood,
'Tis to heighten thy blood.
I warrant, &c.

Her

Her turns and her windings,
Are past your out findings,
She hath so many changeable tempers;
She'l give you a look,
Like a Virgin forlook,
With another Comm and like an Empress;
This Sign never misses,
If she squeaks when she kisses,
And glimmers like Stars in the night;
If she give thee a trip,
With her loose lower lip,
I'le warrant, &c

She'l kiis and cry quarter,
Unloosen her Garter,
That you may tak't up as a favor,
When you ty't on again,
She'l cry *What d'ye mean*,
You're a man of a loose behavior;
Yet thus will she play,
To direct you the way;
To the Center and Seat of delight,
If she's troubled with qualms,
Or sweat in her Palms,
I'le warrant, &c.

She'l bid you forbear,
You're uncivil (my Dear)
She tempts in her very denial;
When her tongue cries *be gone*,
Her looks cry *come on*,
These ticklings are onely for tryal;
When Rams do retreat,
More courage they get,
And tilt with a redoubled might;
No fight can so move,
As the Land-skip of Love,
I'le warrant, &c.

She'l

Sh'l give you to wear,
A Bracelet of hair,
And that as a fetter ſhe locks on,
But let me perſwade ye,
One hair of a Lady,
Shall draw more than ten team of Oxen.
Thus have I in brief,
Told the marks of the Thief,
That filches affection by ſlight;
But if ſhe prevail,
Thou'rt a ſlave in a Goal,
And Honor will bid thee goodnight.

Song 311.

WHat Empire (*Calia*) equal'd mine,
When I alone reign o're all thine;
When all thy Glories did as aptly wait
On my devotions, as my thoughts would ha't,
When both thy heart and eyes,
All other Objects did deſpiſe,
And like a ſacred Votary didſt make,
Me thy dear Saint, and thence thy bleſſing take.
Then I in what pride I liv'd, to know that thee
Whom our whole world ador'd, was ruld by me.
But now like Forreigners, thine eyes
Do gaze on all to take a prize,
Thy Beauty too, which center'd upon me,
Is now diffus'd, and has ubiquity.
Thy Vows and tears paſs'd by,
But know (vain *Calia*) that I,
Can quietly into my ſelf retire,
Without the danger of a ſecond fire,
And ſcorn thy parcelld Love, 'Tis rarely known;
A Prince admits a Sharer to his throne.

Song

Song 312.

NOw God alone that made all things,
Heaven and Earth, and all that's in,
The Ships that in the Seas do swim,
To keep out Foes from coming in,
Then every one does what he can,
All for the good, and use of man,
And I wish in Heav'n his Soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the Leather Bottel.

Now what d' ye say to Canns of Wood?
Faith they're naught, they cannot be good,
For when a man for Beer doth send,
To have them fill'd he doth intend;
The bearer stumbles by the way,
And on the ground the Beer doth lay,
Then doth the man begin to bann,
And swears 'twas long o'th woodden Cann,
But had it been in a Leather Bottel,
It had not been so, for all had been well,
And safe therein it would remain,
Until the man got up again,
And I wish, &c.

What do you say to Glasses fine?
Faith they shall have no praise of mine,
For when a man's at Table set,
And by him sev'ral sorts of meat,
The one loves flesh, the other fish,
Then with your hand remove a Dish,
Touch but the Glass upon the brim,
The Glass is broke, and nought left in,
The Table-cloath though ne're so fine,
Is soil'd with Beer, or Ale, or Wine,
And doubtless for so small abuse,
A Servant may his Service loose,
But I wish, &c.

What say you to the handled pot?
No praise of mine shall be its lot,
For when a man and wife's at strife,
As many have been in their life,
They lay their hands upon it both,
And break the same, although they're loath,
But woe to them shall bear the guilt,
Between them both the liquor's spilt,
For which they shall answer another day,
Casting so vainly their liquor away,
But if it had been Leather-bottel'd,
One might have tug'd, the other have held,
Both might have tug'd till their hearts should break,
No harm the Leather Bottel could take,
Then I wish, &c.

What say you to Flagons of silver fine?
Why faith they shall have no praise of mine,
For when a Lord for Sack doth send,
To have them fild he doth intend,
The man with the Flagon runs away,
And never is seen after that day,
The Lord then begins to swear and ban,
For having lost both Flagon, and man,
But had it been either by Page or Groom,
With a Leather bottel it had come home,
And I wish, &c.

And when this Bottel is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold,
Out o'th side you may cut a clout,
To mend your shooes when they're worn out,
Then hang the rest up on a pin,
'T will serve to put odd trifles in,
As Rings, and Awls, and Candles ends,
For young beginners have such things,

And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the Leather Bottel.

Song 317.

IF any man do want a House,
Be he Prince, Barronet, or Squire,
Or Peasant, hardly worth a Louse,
I can fit his desire.
I have a Tenement, the which
I'm sure can fit them all;
'Tis seated near a stinking Ditch,
Some call it *Cunny-Hall*.
It stands close by *Cunny-Alley*,
At foot of *Belly-hill*.
This House is freely to be Lett,
To whom soever will.
For Term of Life, or Years, or Days;
I'le Lett this pleasant Bowre,
Nay rather than a Tenant want,
I'le Lett it for an hour.
About it grows a lofty Wood,
Will save you from the Sun,
Well watred 'tis, for thoroughout,
A pleasant Stream doth run.
If hot, you then may cool your self,
If cool, you'l there find heat,
For greatest 'tis not too little,
For least, 'tis not too great.
I must confess my House is dark,
Be it by night or day,
But when you're once but got therein,
You cannot loose your way.
And when you are in, go boldly on,
As fast as e re you can,
For if you go to the end thereof,
You go where ne're did man.

But

But though my House be deep, and dark,
'Tis has many a man made merry,
And in't much Liquor has been spent,
More precious far than Sherry.
Thus if you like my *Cunny Hall*,
Your House-room shall be good,
For such a temper as you finde,
Burns neither Coal, nor Wood.
For if it rain, or freeze, or snow,
To speak I dare be bold,
If you keep your Nose within the Door,
You ne're shall feel the cold.
But I must covenan with him
That takes this house of mine,
Whether it be for Term of life,
Or else for shorter time,
See that you dress it twice a day,
And rub it round about,
And if you do dislike of this,
I'le seek a new Tenant out.

Song 314.

NOw the weather is warm,
There's no catching of harm.
And I am resolv'd to go venture,
I'le go get me a Wife,
She shall lead such a life,
She shall never have cause to repent her,
All night in my arms
I will keep her from harms,
And thus with my Charms will I win her,
In the morn e're we're up,
Chocolat a quart Cup,
We both will drink off before Dinner.
And after Noon-tyde,
Both I, and my Bride,

To the Tavern we'l ride and so brave it,
With Fiddlers a Score,
Twelve Dishes and more,
We ne're shall be poor while we have it.
Before it be dark
To a Play, or Hide-park,
And home by Spring-Garden we rattle,
Whilst our Neighbors with Wine,
Do tipple like swine,
And their wives are as drunk with their prattle.
When our Children are grown,
And their humors are known,
To follow blind Fortune her ranges,
The boys shall be such,
They shall humble the *Dutch*,
And our Wenches shall sowe on the Changes.

Song 315.

I Have been in Love,
And in Debt, and in Drink,
This many, and many a year,
And those three Plagues,
Are enough one would think,
For one poor Mortal to bear.
'Twas wine made me fall into Love,
'Twas Love made me run into debt,
And though I have strugled,
And strugled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.
There's nothing but money can cure me,
And ease me of all my pain,
'Twill pay off my Debts,
And remove all my Letts,
And my Mistress that would not endure me,
Will love me,
And love me again.
O then I'le fall to loving,
And drinking amain.

Song

Song 316.

HOw hard is an heart to be cured,
That is over-whelm'd with despair,
'Tis a pain that by force is endured,
Which despiteth our passion, & laughs at our care.
Then since nothing but death can untie
Those Fetters with which you ensnare me,
For your sake, I am ready to try,
And if you're unwilling to save me,
I am not unwilling to die.

But how much were it better complying
With the sighs, and the tears, and the groans,
Of a poor distress'd Lover dying,
And give ear to the voice of his pitiful moans,
Then your slave shall in triumph be led,
To shew the effects of good Nature;
And it shall for your honour be sed,
'Tis true, she kill'd a poor creature,
But she rais'd him again from the dead.

Song 317.

I'Le bark against the Dog-star,
And crow away the morning,
I'le chace the Moon,
Till it be noon,
And I'le make her leave her horning;
But I will find bonny *Maud*, merry mad *Maud*,
And seek what e're betides her,
Yet will I love,
Beneath or above,
That dirty earth that hides her.

I'le crack the Poles asunder,
Strange things I will devise on,

I'le beat my brain against *Charles-wain*,
And I'le grasp the round Horizon;
But I le find, &c.

I'le search the Caves of slumber,
And please her in a Night-dream,
I'le tumble her into *Lawrences* Fenn,
And hang my self in a Sun-beam,
But I will, &c.

I'le sail upon a Mil-stone,
And make the Sea-Gods wonder,
I'le plunge in the deep, till I wake all asleep,
And I'le tear the Rocks in sunder.
But I will find bonny *Maud*, merry mad *Maud*,
And seek what e're betides her,
Yet will I love,
Beneath, or above,
That dirty Earth that hides her.

Song 318.

Almanz. HOw unhappy a Lover am I,
While I sigh for my *Phillis* in vain
All my hopes of delight,
Are another mans Right,
Who is happy while I am in pain.

Queen. Since her Honour affords no relief,
But to pity the paines which you bear,
'Tis the best of your fate,
In a hopeless Estate,
To give o're, and in time to despair.

Al I have tryed the false medicine in vain,
For I wish what I hope not to win,
From without my desire,

Has

Has no food to its fire,
But burns and consumes me within.

Queen. Yet at last tis a pleasure to know,
That you are not unhappy alone,
For the Nymph you adore,
Is as wretched, or more,
And accounts all your sufferings her own.

Al. O ye Powers! let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phillis* Ile lie,
Ile resign up my breath,
And take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die.

Queen. What her Honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to your love,
Such a flame is as true,
After death shall renew,
For the souls to meet closer above.

Song 319.

POor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye she had,
Most neatly look'd her braided hair,
Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad;
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
And on her breasts ten thousand *Cupids* lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,
From seventeen to twenty one,
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But she, forsooth, affected none,
One was not handsome, the other was not fine,
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of wine.

But th' other day it was my fate,
To pass along that way alone,
I saw no Coach before her Gate,
But at her door I heard her moan,
And dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies marry, marry whilst you may.

Song 320.

HOw severe is forgetful old age,
To confine a poor Lover so,
That I almost despair,
To see even the air,
Much more my dear *Damon*; Hey, ho.

Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
I am trac'd so where-ever I go,
That some treacherous Tree,
Hides this old man from me,
And there he counts every Hey ho.

How shall I this *Argus* blind?
And so put an end to my wo,
For whilst I beguile,
All his frowns with a smile,
I betray my self with a *Hey ho.*

My restraint then alas must endure,
So that since my sad doom I know,
I'le pine for my Love,
Like the Turtle Dove,
And breath out my life in *Hey ho.*

Posies

Poſies for Rings, with other things.

'Tis onely you, whom I purſue.
Bleſt be the Pow'rs, that made me yours.
Our conſtant Love, ſhall ne're remove,
I'le e're rejoyce, in thee my Choice.
'Tis thou art mine, and I am thine.
When thi s you ſee, then think on me.
In ſuch a Roſe, is ſweet repoſe.
Health, and good Wives, do lengthen lives.
That Love is ſtrong that laſteth long,
Diſtance ne're parts two conſtant hearts.
This Gift of mine, is ever thine.
I do but ſhow, the love I owe.
The Lord above, improve our Love.
If I neglect thee, then diſreſpect me.
Your Denials were my Tryals.
This, and true friends, do know no ends.
Be not thou coy, we'l get a boy.
I can fancy, none but *Nancy*.
'Tis thee my *Jone*, I love or none.
I ſtill muſe on, my dear *Suſan*.
Time ne're ſhall vary, my Love from *Mary*.
When hearts combine, true Love will ſhine.
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My heart, and this, do crave a Kiſs.
'Tis your conſent, gives me content.
The Gods combine, to make thee mine.

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To the Queens moſt Excellent Majeſty.
To the moſt Illuſtrious Prince.
To the Right Honorable, Earl.
To the Honorable, Sir *A B.* Knight and Baronet.
To the Right Worſhipful, Sir *A. B.*
To the Worſhipful, *A B.* Eſquire.
To his well beloved, Dear Father.
To his Loving, and dear Mother.
To his dear affectionate Siſter.
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SIR, Your Goodness is as boundless, as my desires to serve you.

Sir, Your Vertues are the Load-stones that draw even your enemies to love and to admire you.

Sir, It is my profession to appear in all places a servant to your Merits.

Sir, I have nourisht in my self a continual care of seeking opportunities to do you service.

Sir, You have so pursued me with your favours, that I am capable of no other pleasure, but to entertain them.

Sir, Such is your deserts and my necessity, that I want both words and services to express how unfeignedly I honour you.

Sir, Your bounties have been show'd upon me with such excess, that I am uncapable of a Complement.

Sir, I shall desire no greater glory from you, than new proofs of my obedience.

Sir, When I have finisht your desires, I should intreat you to reserve some new Commands, so great a pleasure I take in being yours.

Sir, You have deserved more services from me, than my life is able to perform.

Sir, Such is the excess of my affection, that all my passions do but wait upon your good fortunes.

Sir, I confess I never merited the effects of such noble-

robleneſs, as that you ſhou'd account of me as an object for your vertuous inclinations.

Sir, The pleaſure I entertain to conſider your goodneſs, is more ſatisfaction to me, than my advancement.

Sir, Should I not render you thanks for your many favours, I ſhould die of a deep impatience.

Sir, Your goodneſs hath forced me to a ſilence, that I am not able to render you ſufficient thanks for ſo great a favour.

Sir, You are ſo highly generous, that I am altogether ſenceleſs.

Sir, With the ſame joy that I formerly embraced your friendſhip, I entertained the good news of your happy Marriage; and ſhall love you with the ſame paſſions as before.

Sir, I have made a vow to honour you all my life, and not to remit one point of the paſſion I have to do you ſervice.

Sir, I am daily in diſquiet, and ſhall be, till ſome occaſion be offered me ſuddenly wherein I may appear to you to be more than verbal.

Sir, This tyranny of your humour or inclination, is too great a puniſhment for me to groan under.

Sir, 'Tis my ambition to conſerve the Honour I have obtained of being your ſervant.

Sir, You are ſo noble in all reſpects, that I have learn'd to love, as well as to admire you.

Sir, I am grown jealous of your generoſity, your favours come ſo faſt on me, that I ſhall be forced to ſeem ingrateful.

Sir, Your paſſions are mine; Nor can I live more in freedom, than when I am bound to you in the bonds of Friendſhip.

Sir, You are the riſing Sun which I adore.

Sir, I wear you in my heart.

Sir,

Sir, You are the Star I reach at.
Sir, You are the Miracle of Friendship.
Sir, Your Goodness wants a President.
Sir, You have the power to sway me as you please.
Sir, Be pleased to instruct me how I may thank your love.
Sir, I am your Friend, and that word speaks me wholly yours.
Sir, You have so far engaged me, that I know not what I can do, that is not at your command.
Sir, When I would admire you, you wrap me up in wonder.
Sir, My zeal is so fervent towards you, that I am sick with passion.
Sir, If you have not cast off the name of Friend make me companion of your cares.
Sir, I take so much pleasure in serving you am proud to please you.
Sir, You are the only Anchor of my hopes.
Sir, I shall study to chronicle your Vertues.
Sir, Fear no dangers, my Arms shall be your Quary.
Sir, You are so full of your desert, that faculty but what is yours.
Sir, You are so highly noble, that you my Exchequer.
Sir, I am a captive to your Honour, an[d] Example steers me.
Sir, Your Complements call your Faith in q[ues]r, You tell me stories midnight would blush to
Sir, The Ocean's not more boundless than yours.
Sir, Be confident of my affection, while I h[ave] om to lodge you in my bosome.
Sir, I am sick till I see you, whose presence is my [re]storative.

Sir, Your Language is more dubious than an Oracle.

Sir, You have the power to sever me as you please.

Sir, I am in so great an Extasie for your safety, that passion, like midnight, sits upon my thoughts.

Sir, To be obedient to your Commands, is a duty I am proud of.

Sir, The blessings of your Mistris fall upon you.

Sir, I'le rather doubt an Oracle, than question what you deliver.

Sir, My want of power to pay those Debts I owe to you and Honour, makes me accuse my fortunes.

Sir, I yield my self to your direction, manage me your pleasure.

Sir, Your Accomplishments speaks you the Muses; you have suckt the Marrow of the Court.

You are amorous as the youthfull *May*.

I'le be just to you, as Heaven to Truth.

I'le out-wait a Bayliff to attend you.

You value my weak deserts with too much.

Necessity hath neither law, nor shame; for con my nature, I am forced to become an hum earnest Suiter to you.

I have over-run the world in Honors Race Im honour'd in this Acknowledgement.

I shall inform the Lady of your zeal in h ndation.

Be pleased to instruct me how I may requi ve.

, You have power to oblige my soul.

ir, I must die, or live to be ungrateful.

Sir, Let me beg the trouble of a pardon; if I ha omitted those honours due to your deserts.

Sir, Without a Complement, I am your Friend, that one word speaks me wholly yours.

Sir, Pray admit this stranger to your knowledge, his deserts will requite your trouble.

Sir, Since I must be conquer'd by your courtesies, 'tis my glory to be your slave.

Sir, Having your favour I am rich, without it none so miserable.

Sir, I shall not be more importunate than mannerly.

Sir, This Visit is as welcome, as the greatest honour you could do me.

Sir, May your own Vertues be your Guard.

Sir, I congratulate your happy presence.

Sir, May this meeting create a lasting League of Amity betwixt us.

Sir, I should be entirely happy, should I finde an occasion to imprint the Characters of your Vertues in my breast, by a more firm acquaintance.

Sir, Your Civilities have endear'd you to me; you shall rule as a Planet in the Orb of my affections.

Sir, May your love be fortunate, that delights may stream into your bosome.

Sir, The pleasures of the morning wait upon you.

Sir, Your Vertue and Eloquence make you immortal upon earth.

Sir, From the first time that I beheld you, I have made it my zeal to express my self your most humble servant.

Sir, If you love, as you say you do, you will have patience: True love will last a siege.

Sir, It is the design of my Ambition to be passionately your most faithfull servant.

Sir, The pleasure I have in your love, and the assurance of my own innocency, hath caused me to give this new remembrance of my being wholly yours.

Sir, Rather than lose your company, I would compass the utmost bounds of the Terrestrial Globe.

Sir, I am yours, and will be so, though fate and death forbid.

Sir, I am in earnest, 'tis not my humour to treat my friends with dreams.

Sir, This your Barbarity to your Friend, shall not make me forget you, nor my own duty, for though the strongest love oftentimes degenerates into the greatest hate, yet I am resolved to live and die yours.

Sir, Your suit is an impertinent trouble to us both, for be assured it is as possible for the Stars to forget their course, as for me to love you.

Sir, *Nothing shall rob my heart of the fair image of your Vertues, but Death it self.*

Sir, *Your Bounty exceeds the small stock of my Merits, that durst not have entertained such an ungrateful thought, as to be worthy of those favours you afford me.*

Sir, *It is by your bounty I am enabled to make a Present, accept therefore of this small one, that the world may testifie how much I glory to proclaim the first Founders of my estate.*

Sir, *I have found you so much my faithfull friend hitherto, that I doubt not but you will appear so hereafter, if need require.*

Sir, *Fortune is now propitious, and hath sent you this grateful acnkowledgement for all your favours.*

Sir, *Your Mind contains a Spring of Vertue, each day affords me a fresh Character of your Friendship.*

Sir, Your reality hath gained my affection, and I want nothing more, than an occasion to testifie my acknowledgements.

Sir, Fortune is now turn'd Strumpet, and extorts from me an interest for the sum of favours she formerly did trust me with

Sir, Fortune, I thank her, hath now brought me acquainted with Necessity; for this is my opportunity of imbracing so rich a Treasure as your self.

Sir, Be wise, and as the Proverb saith, *Look before*

leap; he is happy that can withstand a Temptation with a noble Resolution.

Sir, Should I twine my arms to Cable, sit up all night like a Watching Candle, and distil my Brains through my Eye-lids, yet I must love you; I the receiving you, and you me, who is the third person shall hinder us?

Sir, You seem to be a man of much reading, you talk of nothing but of warbling Rhapsodies.

Sir, You understand your Authority over me, I dare not deny my endeavours to perform whatsoever you shall please to command.

Sir, Heaven which hears and answers prayers, give a blessing to all your vertuous desires.

Sir, The late courtesies you did me, are but borrowed, and like an honest Tenant, I shall provide my Rent against the time of your demand.

Sir, I would advise you to be careful of your Honour, but I doubt you were never yet right worshipful.

Sir, Let this suffice, I am satisfied; your innocency hath cleared my jealousie.

Sir, I am ignorant wherein I am guilty of anything may prompt you to suspect either my love, or duty.

Sir, I cannot be so tedious in the performance of your Commands, as you are to employ me.

Sir, Farewel, you are grown rude; I dare not beat you farther.

Sir, I hate your base desires, you and your lust continue, till shame work an amendment.

Sir, Sin is a brave Orator, you give your lust the golden titles of pleasure and delight, but forget what bitterness attends the end.

Sir, I submit to your Censure, either to approve or to condemn, you are the Oracle of the Court.

Sir, Be not daunted, Love and Fortune joyn with the Couragious.

Sir, I should sin, should I suspect your Vertue, whose glory it is to vanquish all deceits.

Sir, Such is my interest in your prosperity, that I will never condemn fortune, while she makes you her Darling.

Sir, Pardon me, if my presumption hath run beyond the rules of good manners.

Sir, Adieu, may pleasures be your attendance, while I court your return.

Sir, In all your dangers, let my bosome be your religious sanctuary.

Sir, Your Bounty hath added so many feathers to my wings, that I am in haste to do you service.

Sir, May we from this day date our immortal friendship.

Sir, I cannot stoop too low in my observance to your desires.

Sir, Your fortunes are your own, but your fate is mine.

Sir, You humble your self in exalting me.

Sir, I would beg a favour of you, but my modesty bids me stay.

Sir, I am ready to obey, no man can be more proud of your commands.

Sir, Let me beg your acceptance of a trifle, only the earnest of my gratitude.

Sir, 'Tis your presence that compleats our joys.

Sir, My blessings are derived from you.

Sir, Pursue your pleasures, my life shall be engaged to your interest.

Sir, I would thank you for the honour you have done me, but shame and my fearful blushes teach me a farther duty.

Sir, I must blushing leave you, having nothing to require you with but words.

Sir, You are kinde in this friendly Visit, you

welcome, and my thanks are infinite.

Sir, Let us embrace as friends, and not as Courtiers.

Sir, Sleep is not more welcome to the wearied Traveller, than you are to my House.

Sir, My entertainment speaks me most freely welcome.

Sir, Let me know your ground for this suspition.

Sir, How have my actions rendred me suspected?

Sir, Envy hath no power to hurt your fame.

Sir, Malice can never blemish your deserts.

Sir, My submission waits upon your pardon.

Sir, Nothing is wanting, but my all, your presence.

Sir, One that desires to serve you sends this paper to salute your hands.

Sir, You bestow too great an Honour on him that is your creature.

Sir, Teach me to be grateful, I dare presume my soul would be apt to learn any thing that might tend to your service.

Sir, My Thanks and the endeavours of my life are a debt I owe to you.

Sir, I shall be your debtor, if you keep me in your minde.

Sir, I have one suit, and shall dare to beg no more.

Sir, I flatter my own discretion in nothing more than in loving you.

Sir, I am proud when a kinde opportunity makes me yours.

Sir, Understand your own worth, and then know I can have no power to slight any occasion of serving you.

Sir, Your love is the Exchequer of my Wealth.

Sir, The rough humours of your age, are unfit to accompanie with the smooth browes of youth.

Sir, I beseech you be more sparing of your courtesies, lest the world take you for a prodigal.

Sir, Be not so inconstant in your affection, lest in the conclusion you appear too much like the Marygold, to open at the Sun-shine of prosperity, and to shrink before the clouds of adversity.

Sir, By your singular Character, the Lady seems to be so rarely accomplish'd, that to her only, I commit the Treasures of my life and fortunes.

Sir, My late confidence hath this excuse, that neither Fate nor Fortune delighteth in a Coward.

Sir, I will rather hazard my reputation, than be negligent of your Commands.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courtesies, with an unwearied constancy in the roads of Vertue.

Sir, Let me be still a sharer in your favours, so shall I grow proud of my own fortunes.

Sir, This part of the world shares in your prosperity, since you were born to serve your Prince, and to command his people.

Sir, My only glory in your service, is to be humble and to obey.

Sir, Your Endowments shine beyond the degree of brightness.

Sir, Your inventing new Fables, speaks you a good Poet, and me a good subject for your Romantick Fancy.

Sir, Your good fortune and noble Resolutions shine so clear in all employments, that it appears Nature made all things to honour you.

Sir, Your Vertues are so well known, you cannot think I flatter.

Sir, I never had those ambitious thoughts to think you could affect so imperfect a creature as my self.

Sir, Your Vertues may give a lustre to a Princes Crown.

Sir,

Sir, Without you, the States necessities encrease.

Sir, I could not allot more moderate limits to my Ambition, than to do you service.

Sir, You can never die, succeeding Chronicles will give a life to your Heroick acts.

Sir, If you command, I will despise the worst of fate, or bow to the infelicities of cruel fortune.

Sir, My appetite is sick, for want of a capacity to digest your Favours.

Sir, *Whatsoever your designs are, let your reputation continue fair.*

Sir, *He that tramples on your fame, stamps upon the reputation of the whole Court.*

Sir, *Your Vows have so amaz'd me, I know not how to answer.*

Sir, *In all shapes and under the most fearful aspects that can appear, I am yours.*

Sir, *I will forbear commending you, since all that I can say is dishonourable to your deserts.*

Sir, *The chief objects of my thoughts hath been the glory of your Name.*

Sir, I prostrate my presumption at your feet, I shall not happy me if you forsake me.

Sir, My very thoughts are yours, you have an interest in them as well as me.

Sir, All my acknowledgements come far short of the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You mistake my disposition, if you judge I affect praises, Heaven never made me to intemperate.

Sir, Should not my friendship appear on any occasion to serve you, it would remain as a recluse.

Sir, The world would be so unpeopled, and Nature would lose her pride, were there no such men as you to maintain their Honours.

Sir, Your Vertue can be recorded by none but by your self

Sir,

Sir, though you injure me, my humility shall mak
me silent.

Sir, Though your anger seems to thunder, I ca
forbear no longer.

Sir, Your favours come so fast, they will neither su
fer me to be miserable, nor to seem so.

Sir, Your actions are so vertuous, they carry
authority alwayes with them.

Sir, Build not too much on your confidence, l
you tire him whom you have so often injur'd.

Sir, If you alledge excuses for so poor a trifle, y
make your self a stranger to my love.

Sir, You fetch your conceits too far, they transce
the subject on which you do bestow them.

Sir, Your fortunes are fair, but your judgeme
may be admir'd.

Sir, Your excellent qualities might become t
presence of a Prince.

Sir, It is by your contents or discontents, tha
measure the necessities and fatalities of this world.

Sir, Your favours have raised me so high, tha
seem to stand upon a precipice, and to discern my
with the greater terrour.

Sir, I have long since learnt, a Lovers religion is
swear and forswear.

Sir, I have a new life in being yours, your go
ness gives me a new creation.

Sir, Futurity shall crown the Reliques of your l
noured Ashes with Palms and Laurels.

Sir, I shall not hold my self absent from you, w
I retain any room in your heart and memory.

Sir, You are the heir of a rich inheritance, the
dence of your Vertue entitles you to Heaven.

Sir, 'Tis no wonder there is so little goodness in
world, since by the rich stock of Vertue that res
you, others are become bankrupts.

Sir, I owe my good Fortune to your favourable assistance.

Sir, My wishes go along with your endeavours, may your desires be happily performed.

Sir, I should prove cruel to my self, should I neglect one that nobly loves me.

Sir, Forbear your hasty protestations, I do believe your soul's without a blemish, and I glory in my choice.

Sir, Leave your superfluous Language, I am none of those Ladies that are enamoured with flattering Acrosticks; or to have their names so dis-joynted in an Anagram, 'twould puzzle ten Magicians to set them together again.

Sir, You have a good smack at Poetry, and I grant you too, Love and Poesie are divine, commonly infused together; yet 'tis ordinarily tyed to rules of flattery.

Sir, Your Oratory makes me suspect your faith, let it suffice I love you; Nor shall it be long ere *Hymen* shall seal the Contract.

Your very servant Sir.

Complements towards Ladies, Gentlewomen, Maids, &c.

MAdam, It is a vain illusion, if you dream that ever you can gain a reputation by my ruine.

Madam, 'the grace of eloquence is seated on your lips.

Madam, Your beauty is the conqueress of man, who is never to be satisfied with the lustre of your eyes.

Fair

Fair one, Your feature and your vertues excell all mortal sence.

Madam, When I see you I am in paradice, it is then that my eyes carve me out a feast of Love.

Madam, Mortal eyes are never to be satisfied with the wonders of your beauty.

Madam, Your complexion clear as is the skie, was never fram'd but to be ador'd.

Madam, Though my person is removed from you, my purpose is not, for I still retain and will till death, the resolutions of being, Madam, Yours.

Madam, I dare be confident you have too much Vertue to study the Art of dissimulation.

Madam, Be faithful to him that dares look on death to preserve you, or indure all the despights of fortune to defend your reputation.

Madam, Your beauty hath so bereav'd me of my fear, that I do account it far more possible to die, than to forget you.

Faireſt, Take this for a certain truth, I shall rather choose to abhor my self, than to pitch my affectionate resolutions on any object but the excellence of your beauty.

Madam, Your Kindred may be cruel in keeping us asunder, but my heart shall never stray from the duty it bears to your Vertues.

Madam, I shall ever sacrifice the best of my endeavours to the favour of your affection.

Madam, It was not through a conceit of my own deserts, that I have shot at so fair a mark as your Vertuous and innocent fair self, my presumption hath only this excuse, it was directed by Love, and I may well stray, when my guide is blind.

Madam, You have vanquished me, I am an eternal prisoner to your beauty.

Farest, Your beauty is Loves Copy to read won lers on.

Madam, Your soul is so divinely bright, that what s otherwise dare not approach to you, lest it sees its wn deformity.

Madam, You have my prayers at all times, though ou go hence, we cannot be absent from one another, ince I have placed you in the secret cabinet of my eart.

Oh Madam, If the thoughts of your departure ake me melancholly, the real absence will be a misery orse than death.

Fair Maid, It is cruelty to frown at parting, that lond bids me expect a storm, but oh what bliss I find n this deceit; you seem angry by your frowns, and et each brow lodges loves deity within it.

Lady, I did not intend to have written to you, but my affection hath overswayed my reason, be not still uel left you make me so desperate, that I shall be o longer either my own or yours.

Madam, Since I want merits to equallize your Ver- ue, I will for ever mourn for my imperfections.

Dear Love, My heart will not suffer my tongue to ter that fatal word farewel, since when I leave you, I hake hands with my most perfect object of Beatitude.

Madam, If you know not how to love, I know not ow to live, unless in torments.

Madam, Be pleased to wear this Diamond, which mes with an Ambition to recover a greater lustre by ur smiles.

Madam, Make me poor, or miserable, use your plea- ure with me, so you enrich me with your love.

Dear Lady, Must I needs part with all my felicities once, Then adieu fair Sun of my soul, and suppose am with you, for we cannot part, since our hearts so rmly are united.

Fair

Fair One, Adieu, Be still more fortunate, and le
cruel, whilst I, though the most unhappy, resolve t
continue constant.

Madam, Unless you give me your self, it lies not i
your Art or power to requite that affection wherewit
I do adore you.

Madam, I never yet offered my affections to a
beauty but your own, since then you have the pr
heminence above all others, be favourable to him th
gives it, and with it, himself wholly to your disp
sal.

Madam, Give me but the favour to suffer me to di
cover my affections, and then if you shall think fit, s
leave me to perpetuity.

Madam, Remember my respects when you are go
hence, It will be some consolation to me, though
have not the sight of your fair eyes, if I may be assur
you have me but sometimes in your thoughts.

Fair Lady, My whole estate is summ'd up in yo
smiles.

Madam, What crime of mine hath raised your a
gry frowns?

Madam, To call you fair, is an Epethite benea
your beauty.

Madam, *Cupid* hath fixt himself in your eyes, a
wounds all that come but near him.

Blush fair Creature, Blush; since to be coy, is to
cruel, and to be cruel, is to be otherwise than wh
you seem, a Beauty.

Fairest, It is now high time to cherish my desire
let them be no longer prisoners to the shades of
lence.

Dear Madam, Your love is the perfection of my d
sires.

Fairest, Make me so happy, as to raise my affec
ons to the honour of being yours.

Mad

Madam, Be wise and dote not so much upon your own beauty, the man with the bald pate can so alter your physiognomy, that in a short time it shall fright you more than a Judge doth a Thief.

Madam, 'Tis past your Art to shun me, I will put a Girdle round about the world but I will finde you.

Madam, You are the Queen of Beauties, your vertues give a commanding power to every mortal.

Fair Lady, 'Tis your beauty is the divinity which mortals desire to know and to admire.

Lady Fine, Your Tyrant-beauty hath but a short reign, you cannot say 'tis yours, for you cannot dispose of it, nor possess it long.

Madam, 'Tis true you are handsome, but remember Faces are like Books, they that study them do best know them, and the truth is, they are liked only as they please the Courteous Reader.

Madam, Why will you shun me; let me but view my wealth, otherwise where is my comfort more than if I should think to feed my eyes with looking on a Cask of Jewels in the dark.

Dear Lady, I am happy in loving you, but the most unhappy if you deny your love.

Dear Madam, Compleat my Joys, or the Gods themselves will rob me of you.

Madam, I am sick of love, be you my Physician or I shall suddenly expire.

Coy Mistris, Once I loved you, but have learned more wit now than to follow such a blind guide as *Cupid*.

I faith Widdow, I am in love, and 'tis with you, the untoward boy *Cupid* has wounded me, 'tis such a busie Urchin no person can be quiet for him, He glides through the Isle of man in a minute, gets into *Middlesex*,

sex, and keeps his Christmas there till he's fir'd ou
with heat and flames.

Scornfull Girl, Can you imagine I ever did inte
to dote, especially on that small stock of beauty
yours, which serves only to convince me, you are n
extreamly ugly.

Excellent Beauty, Painters, Poets, nor Players we
ver guilty of half so many cruelties, as you (by th
darts of your eyes) do exercise on those that admi
you most.

*Dear Madam, When I am absent from you, I a
sick of love, but every visit gives somewhat of conso
lation to my passion.*

*Lady, I am wholly yours, it is your beauty that ha
taken me from my self.*

*Madam, Your Vertues are my meditations; you an
my thoughts are never absent.*

*Madam, You are the admiration of the world, lik
a fair picture you draw all mens eyes to see and won
der.*

*Fair Creature, You are that rich Cabinet wherei
Nature hath lockt up all her rarities.*

Madam, So to usurp an Authority, is according t
neither Law nor Reason.

Fair One, This kiss from your inspiring hand, wi
add to my former happiness.

Madam, This Favour and you Crown your Ser
vant.

Madam, Your Beauty hath the Art to teach Christi
ans to turn Idolaters.

Madam, Be mercifull or I am miserable, your eye
are as the Ambassadors of life or death.

Divine Lady, Could I be one of those wise me
that rule the stars, you might then conclude, I migh
be able to govern my own affections.

Madam, If there be a Heaven to reward vertues,
you

your name will be recorded in the Regiſter of Saints.

Madam, Your frowns are the emblems of death, but your ſmiles give me a ſecond being.

Madam, To be abſent from your ſervice is a Torment, ſince every of your Commands afford me a new Creation.

Madam, I have paſs'd my vows, to confirm them, I give you my heart and hand, to continue yours till death.

Madam, Confirm me in your favour with a ſmile.

Fair One, I'le pay the laſt tribute of my lips to your fair hands.

Madam, Your heart is like pibble, ſmooth, but ſtony.

Madam, Continue conſtant, and be aſſured, I will rather loſe my life, than part with my reſolutions of ſerving you.

Madam, Since you are born into the world to be admir'd, you ſhould not eclipſe your ſelf from him that can live no longer than he ſerves you.

Moſt Divine Lady, I could live an Age upon thoſe Lips.

Madam, I am real, my love is white as Truth, and innocent as Vertue.

Oh Madam, Be like your ſelf, fair and not reſembling *Narciſſus*, benighted with the clouds of ſcorn.

Madam, May heaven ſmile upon you, farewel and proſper.

Madam, You are all ſweetneſs, and I the admirer of your Vertues, Oh let me fly into your bolom.

Madam, Be not cruel but ſave that creature whoſe life depends on you, whoſe every power owns not it ſelf but you.

Madam, You are a Deity to whom my heart preſents its devotion.

Madam, My ſoul is in a flame, and remains a Sa-

crifice

crifice till you shall please to accept it.

Madam, May I become the scorn of time, when I prove so monstrous as to give you the least occasion to repent your love.

Madam, Oh let me confirm my happiness upon your Lip, and study thereby some new way of number, to multiply my bliss.

Madam, The treasuries of Grace and Nature were quite exhausted, to accomplish your perfections.

Madam, My language is as my Intentions, plain and real, he that makes use of golden words, does it only to gild over the corruptions of his soul.

Dear Madam, I am ravished with the well-tuned Harmony of your pleasant voice.

Lady, I return to you all your Vows, be free, as the Air you breath in.

Madam, Can you be so unjust as to deem my language feigned? I will sooner forget to eat, than to honour you.

Madam, Far be it from me, to speak a language should displease your ear.

Farewel incomparable Mistriss.

Madam, Had I a hundred hearts I should want room to entertain your love.

Madam, Be assured I will either enjoy you, or die a Martyr in your quarrel.

Madam, For your sweet sake my meditations are loaded with Metaphors; I am valiant, witty, and will be any thing to be yours.

Mistriss, To be plain with you, I love you, but I want utterance, and that is a good sign.

Sweet bit of beauty, the delight of mine own soul, I am come to visit thee, and have brought with me a hundred thousand salutations.

Most resplendent Lady, I am full of the fruits of love, and should be proud if you would be pleased to participate. Dear

Dear Mortal of Modesty, How I love you, and so sincerely, that I protest to make you Mistriss of my thoughts, Lady of my returns, and commit all my Moveables into your hands, and upon the same I give you an earnest kiss in the high road to Matrimony.

My Dear Girl, Thou hast catcht me, my heart thou hast had before, now here's my hand.

Fair One, Seal my pardon for my former rudeness, and may I forget my love if I loose my civility hereafter.

Madam, I owe all that I have to your Beauty, it is the sole Commandr. ss of my thoughts.

Dear Madam, The breath of new blown Roses is not more sweet than yours, I could kiss thee, till I engender on thy lips.

Madam, By your fair self, I love you with as much true zeal as *Anchorites* do their prayers.

Dear Mistriss, I am in paradice when I but dream of your perfections.

Fair Lady, A thousand *Cupids* call me to kiss your hands.

Fairest, By the Law of Love and Arms, I may demand a kiss.

Madam, You are the fairest Nature ever did design for wonder.

Madam, The perfume of your sweet breath informs me your Mother fed on Roses when she bred you.

Madam, I shall be more grateful, than to slight those benefits you shower upon me.

Fair One, You have taught me to despise my self. I can do nothing but admire your Vertues.

If I am void of Reason Fairest creature, suffer Love to be my Advocate, that will not allow of limits.

Mistriss, Be not angry if I tell you, my love when once abused, may turn into a fury.

Without

Without doubt Madam, if the Gods, as Poets fancie, created Beauty, it was their Master-peece, since they themselves are unable to oppose that force which they ordain'd.

Madam, It is impossible any one should see your beauty and not become a captive.

Madam, I shall forbear to talk of Beauty, or of Vertue, unless you are present.

Madam, I should be ignorant of what is rare, did not your Vertues instruct my understanding.

Madam, They that diminish your worth or Beautie, dare rob all that is good; and sin against truth it self.

Madam, It was the spring of your Beauty, that first raised in me those noble desires, which soon after burst ed into streams.

Dear Madam, Thus I embrace thee as my Wealth and Honour.

Fairest, Your absence will be death to him that loves you above all that can be dear or precious; should Armies keep us distant, I would charge through a Grove of Pikes, and encounter with Death himself, but I would gain you.

Madam, Your features bound me in fetters as soon as first I saw them, and the excellent endowments of your mind hath since retained me not only your prisoner, but your servant.

Madam, You are the Epitome of Nature, in whom is comprised all that favours of what is sweet or glorious.

Madam, Give me leave to call you mine, and one day the effect shall be your own.

Dear Madam, Speak once more, Angels will listen to the Musick of your Voice.

Madam, You have laid a charm upon my soul, my Senses are captivated by the incomparable Harmony of your hand and voice.

Madam,

Madam, The thankful Lute shews how much
es rejoyce to be graced with the touch of your fi.
rs.

Madam, It is the glory of great minds, to forgive
eat faults, and upon the acknowledgement of m
for, you cannot finde an object more deserving you
mpassion.

Madam, May your own Vertues attend you ever.
t you may continue as faithful to me, as I esteem
u dear.

Madam, The chiefest grief I bear with me from this
ce, is the sence of leaving my heart where I cannot
y my self.

Madam, I have a heart, but it is worn in your
ft.

Dear Madam, Conceal not your eyes from me, they
the two bright stars by which the Barque of my af-
ions steers to the wish'd for shore of my feli-
y.

Madam, I court the love of all, but yours I would
ch se with my life.

Madam, Continue to be good, and hold him still
your memory, whose only felicity it is to be
hrined in so fair a monument.

Madam, I have been like a lump of Ice, till of late
heat of your favours revived my besotted spi-
, but the darts of your piercing eyes have so alter-
the whole frame of man in me, that I am become
erfect flame, which nothing can quench but the
asant streams of your love.

Madam, The Magnetick stone observes not the
nmons of the North-star with more activity, than
o your commands.

Madam, When I want a will to continue yours,
y I no longer be my own.

Madam, You are already the most accomplished

Lady in the world, may Heaven compleat its bounty in making you as happy as you are fair.

Madam, This kiss to your fair hand.

Madam, Be assured my love and loyalty shall be inseparable, while I have life to retain any affections for your beauty.

Faireſt Virgin, Such is my zeal for your divine vertues, that though it is my ambition to live and love you, yet ſhould an opportunity be offered, the conſtancy of my dying heart ſhould manifeſt how much I am yours in death.

Madam, I will be ſtedfaſt as inviolated faith, immoveable as a rock; and till death will glory in my conſtancy as the chiefeſt Jewel of my life.

Madam, My deſires lye captiv'd at your feet; but one glance from your ſparkling eyes, will enliven them again, and add a freſh Vigour to your languiſhing proſtrate.

Dear Madam, Deſire but my content, let me but have your wiſhes, and I will be in a continual thirſt to do you ſervice.

Madam, My inclination binds me as much to pleaſe you, as my duty does to ſerve.

Madam, 'Tis my misfortune to be but half made. Heaven hath given me deſires, but not deſerts.

Madam, I ſhould be ſimple and unworthy, ſhould I imagine this Preſent worthy your acceptance, ſince what we think are rarities are not truly ſo, unleſs by the character of your eſteem.

Madam, I have ſent you but a ſmall token, choſing to be thought rather ignorant than ungrateful.

Madam, To abide with you, is to inhabit with the Graces, ſince nature hath deſigned you for the ſtore-houſe of all her moſt excellent rarities.

Madam, Imagine me to be yours, and fear not but re long the effects ſhall anſwer your expectations.

Dear

Dear Lady, Speak again, Angels will be mute and ſten to your voice.

Madam, I am ſilenced with your breath, each word yours lays a Charm upon my ſoul.

Madam, You are favourable in this, that you wil offer me to make my own Apology.

Madam, You are Miſtriſs of moſt rare perfecti s, ſuch as command the world to expreſs abundanc Duty, both by admiration and obedience.

Madam, In thoſe ſmiling dimples, *Cupid* hath pitch- his Tents.

Madam, You are all Vertue, from your ſweet lip e morning gathers bin ſhes.

Letters for all Occaſions.

I. *A Tender of Service to the Kings moſt excellent Majeſty.*

May it pleaſe your Majeſty.

I Am not ignorant of the great preſumption, where- with at this time I give a trouble to your Majeſty ; for can my deſerts give me any hopes that the leaſt eam of your love ſhould ſhine on any thing that in e can be thought a merit, ſince I have learned, you ay command in all things, and it is contrary to the uty I owe to your excellent Majeſty to diſobey in any. ut that your Majeſty may know, you have a Subject hat durſt be Loyal even in diſloyal times, I have now ttempted to arrive at the height of my felicities

which is not only to be honest, but to be known to be

Your Majesties most humble servant and obedient subject.

2. *A Tender of service to the Queens most excellent Majesty.*

May it please your Majesty,

THough I am a stranger to your Majesty, yet since I bear the glorious title of a Loyal Subject, I have hence assurance that your Majesty will vouchsafe to give this boldness a favourable aspect, for indeed I should doubt my own fidelity to my Royal Sovereign, should not your Majesty countenance my duty with an acceptance of my service; let me now only beg the trouble of a pardon, and I shall for ever study as in duty bound, to manifest my self

Your Majesties Loyal Subject, and most humble Servant.

3. *Respects from an Honourable Lady, to the Queen.*

Madam,

IF my passion had not over-ruled my reason, I would certainly have kept my Letters from becoming so mean an object for your sacred eyes, till some command of your own had put them upon occasion to give them attendance, but the care I have to preserve my self in the Honour of your memory, and favour, will not suffer me to continue any longer silent. I therefore most humbly pray your Majesty, to continue your self in assurance even from hence, that my devotions are ever aspiring to your Service; which yet I should half suspect to be less perfect, if my inclinations might not own as great a part of that ambition, as my obligations. but the one accompanying the other, will establish me for ever, in an unchangeable resolution of being

Madam, Your Majesties most humble Servant.

4.

4. *A person of Quality to a worthy Lady, the one a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholick.*

Madam,

THough a sinner of one Religion, I am come to pay my vows to a Saint of another, for I approach to your presence with as profound a reverence as I am capable of bearing to a creature, when your Ladiship is pleased to pardon the presumption of your servants, you excel in goodness; but when withall you descend so low as to admit of their poor desires, for real services, you exceed your self; I have but little to say but my heart would easily tell me of enough to do, if my power to serve you were correspondent to my will, yet howsoever I shall be daily praying that you may be as happy as the world knows you to be worthy; and especially that the expence of so ignorant a life as mine, may one day serve for some straw or stick, towards the erecting of that great building; Till then I am prostrate at your feet, and with a fervent zeal shall continue,

Madam, the Adorer of your Vertues, &c.

5. *One Lady to another, with Complements of extream kindness.*

Madam,

WHen neither the place nor the person can make a worthy oblation, that devotion were better mannered which should sacrifice to your memory upon the Altar of Silence; But yet so much desire I to live in yours, as that I rather choose to appear in this rude to your trouble, than to suffer any thing like forgetfulness, to seem to entomb those affections of mine to your service; which want not Life, howsoever they are deprived of Lustre, wherewith to crown the esti-

estimation which your worth hath begotten in m
soul, and will certainly inhabit there, while there
any sence in

Madam, the most affectionate
all your servants.

5. *A Letter of kindness from one Friend to another.*

Sir,

YOu may imagine I dream or dote, otherwise
should not speak thus loud, nor thus far off, n
make so long a reach to you still, by the arms of my
written lines; But I thought once you were nea
hand, and coming to visit me, when soon after I un
derstood you design'd your self for other ends, whic
yet put me into such a Valiant chollar, as some
them know who were nearest to me, and must bea
with my humours; left I should want them I migh
be angry with my self; for I can do nothing but in ear
nest, though that earnest, proves commonly as true
nothing, as if I were in jest; pray let me have an ac
count of your health, and of those affairs where
you may guess my love may say I am concerned, s
be assured you shall never be owner of any care
whereof I will not have a part, either by taking,
you will give it; or else by stealing it, if you wi
not give it, but will needs be the first to offend justic
so far, as to hide it from

Your most real, real friend, &c

7. *From one Friend to another.*

Sir,

THe expresse of your goodness hath raised me to
degree of happiness, beyond even mine own
power of wishing, and after such heights of goo
fortune, this only regret can take hold of me, tha
you did impose something upon me as disagreeable, a
thi

this was complying with the very utmost of my ambitious desires, that so I might thereby have had the satisfaction of giving you an experience, that I shall ever have an infinite joy in performing any Action, which by the difficulty thereof, may the better serve to express my obedience to your commands, as becomes, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

8. *A Lady to a Gentleman, concerning his sick Mistris.*

Sir,

I Was too sensible of those troubles which I left with you, not to enquire whether you are eased of part of them, or not; And therefore I beseech you, send me word how the Noble sick Lady doth, whose health I infinitely wish; both for your sake and mine own: Besides that, even the world is concerned, that so excellent a creature, who is so hardly found, may not be so quickly lost. Favour me in this particular, and the Kindness shall make me, Sir,

Your obliged servant.

9. *The Gentlemans Answer to a Lady, concerning his sick Mistris.*

Madam,

I Am infinitely engaged to you for the sence you have of my troubles, and the love you bear to the Life of my Life; she is yet extream ill, and yet so good, that I fear Heaven will deprive us of her Vertuous Society. I am so highly sensible of not only yours and my own, but of the concerns of all that know her, that if there be not health enough in the world for us all, may heaven give her a liberal portion of it, though it be abated out of mine; so much I owe to her vertues, and not a little to your self, for your care of her, and Madam,

The humblest of your servants.

10. *The Lovers first Address to his Lady.*

Madam,

I *Am indebted to my Friends for the knowledge of your Vertues, and to your self for the Acknowledgements you are pleased to exercise in your remembrance of me; a person who hath nothing to make her considerable, but what your favourable Opinion thinks fit to allow. And the custome whereby I am made over to misfortune, forbids me the hopes of conceiving that ever I can be so happy as to be admitted into the number of your Servants; which is infinitely desired by, Dear Madam,*

The Admirer of your Worth, &c.

11. *The Lovers Complamental Letter to his Mistriss.*

Incomparable Lady,

I *Was happy in receiving a Command from you, and shall be proud in my performance, since it is the glory of Kings and Princes to be concerned in your Service; Let but one accent fall from your divine lips and the very windes are ready to convey it, the melody of your warbling Voice can charm the Syren to silence, and compel the Crocodile to spare his dissembling sorrows. Dear Madam, the sight of your beauty is sufficient to create fresh blood in withered veins of age, and give a new life to expiring mortals: If you are sad, Angels themselves are so. Pardon my prolixity, Divine Lady, I am in a Labyrinth greater than the Cave that enclosed the Cretan Minotaure, 'Tis easier to eat fire and not be burnt, or to cut Diamonds with Glass, than to speak your real Praise; O then how happy am I in your love! That love that gives Speech to a dumb man, that love that makes Idiots turn Orators, and inspires the Age with such admirable Fancies, that all people become Poets, only out of a duty to your Deserts, that they may celebrate your*

Praise.

raises, *which is a Task too great for them, as it is*
r, Excellent Lady,

Your sincere Admirer.

12. *The Ladies Return to her servants Lines.*

Kind Sir,

WHen I think of you, I am in a maze, insomuch that I suppose you to be every thing that is ood; Majesty is placed on your brow, your Tongue r its eloquence may be Musick for the Gods, your oks are so pleasant and so airy, that *Cupid* appears here in his best grace; and when you walk, the earth oth humbly seem to shrink, as being sensible of the eight it bears. But hold, my passion runs beyond the ounds of modesty, Discretion now perswades to give he preheminence to *Pallas*, not to *Cupid*, you were leased to try a Conclusion on my feminine Capacity, nd you may believe (upon necessity) I can reverberate c rdingly. But, Dear Sir, though I must acknow- dge my affection is of a large extent, yet (since I have onversed with the Poets) I cannot but admire at the rodigiousness of your *Sex* in former times; should believe all to be gold that glisters, I might see my error as well as others have done before; however Sir, I dare not apprehend you to be otherwise than Noble, a little more experience may wipe off all my womanish suspicion, for such is my high esteem of your worth already, that I want but little of saying how much I am

Yours.

13. *A Ladies fore-warning her Friend of another Ladies Society.*

Sir,

PErhaps you may pretend that this procedure of yours is only to awaken me, for the better try of my faith and constancy; but believe me, it is

10. *The Lovers first Address to his Lady.*

Madam,

I *Am indebted to my Friends for the knowledge of your Vertues, and to your self for the Acknowledgements you are pleased to exercise in your remembrance of me; a person who hath nothing to make him considerable, but what your favourable Opinion think fit to allow. And the custome whereby I am made over to misfortune, forbids me the hopes of conceiving that ever I can be so happy as to be admitted into the number of your Servants; which is infinitely desired by, Dear Madam,*

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Praises, which is a Task too great for them, as it is for, Excellent Lady,

Your sincere Admirer.

12. *The Ladies Return to her servants Lines.*

Kind Sir,

WHen I think of you, I am in a maze, insomuch that I suppose you to be every thing that is good; Majesty is placed on your brow, your Tongue for its eloquence may be Musick for the Gods, your looks are so pleasant and so airy, that *Cupid* appears there in his best grace; and when you walk, the earth doth humbly seem to shrink, as being sensible of the weight it bears. But hold, my passion runs beyond the bounds of modesty, Discretion now perswades to give the preheminence to *Pallas*, not to *Cupid*, you were pleased to try a Conclusion on my feminine Capacity, and you may believe (upon necessity) I can reverberate accordingly. But, Dear Sir, though I must acknowledge my affection is of a large extent, yet (since I have conversed with the Poets) I cannot but admire at the prodigiousness of your Sex in former times; should I believe all to be gold that glisters, I might see my error as well as others have done before; however Sir, I dare not apprehend you to be otherwise than Noble, a little more experience may wipe off all my womanish suspicion, for such is my high esteem of your worth already, that I want but little of saying how much I am

Yours.

13. *A Ladies fore-warning her Friend of another Ladies Society.*

Sir,

PErhaps you may pretend that this procedure of yours is only to awaken me, for the better try of my faith and constancy; but believe me, it is

safe to jest with edged tools, or to play with fire. Nor is it any wayes commendable in you, to associate your self with the wanton Lady, I need not name her since you know to whom that Epithete belongs. 'Tis true, she is reported to be handsom, there is then the more danger, and wiser men than you have been ensnared with the bewitched Allurements of a strange woman: To *be* merry with a Lady, or to converse and walk, and use language tending to Courtship with a Lass that delights to hear her self commended, is frequent with men, and may be born with when managed with discretion, but to stake your reputation upon so slender an account, as to offer Courtship to that same piece of Vanity, argues much fondness, little wit, and less constancy: Let me therefore earnestly desire you, for the sake of your own fair credit, to forbear these extravagances, that you may rid me of that suspition which as yet lies heavy upon my heart, I shall then retain the same opinion of you which I have hitherto had, that you are a man master of your self, and too true a Lover to admit of any other sharers in your affections but my self, fierce enemies Contract, and the Truth of a Gentleman, have laid such a lawful Injunction upon you. Pray, if you are minded to cure my distracted thoughts, use some sudden means, lest my distemper grow too violent for a remedy, till then I shall (not rest but) remain

Yours, even in impatience.

14. *One Ladies Advice to another, near Marriage.*

Good Soul,

IN this unruly Age we live in, and my love hath occasioned this trouble to you: I understand there is a Gentleman Mr. *A. B.* is extreamly prodigal of his protences to you, in the way of Love and Marriage: My Caution is only this, that you have an eye to your

own welfare, build not upon empty promises, for if you once suffer him to please his humour before he is firmly yours, you will certainly forfeit your own Honour. Consider, as he is above you in purse, and the portions of this life, (Beauty only excepted, for of that Nature hath given you a bountiful proportion) whether his intentions are real or feigned, make him your own, and then if you fall in two, (you may understand the phrase, by observing the occasion) he will be bound by the Laws of God and Nature, to bear a part with you in whatsoever happens. The truth is, I had not taken upon me to give you this admonition, did not report speak loudly of his passion for you, and of his conditional promises to be yours hereafter, if you consent to be his first: Such a love hath subtile limits, and more *Meanders* than a harmless maid can easily discover. It is reported too, that you incline somewhat to believe him, and are apt to think he means nothing but what is honourable, yet know this from one more experienced in things of this nature than you are, that if he should perform his Vows to you after he hath feasted his appetite, yet such a Breach in your reputation, will continually admit of strange sallies, checks, and opprobrious terms, as *Strumpet*, *Slut*, Light Housewife, *&c.* and what did you afford me, that another man might not have had? and when the glass is once broken, it is not easily cemented: Dear *Soul*, keep heaven about you, and let good thoughts guard your innocency, so shall your Honour be unspotted, and your life happy; which is the earnest desire of

Your cordial friend and servant, &c.

15. *A Lover to his false Mistriss.*

Stain to thy Sex,

HAth modesty now forsook thee, that thou durst abuse that affection, that adored thee? did

ma-

manifest my self a dotard to gain thy love, and havin
had a multitude of promises from thee, of constanc
and firm affection, darest thee now to admit of anc
thers flame? Now thou seemest more deformed tha
ever I thought thee fair, so ugly a Monster is Ingra
titude. By this I do perceive thou didst enjoyn m
to smother our affections, only that thy new servan
might not have any occasion to be jealous: I will ha
thee for thine own sake, and him, for robbing me, al
though but a trifle; And that my revenge may so
high enough to reach thy Perjury, I will begin wi
him, and then proclaim thy lenity, and how thou ha
disserted me, after a long League of Friendship, afte
thou hadst past thy Vows to be none but mine, ar
hast admitted a stranger to thy bosome: Was it for th
that I delighted daily to be praising thee? How did
spend my time in making *Encomiums* upon thy Beauty
Vertues, and thy Person that I once so much admired
I will now study to contradict my own fond opinio
and so decipher thee, that thou shalt seem as odious t
the world, as thou dost to me, else let Fat. do so, an
more too.

Base Wretch,
Thine once, but now his own.

16. *On sending a Book.*

Madam,

*THat you may perceive I do not forget you, let th
poor Present inform you; it is the Famous R
mance, Entituled,* Pharamond, *and written by the Au
thor of* Cassandra *and* Cleopatra, *were it not a Pie
of great worth, I should not have thought it fit for you
perusal; However were it otherwise, I dare assure m
self it would not be unwelcome, since to question tha
we are doubt of your good will to* Madam,

Your faithfull servan

17.

17. *A Lady to her discourteous Lover.*

Sir,

THere was a time, and that within your own memory, that you were pleased to flatter me with the glorious stiles of Divine Mistress, Most Accomplished Lady, and what not? Yet to manifest the frailty of all these Expressions, and how little you meant what you so often reiterated, you were lately pleased to give me a flat denial to my poor request. Certainly Sir, I should have been commanded by you in concerns of higher moment, and not only so, but that your slighting of me may be more apparent, you have not bestowed your Visits as you use to do: If I have given you any occasion thus to estrange your self, I should not think you so blame-worthy as at present I take you to be; But that you may see I am not quite void neither of good nature, nor affection, I must needs confess I do fear me what doubt my own deserts, as well as your discretion, and am resolved to continue, till you shall totally renounce me,

Wholly yours.

18. *A Brother, on the occasion of his Brothers not writing.*

Dear Brother,

THough your occasion enforce you to turn Tenant to your own time, yet I had thoughts that such a trifle as my self, might be admitted into your memory, at some interval or other. It is now four or five Letters you are indebted to me for, however I confess my self so much engaged to you on other accounts, that I fear you would think your self too great a loser, should we but quit scores. Dear Brother, cast an eye upon your Books, when perhaps I appear amongst your Debtors, you will make more of me than a blank, or cypher; which that you may do,

do, I will ſtill bear the badge of your obligations, ar
when I appear falſe, let me be caſt aſide as none of you
Coyn, but as a Counterfeit: in the mean time, Si
call me what you pleaſe, ſo you pardon the Errors
this trouble, which I concluded might be more fitly o
fered, than my acknowledgements ſhould be conceal
but I ſhall ſin no further againſt your patience, on
believe me to be, as formerly,

Your affectionate Brother to command.

19. *A Gentleman to a Lady, in his Friends behalf.*

Madam,

THrough an ardent deſire to become your debt
I have attempted to crave a favour of you in b
half of a Friend, whoſe deſerts when once known, w
ſpeak both his thanks and commendations; I am a
vertiſed by him that there is a Lady, to whoſe you
Beauty you have no ſmall relation, and he having
paſſion for her, knows not how to gain the favour
opportunity to kiſs her hands; 'Tis therefore my r
queſt, that you remember me when you ſee him, an
you can further his reſolutions, be aſſured the ackno
ledgement ſhall be great, as your civility, and with
obſervance paid by, Madam,

Your real friend and ſervant.

20. *Another to the ſame purpoſe.*

Madam,

PArdon me if I tell you, you cannot be juſt, if y
ſpare your civilities to me, ſince my affection
ſuch to your ſervice, that I ſhall ever eſteem it t
glory of my life, to be employed by your comman
ſince therefore neceſſity doth compel you, rec
this Gentleman as my friend, that I may honour yo
merits, and endeavour to get ſome for my ſelf, th

may be the more capable of performing those duties which shall become due from, Madam,

Your very servant, &c.

21. *A Letter of Compliments from one Friend to another.*

Sir,

YOu have so well studied the Art how to oblige, and withal how to express your favours, that for my part I am ignorant how to proclaim either my thanks or services without a blush, for putting so harm less a creature in so ill a habit; Nor indeed shall I ever be able to satisfie my self herein, unless I could tell, with a safe conscience, how to play the thief, and steal your words and acts one from your self. Let me now only adventure to tell you, that it is a kind of tyranny in you, to make me so much your servant by force, who was walking so fast that way, upon the feet of mine own free will. We have here nothing note-worthy, but that we all live so fairly in friendship, as if fashion were a stranger to our train; As for my self, if I were any thing, the love I bear you would multiply it, and the favours which I receive by you, would dignifie it; And howsoever, the honour of your Commands, it may hope for them, will give me such a being, as without immodesty I will boast of to the universe; Nor shall any soul be found more faithful to any ones commands, than mine to

Yours.

22. *An Answer to the former Letter.*

Sir,

I Have been in your debt too long for your last Letter, the words whereof were delivered by your own choice hands, as so many fair pictures drawn by an experienced Artist, only let me tell you, I can discover a little dawbing here and there, but as you are my

my friend, I dare not doubt your ingenuity. Indeed I do not think it possible for entire affection to be more generously expres'd, I can but return thanks to you, rather indeed such an answer, as may better consist thoughts than words. I must crave your pardon, now am compel'd to let you know I have scarce time enough allowed me to say how much I am. Sir,

Your very faithful Servant.

23. *The Lover to his deliberating Mistriss.*

My only Joy,

WHy should strange fancies, and indigested humours create a breach in that affection which hath been so often, and so firmly knit between you and I? If I have offered any occasion for your distrust let me be unpardonable; but if you will give me slight and neglects for my real love, it is you must be unjust for shame let not any dispute be raised now, just now that we are travelling in the way to our felicity. From whence come these suggestions of yours, that this will look hereafter with a worser face, and that you fear your condition will have an ill change? Do you hold intelligence with heaven? Or can you divine, or dive into the hidden mysteries, or secret cabinet of Deity? Pray recollect your thoughts, and remember what affectionate promises, nay firm protestations, not long since pass between us, then, when we call the little Birds, and the listning silent Streams to witnesses to our Oaths: Remember those silver drops which I so often courted to catch as they then glided from your eyes: if all this shall seem as musick harsh for your ears, I must take the liberty to exclaim. But I dare not show so much rigour towards you, whom I so much love and honour, I will rather accuse my own merits, or my fortune, since my only happiness is taking wing, and the Life of my Life thinks

worthy to be beloved; However, my resolution is fixed, do you study to be unkind, my heart shall nevertheless continue either

Your Servant, Or, your Sacrifice.

24. *Civil Complements from one Friend to another.*

Sir,

TO be Civil is to be Noble, and both those Qualities excel in you, it is therefore needless for me to give you thanks, or acknowledgements for your favors to me, since your generosity will never make me a debtor, for what you paid to your own inclination and vertue: I received your Letter in such a time of solitude, that my heart bade it most freely welcome; for your lines did not only pleasure me, but engage me, insomuch that I am hugely desirous to have more such visitants, after they have taken leave of only your hand; for by those marks I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at your condition, whether in health or not: Since then it will be such a satisfaction to me to hear from you, I beg of you to engage me once more, that I may use my endeavours to contribute somewhat to your content, for it is the chiefest aspiring hopes of,

Sir, Your eternal Friend.

25. *A Gentleman to his Lady, whom he fears would make a New Choice.*

Dear Soul,

WHat Melody can be sweeter Musick, than the simpathizing of our Loves, I am not able to divine, & am apt to believe the point may puzzle your wit, although it be a pregnant one. Then since (at least) I esteem my self in Paradise whilest I am in your favour, wherefore, Oh wherefore doth report whisper to me, that you (whom I ever took to be him of truth) should now begin to waver in your thoughts to me? Dear Heart, let me not be forgotten in a moment,

ment, let not me whom your Beauty and your Vert have ravished with admiration, become so vainly pensive of my time, as to lose that Jewel, dear me as my life. I will not, nor dare I believe you be so unkind, but shall hereafter tell the erring wo you are all goodness, and that there are those La even in this our age, that will not forget their Vo and know how to be constant in the best, or worst times, as well as, Most worthy Lady,

Yours, in the bonds of true affection.

26. *A rich old Gentleman, to a fair young Virgin Young Lady,*

LEt not my years be an obstacle to your love, si I have those gifts of fortune, that will not o maintain our affections, and keep the fire of love continual flame, but will also afford you all those O naments which Art hath designed for the adorning s tender and beautiful Buds of Nature: Besides, tho I come not to you with a powdred Lock, or in the m of a young Gallant, yet know my Girl, my zeal for can be as hot, and as sincere, as the spruceſt Preten in the world: and if age doth make me seem in y apprehension, as a withering tree, yet I have G will keep its colour, and it is that which in this wo is ones best friend. Pray have me in your though and I shall watch for an opportune season, where may make my self farther known to be, Fairest Lad

Your most affectionate Servant.

The Answer.

27. *A beautiful young Virgin, to a decrepit, rich old Gentleman.*

Grave Sir,

YOu are too far distant from me in years, to be mitted in to my affections, since you are arr

the pitch of Dotage, and I yet ignorant of what is
ove; However, I must do you so much justice as to
mmend your discretion, for fitting with a Golden
it, for believe me, next to Beauty, I cannot imagine
y thing to be more taking among men, than the
ericus name of Wealth: I could be content to keep
y Coaches, my Pages, Lackeys, and Maids but I
nfess I could never endure the society of a bald pate;
low can you think, Reverend *Sir*, that I should love
u, when by the temptations which you offer, you
early manifest your opinion, that if I should marry,
must be to your Gold, rather than to you: I con-
ss a Silver Myne is a pretty toy for a thing of my
ears to dote on, but I have a childish humour pecu-
ar to my self, that is, never to humble my affections
, as that they suffer Treasure, as a Load-stone, to
aw them to its beck. 'Tis true, wealth will be wel-
me to me, to maintain my Train, but the Person of
at more lovely creature, Man, will ever be more
elcome to a Maids Embraces. Can you think me so
eak, as to exchange the Flower of my Youth, for a
ndle of Snow, or rotten Dirt? No *Sir*, Gold with a
an is good, admirably good, but it is Man that in
e *School* of Love, passes for the principal Verb: for
y own part, rather than joyn my self to a meer wedge
Gold, I shall choose to accept of a bundle of Rags,
they have any affinity to a Man,

Old men are grey, Old men are grey,
I'm a lusty bonny young Lass,
And I prethee Old man away.

y this time, good old man, you know my mind; be
ise, and wed your self to heaven, and I shall thank
u, if in your death, you remember to bequeath
ur Gold to

Your young Adviser.

28. *A Letter of Courtesie from friend to Friend.*

Sir,

I Have no kindness for this Letter, for I heart
wish it lost, that you may find me before it perso
the service it was sent for: But you may perceive
its contents (for they are short) that I hope it will
be long ere you make me happy in your company.
am the more easily perswaded it will be suddenly, sin
I am informed you are about the Equinoctial of yo
return to Town, and my earnest desire to see y
may convince you that I hold you to be as it were
Sun in my Hemisphere. My occasions compel me
forsake my usual road of being tedious, and must co
clude with that real truth of being, Sir,

Yours undivided, though at distan

29. *One Gentlewoman to another in behalf of a Frien*

Sir,

ERe I had so much good fortune, as to thank y
for your former kindnesses, I am opportuned b
an honest friend to recommend him to your favour; h
hath an humble suit to you, and as he assures me, a ve
just one, and hath omitted other opportunities, on
that it might pass your hands. *Sir*, if you have
good will left for me, pray bestow part of it on hi
and let the rest plead my excuse for this fresh presum
tion, which if you please to interpret as a desire I ha
to serve you, you will judge aright of

Your debtor, and humble servan

30. *The forsaken Maid, to her treacherous Friend.*

Most unkind Man,

IT is my exceeding wonder that you should be on
to make up the number of those that dare to b
wicked; Now do I see my folly, when I hugg'd yo
in my bosom, and believed those Oaths and Protest

ons, which you have most villanously broke: Now
n I call to mind the advice my experienced friend
ve me, never to trust to the pretensions of your Sex:
h! can you see me on my knees, with wet and sw
es, and yet not learn to love me, nor hate your self!
r have you no regard to that innocent lamb, as y
in my womb, which though of a small Volume,
t it is but your self in a lesser Frame: if you believe,
but think it is not yours, let me be ripe
, and
en you will perceive each member to bear the true
nage of your own, and your name is likewise near it,
r since you told me what it should be call
, I wrote
in my very heart. I have nothing more to say, but on-
to desire you to be so true to your self and me, as to
member and perform your Vow; if not, be so mer-
ful as to rid me of a loathsom life, for if you do not
er, my disgrace will be publick, and rather than live
our Strumpet, I should esteem it a greater happi
ess (since my misfortunes have brought me to the mi-
ry) to die

Your Sacrifice.

31. *The Lady to her importunate Lover.*

Sir,

SInce you are resolved to be troublesome, I shall
likewise resolve to be impatient; let me not be any
ore perplexed with your impertinent pretences, or
ssure your self, if my advice be slighted, and you con-
nue as vain as formerly, I have so much interest in
ose that have worth and honour, as to engage them
correct your insolency, and that not with Fist or
ane, but Weapons less vulgar, and more dangerous,
erefore be advised before it be too late, since I am
signed for another, and not likely however to be

Yours.

The

The Answer.

32. *The Lover to his Threatning Lady.*

Worthy Lady,

CAn you think I can live, and want your love? can you imagine I can fear Death it self, wh am inspired by the thoughts of you? I will not b uncivil as to tax you with cruelty, or say your hea made of Adamant, but be assured who ever dare so vainly proud as to assault me, I have a Swor sharp as his, and a Pistol that barks as loud as his; if I chance to fall in so fair a Quarrel, my Soul is so t rely fixt to your vertues, that if any chance after w to injure you, or defile your honour, it will appe your defence, for I have made it my resolution t Dear Madam, *Yours living, or in deat*

33. *A Letter of Enquiry, from friend to friend.*

My good Friend,

I Am designed now to be troublesom to you, b is only that I may be satisfied in two points, fi am to tell you, I live as a thing without rest or p ence, and shall continue so, till I hear how you e ped in the late accident; for I hold my self concer in all your dangers, and shall readily enlarge min I may contract yours. But if I may suppose (as as hope) that you are safe, the next happiness that ambition aims at, is your society; which if I can tain, I may perhaps recover my understanding, shall thereby be the more enabled to render all knowledgements due from

Your Friend, to love and serve yo

34. *Comfortable Advice to a Friend on the death Son, or other near Relation.*

Dear Sir,

I Am hugely sensible of your great loss, and as g grief, and that is it that hath given wing to

ions, thus to advise you, as you are a Christian, o afflict your self too much, since it was the plea- of Almighty God to summon his servant to him- cast your self into the arms of his Mercy, and he rtainly give you a full measure of Comfort; for e that is the Fountain of Consolation, nor doth ing in this poor world happen by chance, but ac- g to his divine Pleasure and Counsel, in only ex- d; nor is any thing accidental to him, though they so to us, for his wisdom hath ordained all things all eternity: And if a little Sparrow, or a hair Head have a share in his Providence, consider how such an infinite Power, which is vested with n infinite wisdom and goodness, can possibly let hing arrive to any such creature, as for whom he which shall not be absolutely good and necessary m. For Jesus sake, Sir, be your self, or rather on to him, that in this urgent occasion you may re than so: God make, and keep you ever hap- or make you less miserable than I fear you are making your self. This is, and shall be the desires rayer of, Sir,

Your cordial well-wisher, and very humble servant.

35. *A Tender of Service to a Mistris.*

vine Lady,

Ou are the first to whom I ever became bound in the bonds of Love, and hold it as well my du- my interest, no longer to conceal how much I r and admire you. I had thoughts, Madam, di- times to acquaint you herewith before, since it been my great happiness to be admitted into ir presence, but durst not take the confidence w; if my affections have been too powerful for scretion, and so compelled me to commit an er-

ror

ror, I doubt not your goodneſs will excuſe it, ſince
was purely out of a ſincere zeal to do you ſervice; ne
could I diſſemble my ambition any longer. Let it ſuf-
fice, Dear Lady, that I am now a priſoner to you
Beauty, and from the Bar of Love do make it my ſuit
that you pleaſe to honour me with a favourable anſwe
to theſe Lines, that you may enable me to make
happy Reply, or otherwiſe ſuch a one as may be to
late eſteemed unhappy, as bearing the doleful tiding
of his fate, that vows to be

Yours, though in death.

The Anſwer.

36. *A diſdainful Lady to her Servant.*

Sir,

I Received your amorous Epiſtle, and cannot, as
am a Woman, and a Chriſtian, but have ſo muc
charity as to pity, though I cannot love you, ſince
is a duty I confeſs I conceive to be due to all perſon
either Sick or Lunatick: but I confeſs my nature is
another conſtitution, for you are the firſt, to my re
membrance, that I ever hated, which now at length
thought good to let you know, becauſe indeed I do n
apprehend how you deſerve my diſſimulation; Let
ſuffice, I ſhall ſtudy to revenge this inſolency, but y
ſo, as not to honour you with the knowledge of how,
wherein: And as for the felicity which you think yo
have, in being able to make a Reply, either happy
unhappy, you may chooſe whether it ſhall be made,
not: but if it comes to my hands, it ſhall then be
my choice, whether to be burned, or read, for the fa
of a little laughter. But my advice is, that you ſpa
the pains, for it will be but loſt labour upon

Your Friend, if you will be your own.

37.

37. *A sick Lady to a Gentleman.*

Sir,

THough I want strength to express my self so amply as I would, yet this may serve to let you e I do not forget you, though I am indisposed to ink of any : but there is no thanks due from you r this civility, since I do it for my own advantage r I always finde such a satisfaction in all the respects ich I pay you, as that I expect, if not an amend ent, yet a contentment at the least from the honour ich I give my self of saying with abundance of truth, at I am

Exceedingly yours.

The Answer.

38. *A Gentleman to a sick Lady.*

Madam,

IF I were able to express the Joy which I received from your late Letter, I am confident you would be ill pleased with mine; yet though the Letter s must freely welcome, as being your Ambassador confess when its Errand was delivered, whereby I derstood the condition you were in, I could not bear some passionate incivilities to the poor Paper, t I do not despair of obtaining your pardon for it , you ever profess to love kindness, and I am very lieving, that you cannot finde more in the heart any creature than mine. That I may conclude you y in time be brought to think so, be pleased to low my Advice; be carefull careful to preserve ur self this Winter, for the season will not easily sist you towards a speedy Recovery, but I hope the ayers of all your friends will, and I want not the nsolation of believing that some use may be made his, who is Madam,

Infinitely yours, to serve you.

39. *The Lover to his unbelieving Mistriss.*

Fairest Lady,

IT is my unhappiness to love, and not to be beli
ved, what assurance shall I render to satisfie yo
credulity, if death or danger may convince you, lay b
your commands, and then let your experience
the Judge. Is there that wretch that hath offend
you, name him, and make me your scourge, or shal
combate with some furious Lion, or try my stren
against an angry Bear? These, or what may see
more dreadful shall be eagerly performed, since fa
tune must needs favour those whom your love i
spires; let me but once obtain that, and I shall fe
nothing but a surfeit of Joy and Happiness, as bei
mortal, yet Bright Goddess,

Your humble Votary.

40. *A Lady to her Lover.*

Dear Sir,

I Received your late Epistle, which was not w
me before I wished it; but give me leave to t
you, I do observe your affection to be but lul
warm, for (though I do not delight in great Tit
yet) I know it hath been usual, and is still, for l
vers when they have an occasion to express th
zeal for a Lady, to give all their adornme
that the Art of Words or Memory can adde
deserving Beauty. This I say onely to info
you, that I can notifie your neglect in this p
ticular, but I will conclude it was either your ba
fulness, or else your subtilty to try my simplicity
love: But for the future pray remove all dou
and assume no more a Counterfeit for liberty of t
ing my patience, when you know I would pull
my own heart did it entertain a thought of alter
on; fear not me, but do you your self remem
th

ose protestations you have so solemnly and devou
ade, and thereby enflamed my affection. Let Ver
e and constant Love be still your inseparable Com
anions, so may you conclude, I shall esteem you my
easure, and w[illegible]e no less

Yours, to perpetuity.

41. *The Lover to his Mistris, having gained her affection.*

Life of my Love,

Eing overjoyed for the great treasure I am lately blessed with, I could not contain my self till I had rote to thee, to assure thee once more of the great fe ity I enjoy since the happy Contract between thy r self, and me: I never was really happy till now, I d before but a meer glance of Paradise, but now an solute possession; now all my joyes are become ac ainted with my sense, before I was only made up of ncies and Airy imaginations; I had then but a glimps those fair flowers, the Roses and Lillies of thy eeks, but am now happily arrived to the unimagina pleasure of gathering. My senses are much too nar w to entertain their bounteous flowings, they have even to a surfeit, and I have nothing more to fear, n my happiness, lest excess swell me till I burst: en will *Cupid* be more cruel than before, since when as but sick of love, and dangers were not so great now: But why do I talk of danger? I will fear no ng whilst I have thy love to guard me, for by the ce of that, I dare promise my self not only happi s and safety, but all the blessings that can attend alous Lover, as I have been and will be, while I e power to be (my Dear)

Thine only, and for ever.

42. *A Gentleman to his Lady, upon his urgent occasion of taking a Journey.*

Honoured and dear Lady,

HAd not Christianity tyed me to a stricter ru
I could even curse the severity of my fa
ince necessity compels me to be banished from yo
ind consequently from my self; for let me go ne
so far distant, my heart will be always in your
lody, and the thoughts of your dear Self, shall
my only consolation. But that I should be th
nj oyned to remove my person from you, in wh
consisteth all my comfort and delight, is no sm
grief to me, especially considering the Life I app
ended in your favour, the Heaven that I discover
n your Smiles, and all those *Elizium* Joys that
lorned your countenance; yet since it must be so,
ssured, my Dear, Dear, I shall not forget the V
f my Devotion, and I will be proud to publish y
Vertues to the ignorant world, till I become co
dlath happy in an Experience of your Constanc
nor shall I move in any other Sphere than what y
nfluence doth govern, and will sooner languish
he worst of Deaths, than love any but your Di
elf. Thus (my only Joy) leaving my heart in y
ustion, I only beseech you to be tender of it, for
wn, for yours, or for my sake, and in expectation
my happy return, I rest

Your faithful humble servant

The Answer.

43. *A Lady to her Lover, upon his taking a Journ*

Dear Sir,

I *Would pour forth as many Curses on my fa*
you can invent for yours, but that I have an
ution to be like you in all things, especially in
lec

omes a Christian, and a Lover. But since, as you
y, necessity doth compel you to take a Journey,
and I dare not doubt the least accent of your lips)
must study to be content, and to exercise all that
tience Heaven will be pleased to afford my Pray-
; and since you have honoured me with the custody
so great a charge as is your most noble Heart, be
fident I shall cherish it as the Apple of mine own
e, and as a Hostage for my fidelity and your secu-
y, I assign you mine, be equally careful of it, as
honour your self, or me, and I shall be no less stu-
us to declare your worth, than to preserve my own
me, which never can be tainted while I remain, as
ave resolved,

Yours ever, in constancy and service.

6. A crack't Virgin to her deceitful Friend, who hath forsook her for the love of a Strumpet.

Base Man,

NOw you appear so foul, that nothing can be more monstrous; is this the fruit of your Protes, and Vows? was it for this that you so often re you never spoke to me without the thoughts pure love, and ambition to be mine, and that you er let fly an Oath in my presence, but when your rt was enflamed by a fire of Vertue, and that in all r actions, worth was the Load-stone that attract- your industry? how comes it then to pass, that forsake me, ruine my Reputation, and leave to become the Map of Shame and Ignominy; not onely so, but with a wretched confidence y in your impiety, and think to wipe off all your rious actions with a slight or careless humour; this reproach that is like to befal to you as well ne, is occasioned through a lascivious love which bear to an impudent Woman; nay, a known

Strumpet, whose eyes discover in sparkles the decei
fulnels of her heart, and whose very smiles are mo
ominous than the tears of a dissembling Crocodil
for shame consider, if not for my sake, for your ow
What delight or conversation can you enjoy in t
company of a lewd Whore, who loves another as w
and better than she doth you, or one indeed that h
no real affection for any? I fear the custome of yo
sinning, hath taken away the sense of your own goo
and you are grown deaf, and desperate, other w
you will not provoke the divine Vengeance, or e
pose your self to Vertues Curse, and the scorn of
good men, for the notorious injuries you have d
(perhaps to others but too soon) to

Wicked Wretch.

Your friend, till you abused her.

45. *The Lady to her slandered Servant.*

Sir,

WHen you were last with me; there passed so
circumstance of affection between us both, h
having considered the great affair that we then h
under consultation, I must desire your pardon,
crave leave to recal my forward fondness, since
fortunes and my happiness lie at stake; not that I
utterly determine to abandon all manner of good w
for you; but only that little time may satisfie me co
cerning some reports of you that have lately reach
my ears. Sir, I hope they are false, and in that co
fidence, I gave neither credit nor countenance to t
former, but till I may be convinced they are so, 'Tis
request that you shew your love by abstaining fr
any further visits to

Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer.

46. *The slandered Lover to his Lady.*

Most worthy Lady,

I Know not how to render you sufficient thanks for that Noble favour, so glorious, and therefore like your self, neither to countenance my accuser, nor condemn me till you had heard my answers; Honour'd Lady, it is not unknown to you, that I dare not do any thing of Justice to you, and that I have been ready, and will be so, to lay my life at the feet of your service, so far I am from suffering a falshood on your Honour, that the proudest he that durst do it, shall know I will be ambitious to justifie you, and correct it; and that I speak truth, there needs no greater argument than my zeal for you, when I would not know of the least whispering against you, even then when you were most unkind to me; therefore Good Madam, continue your wonted worth, and those good vows his you once had of me, and be assured, if I cannot be so happy as to thrive in your estimation, yet though a glory I have to be seen in your service, I will never suffer any to traduce your fame, and if I cannot obtain the Honour of being your servant, I will be happy in the Title of

Madam,

Your slave, or vassal.

47. *The Jealous Lover to his beloved.*

Dear heart,

YOu cannot but understand the extream perplexities that persecutes the whole frame of my mind; it is occasioned through a cordial love, which I bear to you, to you sweet Lady, why then will you be so severe to expose me to the hazards of desperation? if you have any love, pity, or reason, give me assurance, at least encouragement, that in time

I may be happy, otherwise while I consider your e
cellent Vertues, the incomparable Endowments
the Divine Soul, I mistrust my own merits, a
you thereby become cruel in setting me upon the to
ments of suspition; O think not that I can ret
the Idæa of your Beauty without the hopes of enjo
ing you, or the absolute ruine and desolation of
self: Dear Soul, it is not the frownings of a Fath
or Brother, that I value: but if you frown, or stor
or seem angry, you shoot a dart into my bosom; si
your sorrow is my suffering, and your complaints
to me an Agony worse than death; therefore Div
Lady, be like your self, vertuous, constant, and
solved; give some life to my hopes, remove my j
lousie, that I may expect to call you mine, and
Master of my own senses, that I may be convin
there shall not need any further expostulation, fin
discourse with an understanding Lady, and dare ass
the world there are Women in it of worth, vert
and sincerity, that scorn to be disloyal, as much
doth, My only Joy,

Yours only, to be commanded

The Answer.

48. *A Lady to her Jealous Lover.*

Suspitious Sir,

WHat occasion have I given you to retain
evil or doubtful thoughts of my love or mo
sty? it is true, and probably you have heard it, a G
tleman lately was pleased to bestow a visit on me,
could I do less than afford him a civil salutation.
I am not ignorant of the severity the *Italians* ex
cise, but we are now in *England*, where the prac
of humanity acquaints us with the true use of c
versation; I know too, that Love is always sea
ed with a smack of Jealousie, however your own

d

m, and the confidence I thought you had of me, ght inform you, that an uncorrupted heart is Can- n-proof against temptations as well as slanders: it to satisfie you, if you dare rely on my word, ere passed not a Syllable between us, which a Di- ce, or y u your self might not have heard, other- se be confident, if there had been no limits to th nds of respecting you, I should yet have had a re- d to my own credit, and neither have given ear to modest parley, or any undecent carriage. Be from rth confident of my Loyalty, for in a little e it shall convince you, that I love you truly, and h so sincere a resolution, as to be, S.r,

Yours, not to live without you.

49. *Civilities from one Lady to another.*

Dear Madam,

MY Ambition is still to continue in your favour, yet that may prove as importunate as it is un- , because I never could deserve it, yet I have ne er to frustrate the effect of that whereof you was the Cause which occasions my admiring of your th. And since you have been pleased to assure me your friendship; and your favour, I can do no les n offer my service, which shall ever be in readines tend your Commands: I have had some young allants with me of late, who promise more Visits have sent some Complements: by the next I hope e better furnished with somewhat new, to accom- y what I have so often said, and shall perpetually I am, Madam,

Yours, wholly at your Command.

50. *A Gentlemans request (for a sum of Money) to his Friend.*

Sir,

A Ceuse me not for my Ambition to be still i your favour, since by that I freely beg what would not ask, nor care to receive from any bod whom I do not only affect, but extreamly honour The urgency of my occasions have prevailed wit me, to send this messenger to you for the sum of, & onely for one moneths time, at the expiration which, you shall be certainly paid. Sir, you may we wonder, how I that deserved so little, can so confi dently desire so much; but my unwillingness to for eit my word with one Friend, hath put me to en gage it to another. This suit if you will please t grant, you will infinitely oblige me, however if yo deny me, I should be ungrateful and unworthy shou disown those engagements which have otherwi made me sufficiently

Your Debtor, and your Servant.

51. *A Lady to a Gentleman, on his Recovery from a fit of Sickness.*

Noble Sir,

By your favour, which is a great one, I have m with the good Newes I hoped for; I mean yo Recovery from those dangers your late Sickness w laid to threaten. I had the unhappy intelligen from one whom I knew to be just in his reports, a I was therefore bound in Honour as well as Consci ence to believe him: But now you are well, I a first, and not in so much danger of being frighted the mis-reports of others. Here are now so ma

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bout me, and they chatting all at once, that I can with difficulty write one word of sense, however my ant like a Carryers horse, trots in the old path and ace, and cannot be distracted from resolving, nor my hand from expressing that I am, and shall be ver

Your very Friend, and Servant.

52. *The Recovered Gentleman, to the aforesaid Lady.*

Madam,

MY indisposition hath been double, the want of health and your good company, which hath been most particularly desired; since my inclination invites me to take a pleasure in your Society, your letter was extreamly welcome, you may believe me, Madam, for you cannot but know with what respect I have continually adored your favours, in recompence for all I have received, and what I may not despair to hope for, I will serve you Madam, if I can not only from one end of the world to the other, but from this very day, to the last of my life, and shall do all your commands, if they shall dare to exceed my inclination and resolution to obey. I will not crave your pardon for not writing till now, since the King can will be just, cannot punish me for non performance, impossibilities; nor will you, I know, be so unmerciful now I want the use of my own hand, to deny me another mans. But though I have been his Debtor for it hitherto, I will make hard shift to subscribe my self now, and ever, Madam,

Your obsequious Servant.

53. *The Lover to his Mistriss, upon his fear of her entertaining a new Servant.*

Fairest Lady,

WHat can there be to compose an accomplished minde, that you want? Beauty, Generosity, a Noble Birth, solid Wisdom, affable Demeanour, insomuch Lady, that you are truely the Center where all the Graces meet, and you do not only approach absolute Perfection, but enjoyn all others to a high and fervent Observation; nor can I boast of any respects I do you, since your Vertues command more than I am able to wish, and it is my glory, and I esteem it the pride of my life to justifie my souls desire to serve you, and an honour to my Bondage, that I may be accepted for your slave. Command me then, most Excellent Lady, but withal remember that your Commands be love; for without love I can have no life, nor do I value death so I may bear your love with me to the grave; Yet, my Dearest Lady, let me not be mistook, though I am happy in being your subject, yet, like a Soveraign Prince, I cannot endure a Competitor; The feud being much alike between Rivals for Love, and those for Kingdoms; I have more of man in me, than to brook anothers Claim, especially any presumptuous hand to seize my right. Let me beseech you then, for Humanity sake, and Vertues, for yours and mine, to use a circumspection, lest you betray your Vertue to Corruption, or my small stock of Valour to irrecoverable dangers. For be assured, if my hopes are frustrated either by your will, or ignorance, I will defie the world, you, all women for your sake, and my self; but if any daring Arm shall stretch it self out in violence to your Honour, I will in duty force it to retire, or make it perish in the extension, and be extreamly happy if my best blood may be expended in the service, since

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ave vowed to entertain the Resolution of being;
Madam,
None but yours,
and
Yours till death.

54. *A Fair young Virgin, to an old Rich Miser, whom her Guardian did design should Wed her.*

Honourable Sir,

FOr I must ever acknowledge the truth of that old Proverb, that says *Age is honourable*; for all that, ave me leave to tell you, though I am under the tui-ion of another, yet I am Mistriss of my own affecti-ns; and in truth, neither your wisdom, your gravi-y, no nor your riches, can charm me to affect you; ir, be so much your self as to desist from your suit to e; be in charity with the world, and in love with eaven: build Hospitals, that you may merit the rayers of the poor, and spend not your precious time dotage upon a Woman; for to be plain with you, will sooner wed my self to a Nunnery or some loath-m Gaol, than become your Bed-fellow, and shall ver have a greater estimation for a Wiseman in Rags, an a Fool in his Richest Trappings; if you visit me, send to me any more, I shall conclude you trouble-ne and frantick; be advised then, since you know e minde and resolution of, Sir,

Yours in the way of Friendship.

55. *The Ingratiating Gentleman to his angry Mistriss.*

Excellent Lady,

Beseech you to consider, I cannot live unless you love, then be so merciful as to save what your owns are able to destroy; if you imagine my Hus-ndry will be profuse, your love will teach me to be gal: Do you mistrust Incontinency? love will rch those flames: Do you fear I may be guilty of

extra-

extravagancies? love will teach me to be solid; Are you afraid of want? love is content with a little, and studies things that are impossible, it overcomes all doubts and intricacies, and facilitates things that are most difficult. Be not then so credulous to the whispers of Calumniators, though these suggestions are buzzed into your ears, yet consider whether there be any ground for such like Jealousies, or the ends of those that raise them, only to poison my Reputation and my Happiness; let my honest and real Assertions be weighed in the ballance of your serene Judgement, that I may be admitted into your favour, or else know my doom, and die quickly, that Fame may do me so much honour and justice, as to Record me, Divine Lady,

Your abused Martyr.

56. *A Gentleman of good Birth, but small Fortune, to a worthy Lady, after she had given a denial.*

Worthily Honoured Lady,

HAd I not apprehended some small spark of encouragement, as it seemed to issue from your gracious acceptance of my affections, I had certainly forborn to have put you to this second trouble; or made myself to a fresh presumption, as knowing such Divine Stars of Beauty are to be beheld with more than ordinary Veneration. Excellent Lady, I humbly beg of you, not to reflect upon my Confidence, nor startle me with my inequality of Birth, lest the sense of losing you, send me to Hell with terror. My presumption hath this Apology, it is more ease to reach to the lofty Bough, than to stoop to the humble straw; and when a man attempts things Noble, though he fail in his design, it is a glory to undertake them. And though Madam, you are truly great as well as good; yet Histories will tell you, there have

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een Queens, and Persons of highest Honour have cast heir smiles on such whose accomplishments might laim respect. For my own part, I may and dare say without ostentation, my Birth is not base nor mean, nd my affection nobly loyal. Oh let not my fears sug- est to me that some other by an intrusion will deprive ne of my Souls Treasure, your love, a Happiness that would purchase with any thing more dear than liber- y or life; Oh be not then so severe as to say, Honor orbids you to affect me, though you could like my erson, there is death in every accent of such a sound; ut if you do resolve for a servant more meritorious han my self, you will ease my torments by giving me o understand so much, since I intend not to trouble ou with any more lines, but resolutely to fall, Ce- stial Lady,

A Sacrifice to Love, and you.

57. *A Lover to his Mistriss, who had lately entertain- ed another Servant to her bosome, and her bed.*

Madam,

Am now arrived to that pitch of Learning, as to understand the Vanity of your Sex, you have in- mparably well proved, that though men can put bridle into the nostrils of wilde Beasts, out-do the raft of Serpents, and dive into the most hidden se- ets of Nature, yet the industrious thing called Wo- an can out-do him, and confound his noble under- nding. From henceforth therefore I will shun ur Sex as the infectious poison of a Pestilence; ow could I curse my Credulity, my self, and all omen for your sake; was I not fore-warned by the ample of a wicked *Helen*, that occasioned the deso- ion of famous *Troy*, by that of *Eryphile*, *Cleopatra*, *ssilia*, *Panthea*, *Rhodopis*, and many others? but why should

should I trouble my brain to sum up Examples, when each woman is a Plague to her self, to all but those Adulterous Lechers that bear Hot-houses in their bodies, and Stoves in their boyling bloods. I perceive my love was not sufficiently immodest for you, I have been too cold in my Amours, therefore it is you shall me, and entertain some Monster of a more able back, whom (not unlikely) your roving wanton eyes have discovered from your window to bear some heavy weight, and not shrink his well-made Joynts under his ponderous load; may you enjoy him, but may you receive the rewards due to your Adultery and Perjury for be assured Heaven hath continual supplies of Vengeance for such abominable offenders; And that it will be just to you, and your deserts, is not only the desire but the belief of

Your most abused Friend.

The Answer.

58. *The Lady to her Lover, in defence of her own Innocency.*

Unkind Sir,

I *Do not a little wonder at the frenzie of your cracke brain, since you dare thus confidently call my love and modesty in question, and only for the civil Entertainment which in honour I was obliged to afford a Friend; whence come all those dreadful and satyrical Expressions that you imagine are not too good for one that but lately you pretended to love entirely, and spared not Vows and Imprecations to create a credulity in me? Certainly the Furies were your Dictators when you wrote: I will grant you that a Lover may be allowed to be a little jealous, it is but the overflowings of his affection, but I hold it not fit he should be mad, raging mad, as I fear you are. Sir, believe me, your intelligence is false, and*

inno-

innocency can with safety stand all the Assaults of a slanderous Tongue: Pray recollect your thoughts, and punish my Accuser, that my worth may not lie longer under the burthen of a Calumny: Be less suspitious, and assure your self I shall be ever loyal. though now I write in passion, so far I dare engage, since I already finde it is my chief content and happiness to be thought worthy of being, Sir,

Yours, though hugely wronged.

59. *A Lady to him whom she affects.*

Sir,

I Should have been happy if Heaven had given me merits to deserve your affections, since I hold it no great difficulty to afford you mine: But that we may discourse with a little freedom, I will borrow so much time from my other Affairs, as to meet you at, &c. only I shall give you this Caution, that as I am a Virgin, you will shew your self so far a Gentleman as not to offer any thing that may favour of incivility: pardon me, that I lay such an Injunction on you, it is not that I question you are otherwise Noble, but only what is commonly expected from a Maiden, that with a respect to her own modesty and credit, and may therefore very well become, Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer.

60. *A Lover to his Amorous Lady.*

Dear Madam,

Do so well understand my respects to you, that (pardon my boldness if I say) your care was somewhat needless. Lady, it is you that I adore, and can you then imagine I would in ure you, you that I would gladly make my own, and be proud of such a Purchase? Again, my Birth is not so base, as to tyrannize over

wer Ladies, especially you, the best of Ladies when the Skie puts on her bespangled Garments, th glittering Stars, I will expect you with all the reve rence and submission due to your noble Merits, from D.vine Lady,

Yours, if you think me worthy.

61. *The Affected Lover to his Mistress.*

Glorious Lady,

WE read and understand by the industrio help of History, how stones have danced a ter Amphion to the Theban Walls, that the Mountain ous Ossa, and the lofty Panchaya likewise danced to t Odrissian Lyre, that Dolphins forsook their wa Natures, when they heard the melody of Arions Har humbling their backs of scales, to bear him from the vi olence of Neptune, and his angry waves. It is then be neath a wonder, if the world stand amazed at you voice; should the fierce Tyger, or the raging Boar be hear you speak, they would change their unbridled na tures into the modesty of devout Adorers: One accen from your delicate and incomparable lips, are sufficien to give life to a dying man, and to revive into Child hood the chill and cold clods of Age. One smile of your can work more miracles, than Elsons Experien found in Medeas Bath. How happy am I then your love! I am nothing beneath the great Monar of the greatest Empire, and may I fall from all Fo tunes, to my absolute ruine, when I forget to be, M Honoured Lady,

Your Beauties Slave.

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The Answer.

62. A Lady to her affected Lover.

My Happiness and Joy,

YOur large Commendations, and liberal Expressions towards me, do certainly assure me that your affection to me is real; yet though I cannot requite your courtesies with a reprehension, I think I ought in justice to give you this Cautionary Information, that though you may think as you say, others may be of another mind, and some Criticks may chance to find those faults in your Rhetorick, which you that see with the Multiplying-glass of Love cannot perceive; therefore lest you forfeit your wisdom, forbear these Hyperbolies hereafter, since the reciprocal tryals that have passed between us, do sufficiently declare the mutual coherency of our affections: Let me implore you to be more reserved in this point, if you respect my love, or me, for what need such lofty lines, that savour so much of flattery, when you know I have made it my resolution to be

Yours, and only yours.

63. *A Lady to her despairing Lover, who had deserted his suit at the first Repulse.*

Sir,

Have expected either to have seen or heard farther from you, but I perceive you are but a raw Souldier, and but lately engaged under *Cupids* banner, otherwise you would not have given over the Skirmish for a small Repulse; For though I can afford you room in my heart, and all the love that is there, is for you and your worth, yet you might well tax me with lenity, or suppose me extream forward, should yeild at the first summons, without having the least experience either of your love, or loyalty; But be confident (for I dare write more than I durst speak,

since this Paper cannot blush, though I may) I ha
had a very high respect and honour for you, since t
first moment that made me happy with your presen
I suppose a word to the wise may be sufficient, if y
have a kindness for me, you perceive I am ready to
ut of the road of a Maidens modesty, only to me
with you: Be not so much like your *Sex*, as to fl
me, now you have that thrown upon you, which w
so much ardency you seemed to court before; for
can judge of Justice as well as Love: but if you w
favour me with your company, or at least a line or tw
you will not only give me abundance of satisfacti
but engage me to be Sir,

Yours for ever.

64. A Gentleman to a fair Lady, whom he accidentally discovered at a Window.

Lovely Lady,

*JUstice and Honour kiss your Hands, and so f
plead my Cause as to tell you, you are obliged
shew me favour, since for your sake I have undergo
the vehement tortures of an expecting Lover, but n
being grown impatient, I have taken a resolution
be rather importunate than bashful; for my nature
too high to suffer me to stoop to, or flie from any a
tempt that hath the countenance of what is No'
Fairest Lady, my Ambition is to visit you, if my lo
may prevail with you to afford me so great an honou
and I question not (since Heaven delights to be
ved, and you like one of its Inhabitants journey
here for a small space, appear Angelical) but you w
be in condition as in beauty; For if the Divinity
your Person lay a charm upon my senses, it is but J
stice that you endeavour to recover me before my D
stemper render me incapable of any remedy; bu*

er it shall be my glory, if I cannot live your ser-
vant, that I can die, Lovely Creature,

Your Devout Admirer.

65. *A sick Lady to her Lover, enjoyning him to forbear his Visits, she being infected with the Small-Pox, or some other Malignant Distemper.*

Sir,

Am now become a Prisoner to my Chamber, and though it were charity in you to bestow your Visits, my own sense of justice informs me I ought to con-
ceal close, since that fate that hath befallen me, may be so spightful as to seize on you: it is a Distem-
per that hath used a violence to my whole body, and hath not spared my face: lest therefore I become your burden, I conjure you by all the love you have, or ever had for me, to absent your self for some time, that you may see me with more safety and convenience: if you should venture your person, now mine is in the danger, my grief would be augmented, since I know it is more wisdom to hazard the one half of my Estate, than all, and if I must lose my self, I would have Death to be so triumphant as to possess my Friend self, and to glory in his Conquests so far as to make me a Bankrupt: You will do well to let me hear from you, at least send your Prayers in my behalf to the Heavenly Throne, for so it becomes a Christian and a Friend, and you will therein do justice to your self, and

Yours in sickness, or in health.

66. *The fearful Lover, to his supposed unconstant Mistriss.*

Madam,

is now most apparent to me, that there is no
redit to be given to a Woman; have not you and I

con-

confirmed so strong a League of Love and Friendsh
as was possible to be done, yet you can forget all yo
Promises, your Vows, and sober Protestations, a
they were but as so much wind, and might be br
as soon as made. This you have most perfidiously d
and under the pretence of fear that your Misfortun
are drawing nigh, as if you had discretion enough
chalk to your self the way to your Felicity, or as if y
held a Correspondence with Wizards, that could
vine what the effects of our loves should be; if I m
be slighted now at last, when I thought to be most ha
py, yet at least pray let me not be forgotten, that y
may justly say, you were once loved by a real Frien
and if it be my Misfortune to be deprived of you, m
you meet with one whose affections may be sincere
mine, that would be, Madam,

Yours, if you please.

The Answer.

67. A Lady to her fearful Lover.

Worthy Sir,

YOur downright railing against our Sex, seems
me, only as the heat of your passion, which
will favour with the construction of your love. B
I cannot but extreamly admire what Devil it sho
be should enflame you with so much fear and Je
lousie: I remember all those Vows and Protestatio
that passed between us, and you shall know, I d
not to be so wicked as to tempt Heaven and Veng
ance, so as to break my least promise to any so
alive, especially with you; Be therefore wise, a
more resolved, you might have forborn your ta
ting language of my chalking out a way to my feli
ties, or holding a correspondence with Witches,
of Taxing me point blank with perfidiousness, b

re you heard my answer; such usage would tempt any a young Maiden to scorn and forget love: when see you next, we may discourse farther on this Sub ct; till then, and ever, be confident, I am,

Yours, if you think fit.

68. *A Wife to her Extravagant Husband.*

Vain and Miserable man,

CAnst thou open thy eyes and not fear lest every one that sees thee should revenge those Adulte s and lacivious actions of thine, wherewith thou st brought upon thee the Curses of a chaste Wife, th her dear and innocent Babes? doth not thy nscience tell thee there is an everlasting Law-giver s in Triumph against the day of Vengeance, to dge such perverse sinners as thee? Or dost thou agine that those strict duties (commanded from e beginning) were but matters of Policy, or that ition of Man and Wife being one flesh, was meerly eath and Exhalation? surely it is so esteemed by he sts and prophane Livers, but I fear to the Eter- l horror of thy Soul, thou wilt roar in the pit of erlasting perdition, from whence it is difficult to Redemption; Therefore be no more foolish, but l to mind how thou hast mispended thy most pre- us time, endeavour to redeem it, and open the s of thy understanding, that thou mayest repent, d sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto e; Consider, the lips of a Whore are sweet as Ho- to the taste of Fools, but in her heart is the sting Scorpions; yea, the Poyson of Aspes lie under lips; wilt thou then adventure the stinging, when re is no Cataplasm for the sore? wilt thou forget Virtuous Wife of thy bosome, for a Strumpet that ot only disloyal, but impudent? darest thou de- e thy Children, those gifts of the Almighty Pro-

vidence,

violence, resembling Olive Branches about thy Tabl
those Buds of the Divine Blessings promised to th
good man? wilt thou run and wallow in the loathso
sink of Lust, and carnal Brutality? thou that may
trace the fair Walks of Contentment with honest an
chaste Embracings. Oh, be more advised, Let th
Contract of your Nuptial Vows prevail with thee;
conjure thee return to the pleasant Springs of our A
mary, that I may wash thee clean again with the tea
and kisses of a loving Wife, that thou mayest see th
children flourish, and that I may no longer be as m
present condition renders me,

Thy sorrowful and miserable Wife.

69. *A Lover to his Distempered Lady.*

My Joy,

YOu are now more cruel in your Sickness, than
ever found you in your Health, it was a feve
Command you sent to me; what though you are sic
if I do not see you, I shall be so too, and perhaps m
go out of the world before you; I understand yo
indisposition to be great, and that your Disease ha
abused you to your face, but I hope you understa
me so well, as to conclude my love doth not consi
in outward forms, I have reason to command my pa
sion, and by that I am perswaded it was a Vertuo
Cassandra, not a Fair *Helen* that I courted, a spi
that was truly noble, not the thin skin of a fair fe
ture; however I am confident the beauty of yo
Person, as well as that of your Minde, cannot be su
ject to a ruine by any sinister Accident: Time th
undertakes to wrestle with all things morta
may give it a trip hereafter, and then our souls sh
enjoy a blissful Union to Eternity: Dear Soul, re
your *Mandate*, and give me leave to be happy o
me

mere, for till I see you, I am in continual pai., how ever I have this consolation, that I can be

Yours languishing.

70. *A Lady to her Servant, that for some private reasons concealed his Birth and Fortunes.*

Honoured Sir,

MY Ambition hath been of so long a growth, that now it is become too big to be concealed; there fore I beseech you, if you have any respect for a young Lady, satisfie my request, which is only that I may better know you, and be better known to you. To am to be a Gentleman every way compleat, if I may receive your Character, though from your own mouth, shall believe it as an Oracle, for I perswade my self u are truly Noble; if your intentions are as I ve reason to believe, and that you bear any kindness wards me, you will not deny this reasonable civility; r can it be thought discretion, but rather a strange ravagancy in me, to receive your affections, or to dge my own, unless I can have some account of your rth, more than what I have read in your visage, which nfess is sufficient (if our conditions may correspond) entitle me, Sir,

Yours, as you shall please.

71. *The absent Lover, to his supposed unconstant Mistriss.*

Madam,

Dare not rashly condemn you, but pardon my love, if I take upon me to inform and to advise; There are those that whisper strange things concerning you, as that you afford your self more liberty than is consistant with the modesty of your sex; and that at unseasonable times you have been

seen to accompany such persons, whose conversation is sufficient to render you weak and scandalous: I know, Madam, report is commonly a Tatler and a Liar, nor dare I entertain a loose thought of one whom I so dearly love, I cannot think my self lost to your Memory, but my fears make me apt to hearken to anything, wherein there is any use made of your name; impute it as I do, to my distraction, not your defects, but withal be so circumspect, that the mouths of slanderous people may be stopped, that envy it self may by seeing your Vertuous disposition, arrive to the same happiness that I enjoy, which is, to love and admire you, which I shall ever do while you have vertue, or I have power to be *Yours.*

72. *A Gentlemans advice to his Mistris, how she should blinde the eyes of her watchful friends.*

My Lifes life,

I Perceive thy Guardian, who is no Friend of mine, doth not only watch me, and all my words and actions, but hath his Emissaries to do the like, and there are those that do assure me, the *Servants* are charged to slip behind the Hangings, and to watch who they are that shall visit thee; my advice therefore is, that always in his presence we seem as strangers, and counterfeit our looks, that we may thereby perhaps allay the heat of his Jealousie, but remember when thou seest my brow full of frowns, as if I had resolution to be angry, it is but a Copy of my countenance, and that originally I am as I shall be ever thy happy, and therefore thy most pleasant friend, believe it for a play, not a truth, and if thou dost but act thy part as well as I, it shall not be long ere *Hymen* shall draw the Curtain, and discover to all the world, that in spight of either their care or envy, thou art mine

in the interim be assured, I shall in Love and Loyalty continue as an unmoved Rock,

My dearest Dear, thy affectionate Servitor.

73. *A Gentleman to his new Mistriss, upon his relinquishing an old one.*

Lovely Lady,

HAving lately had the happiness to see you, I am now withdrawn from my designs of marrying with another, I cannot deny but some treaty was had concerning that affair with, &c. but your excellent beauty hath put a stop to my career, and hath made me ambitious of meriting your favour, and that you may not think me wavering, since I have left one that I might finde a better; be assured, Madam, I will never enter into the bonds of Matrimony with any but your incomparable self. I had not perhaps took this presumption upon me, if I had not had some encouragements, or if I had not at least fancied as much, when I was lately where you were. I beseech you, Dear Lady, pardon this rudeness, and give me the opportunity to wait upon you, that I may verbally and really give you a farther testimony of the love and honour I have had for you, since I made it my resolution to live and die *Yours.*

74. *A Captious Lover to his Vertuous Lady.*

Mistriss, &c.

I Did perswade my self that you were absolutely resolved to be mine, and that no perswasions or allurements could prevail with you to vary from your former thoughts, but I now finde you are as changeable as your Sex, and it is easier to hold a slippery Eel by the tail, than to finde a Woman that is true and constant. Had I given you any occasion, you might have had some pretence for your frequenting the company of the young Gallant, or admitting him into

your Society, but my affections have been unspotted, and never had so much as a small flaw, or mote in them till now. Now, that you like an unjust, and wanton, if not lascivious piece of Vanity, have given occasion to no small number that observed your behaviour, to talk and besmear that fair reputation that you before enjoyed, which was the main motive that spurred me on to conclude our Contract. And since that time I have took you to be mine, and therefore may with the more freedom reprove you, and advise you. I shall now say no more, but expect you should satisfie my disturbed thoughts, by giving me an account of what passed between you, and then hoping you will be more reserved for the future, you may still conclude me as before,

Your affectionate real Friend.

The Answer.

75. *A Virtuous Lady to her Captious Lover.*

Sir,

I Am apt to believe it for a certain truth, that Cupid *and* Jealousie *are inseparable Companions, and true love is oftentimes mixed with suspitious fears, but it is my wonder, that you who are a man of reason, should so flatly condemn me before you know what my offence hath been. Sir, give me leave to tell you, I have now a fair occasion to mistrust your demeanor hereafter. The Gentleman that was in my company deserves rather your acknowledgements for his noble deportment, than your extravagant censure: but perhaps you will absolutely conclude me idle, for being so much as seen with any man, since I was designed to be yours only, however you may do me the Justice to consider there were others of my Sex with me, nor had I been in his company, had not the importunate intreaties of the rest prevailed with me;*

Besides

Besides, though I am in election to be your wife, I hope you do not intend to make me your Slave, but will allow me a reasonable conversation with persons above the reach of a Calumny; I beseech you Sir, be satisfied with this account, and take this for a certain truth, I will hence forward forget the hopes of being a Bride, before I will call you into such another hell of tormenting Jealousies, but shall study to render my self as shall become, Sir,

Yours, if it may be.

75. *A Lover in Commendation of his Mistriss.*

My Blis.,

I Was sufficiently amazed when I beheld your person, and the beauty of your outward shape, insomuch that I concluded Nature designed you for her Storehouse, wherein all her Rarities and Novelties were disposed and instructed; I looked, and as I looked, I admired, but having afterwards attained to understand the vertues of your mind, I could not then but clearly perceive what a rich treasure of precious Jewels were inclosed within the fair Casket. Since which time, I have been proud of mine own judgement, and think the better of my self for fixing upon so glorious an object. This is not flattery, but justice; and as you have set my affections on a flame, it is as just that you should study some way for satisfaction, since I am in thought, word, and deed,

Madam, yours, wholly at your devotion.

77. *A Ladies thanks to a Gentleman for a civility lately received.*

Worthy Sir,

Should be a stranger to Worth and Honour, should I be so far unacquainted with the Generosity of your Nature, as not to understand it to be truly Noble

in all things, it ſtudies to do courteſies, and hates to receive acknowledgements, yet I muſt be ſo upright to my ſelf, as to own your late civility for a moſt noble favour, which I confeſs I received with ſome kinde of amazement, as being my ſelf ſo much undeſerving; and leſt my ſervices ſhould be beneath my wiſhes, if I can have your acceptance, my endeavours cannot be unrewarded, for that alone will render them conſiderable; And if I can be happy in any thing, it muſt be in proclaiming to the world how much I am, Noble Sir,

Your Honours, and moſt humble Servant.

78. *A Gentleman to a ſick Lady.*

Madam,

I Am ſo happy as to ſympathize with you in your want of Health, my minde aſſures me, you cannot be diſtempered by any bold Diſeaſe, but I muſt be ſo too, you have this evidence for it, ſince I have had an extream fit of diſcontentment from the time I laſt ſaw you: Now I am ſomewhat amended, my indiſpoſition is a little qualified, which gives me encouragement to hope, as I do deſire, that your condition is the ſame, otherwiſe, rather than you ſhould want a Companion in your miſery, I would chooſe to be ill again; That I may therefore be fore-warned of my own Misfortunes, be pleaſed I beſeech you to let me underſtand how you do, and withal make me happy by receiving ſome Commands from you, ſince it is the glory of my life to appear, Madam,

Yours, in all occaſions.

The

The Answer.

79. *A sick Lady to a Gentleman.*

Noble Sir,

MY distemper leaves me, but all in vain, since I cannot be throughly well till I see that you are so, I could once willingly have dyed, because I cannot live to requite your kindness: but now I begin to be past all hope of dying, for death came towards me so fast, that the very joy thereof, hath wrought in me a recovery. *Sir*, my health consists only in the ability which I hope suddenly to have, that I may visit you; since you will not be so favourable as to prevent me by coming hither, but whether to come to me, or I to you, I hope you will not deny me the honour to own what I have hitherto profest, to be still, what I was before, and will continue, *Sir*,

Yours, to serve and honour you.

80. *A Husband to his Lascivious Wife.*

Wicked and wretched Woman,

HAst thou forgot all goodness, that thou darest lift up thy adulterous eyes to behold the Christal light? Hast thou no sense of thy own filthy deformity? Dost thou not know the world brands thee for a Whore, a notorious Strumpet? Art thou not sensible how thou hast made me become a scorn and by-word to all that know me? Not that the credit of an honest man can be dashed by the infidelity of a Strumpet, but so it is, that the corruption of the times have created a custom, to set the Wives sins upon the Husbands forehead; thy children are either hated or pityed by all, and I my self dare not look upon them, lest I permit my fears to whisper to me thy Whoredoms, and their Bastardy. Our Relations, and those that were formerly our bosom Friends, do now forsake us, crying, they will not accompany

themselves with such as belong to the house of shame, or that tread the paths of incontinency, consider these things and repent, lest thy impenitency do farther provoke Divine Justice, and Heaven pour forth Vengeance as a reward of all thy impieties, and withal remember, this is the advice, of Monstrous Woman,

Thy sad, and much injured Husband.

81. *A Gentleman to his Friend, returning thanks for sending him a Book.*

Worthily Honoured Sir,

I Would have rejoyced to have had an opportunity to serve you before you sent me that ingenious Piece, Entituled, The Lives of the *Statesmen* and Favorites of *England* since the Reformation: *But I am now bound to make it the business of my life to render for all an humble and hearty acknowledgement, both for your own sake, and for the Gifts; for though nothing could be unwelcome to me that you should send, yet I know not what could have been more welcome, except your self, who I know not how to requite, but must proclaim you a Noble Friend, and a charitable Gentleman, and shall multiply my wishes for your prosperity, since you have without merit of mine, bound me for ever, Sir,*

Your Thankful Servant.

82. *A Gentlemans request to his Friend for a sum of Money.*

Sir,

LEt me not be held no Friend, because I send to borrow Money, I had rather want that, than lose your love; but Sir, if you shall think fit to pardon my boldness, I desire your patience so far, as to measure the length of your Purse-strings, since a present and urgent occasion puts me on this strange adventure

venture: *The sum is but five pounds, which shall be paid within a moneth, if you dare take my credit; for the assurance, and for interest you shall have my thankful acknowledgements. Thus not doubting of your civility in this case, I rest as ever,*

Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer.

83. *A Gentleman to his Friend that sent to borrow Money.*

Sir,

OUr Friendship would be held by a slender thread if a five pound weight could snap it. I have not thought fit to pardon any boldness, but do esteem my self happy in that I have a Purse or string to serve you, your credit is sufficient, and therefore I have sent you the sum required, and shall expect no other interest, than the like courtesie (if you think it one) when you shall be troubled by

Your hearty real Friend.

84. *A Lover to his Mistris.*

Bright Lady,

I Am now in love with mine own eyes, and wit, for were not the first exceeding good, they could not endure the lustre of your Beauty, and I am apt to believe the latter may be sharp, since it hath so exact a Character of your worth. Be more just to your self and me, than to think I flatter you, look into your self, and then you will wrong neither, and when you find I have done you right, call not my affection in question for making the discovery, since it is my duty to serve you and truth in all things honorable; but if by commending my own services, I am so presumptuous as to exceed your pleasure, let your piety seal my pardon, since my default was only the

effect of love, and I shall doubly be engaged to be, Madam.

Yours now, and ever.

The Answer.

85. *A Lady to her Lover.*

Sir,

YOu do well to love your own eyes, and wit, and I will own the first to be good, and the latter sharp, but if they both went together as you place them, your brains might be on the outside of your head, and then if you prove mistaken, blame yourself, your eyes, your wit, and not me: But that may be just to you, where there is no fault, there is no need of pardon, though the worth of ones affection oftentimes appeares more in words than in reality, however if you will take the liberty and trouble to commend me, I must and will claim the priviledge to subscribe my self, Sir,

Your obliged Servant.

86. *A Gentleman to his Rival.*

Sir,

IF you understood what an Honour I have for the accomplished Lady, you are pleased to afford your Courtships to, and what a reciprocal return I have for my affections, you would either out of civility or judgement cease to be so ridiculous, as to endeavour to rob me of her, whom her Parents and her self have blessed me with; And though perhaps she out of Maiden modesty, will assure you it is not so, you can justifie as much, and make it apparent to your own judgement; besides the time is drawing nere when our wishes will be consummated, and that you, and that part of the world that know her, may [illegible] whether what I have now said be a truth

[illegible]

fable; Couzen not your self, she hath a notable waggish wit, and uses it only to make you her sport: Sir, be wise, and think not with ease to attain to a happiness that I have tugged for: you are a Gentleman whom I have known, nor are your Relations strangers to me, were it not for that reason, I should not have brooked your visits to her hitherto, to the disturbance of my quiet: But from this time remember I have desired and warned you to forbear, as you cherish your safety and reputation, that so we may continue friends, for be assured you cannot finde out a more ready way to provoke my wrath, than your perseverance, which will occasion me to proclaim my self,

Your incensed Enemy.

87. *A Virgin to her Parents, that would have her matched to one whom she cannot love.*

Most Dear Parents,

Beseech you, let the Rules of Nature be so prevalent with you, as not to marry me to the man whom you sign, but if you do resolve that I shall marry, let it to one that I shall love, or to my grave: be not overlaid by the thought of Avarice, lest you become inhumane to your own blood, and make me

Your sad, sorrowful, and afflicted Daughter.

88. *A Gentlemans first Address to his Mistris.*

Beauteous Lady,

Our feature is so glorious, that I must needs acknowledge I do verily believe Nature hath no Piece of Art that she can more boast of; nor i re any Lady under Heaven to whom I owe a ater reverence, were your affections but correndent to mine, I would vie for happiness with th udest Prince under the bright Canopy of the C-

lestial Orb, but without your love, I cannot live, which will be a sufficient evidence, that you are the efficient cause of my ruine: Madam, I humbly implore your favour, make me your adopted servant, and use me and what is mine, as yours, for I account no glory greater than that of being,

Lovely Lady,

Your obedient Vassal.

89. *Another to the same effect.*

Mirror of Women,

Pardon the presumption of a stranger, that having lately lost his heart, makes an enquiry for it of one who is compos'd of nothing but what consists of Innocence and Virtue, and from thence I have this consolation, that knowing it is in your possession, I question not but you will be noble to it, either for love or pities sake: Dear Lady, give me leave to pay my visits to it, and if I may be so happy, let me accompany it, by being registred among the chief of your adorers. I confess my encouragements are small, having attempted nothing yet that might make me capable of your smiles, and being acquainted only with your worth; yet such is the over-ruling power of your Beauty that though my eyes were but once blessed with a sight of your peerless Perfections, my soul immediately became a Captive to your Vertues; and being now at your disposal, I shall hope to finde you merciful, that I may not languish in an adverse Fortune, since you are naturally tender and I am, fair Nymph,

Yours wholly, in the bonds of firm affection.

90. *A Letter to Lais to her Paramour, who had gotten her with Child.*

Dear Sr,

I Am now constrained to confine my self to a retired life, such is the fruit of your late dalliance, that

I am become obvious (and without your company shall be odious) to all that see me, and like your self, the Babe in my womb is continually exercising it self in an activity that affords me but little rest. You cannot forget your promises to marry me, ere you could prevail with me to satisfie your pleasures; Sweet Sir, let your stay be short, for prolixity is dangerous to both our Reputations, I languish till you come, and till then, and ever shall remain, My Dear Soul.

Yours, to love, and live with you.

91. *A Gentleman to his (once scornful, but now) Affectionate Mistris.*

Madam,

YOur sighs and flatteries are not prevalent enough, since I have now disposed of my resolutions so firmly, as that they are beyond the power of either of us to recall. Nor am I one of those puny Lovers, that think it reasonable to lay my love at your feet, after it hath so inhumanely received your slights. I once loved you too well, but now have so opened the eyes of my understanding, that I can more plainly see my own worth, and your frailty. You are now so kind as to make vows of love to me, and I am so little an infidel as to believe you, and therefore since you have a love for me, I conjure you by that love you bear me, that you trouble me no more, but henceforth study to forget that I ever was so much as

Your loving Friend.

92. *A Kinde-hearted Gentlewoman to her boasting Favorite.*

Ungrateful man,

HAth my love to you deserved no better than your scorns? did I receive you to my embraces through my weak belief of your treacherous Vows, and

and do you requite me with the ruine of my Reputation: Degenerate Monster, can you be so sottish as to think you do not wound your own fame, when you strike at me, will not all men abhor you? and though they permit you a hearing, yet esteem of you as one of Natures Prodigies. But to be more plain with you, be so wise as to forbear your foul reproaches, lest you receive a Pistol, or a Ponyard, from some one or other that may be sensible of your unworthy usage to, Base Wretch,

Your mortal Enemy.

93. *The Lover to his inconstant Mistriss.*

Lady,

YOur love was once my Paradise, nor did I esteem my self happy in ought else; but now perceiving your Ambition hath betrayed your Honour, and corrupted your affection towards me, give me leave to tell you, since you can forget to love, I can as easily forget to sigh, and from this minute shall disown you for being the object of my delight, since I think it not at all difficult to finde a Mistriss of more worth and constancy. May you possess a Husband equal to your deserts, I wish you no greater Plague.

Farewel.

Song

Songs Alamode, *Composed by the most Refined Wits of this Age.*

Song 1.

AS in those Nations, where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their aid implore,
'Tis not the workman, nor the precious wood,
But 'tis the worshipper that makes the God;
So cruel Fair, though Heaven has giv'n thee all,
We mortals Virtue, or (can) Beauty call,
'Tis we that give the thunder to to your frowns,
Darts to your eyes, and to our selves the wounds;
Without our love which proudly you deride,
Vain were your Beauty, and more vain your Pride.
All envy'd beings that the world can show,
Still to some meaner thing their greatness owe.
Subjects make Kings, and we the numerous Train
Of humble Lovers constitute thy Reign,
Only this difference Beauties Realm can boast,
There most it favours, it enslaves the most;
And those to whom 'tis most indulgent found,
Are ever in the surest fetters bound.
No Tyrant yet but thee was ever known,
Cruel to them that serv'd to make him one;
Pow'r's a Vice, if not with Honor joyn'd,
And Beauty a Disease when 'tis not kind.

Song 2.

FAirest Nymph my delay
Shames me, a Lover
Which I will now repay,
Since I discover
Those Beauties and Graces,

Which

Which so adorn thee,
And makes the earth grow proud,
That it hath born thee.
At the Wakes and the Fairs,
And ev'ry Meeting,
He's only happy can
Dance with my Sweeting:
Where all that stand about,
Still gaze upon her,
And those the Crow'd keep out,
Are talking on her.
As she walks through the Meads
With other Lasses,
All Flowers bend their heads
Still as she passes,
Striving to offer them-
Selves to be gather'd,
That she might Garlands wear,
E're they were wither'd.
As she at Ball in the
Cool evening play'd
For little Victories
And Wagers lay'd;
As the Ball, so their hearts
When they came nigh her,
Leapt for joy equally,
As they stood by her.
Ask the Rose why so red,
It say's she kist it,
The Lilly why so pale,
'Cause her lips mist it.
The Blushing Cherry said
'Twould be her debter,
'Cause one soft touch of hers
Ripen'd it better.

Song 3.

Break, break distracted heart, there is no Cure
or this thy Souls most desperate Calenture,
Sight which in others passion vent,
And give them ease when they lament,
Are but the billows to my hot desire,
And tears in me not quench, but nourish fire
Nothing can moll the my grief,
Or give me passion or relief.
ove's flames when smother'd always do devour,
And when oppos'd the same fatal power,
Then welcome Death, let thy blest hands apply
A Medicine to my grief, I'le die, I'le die.

Song 4.

Welcome blest hand, whose white out-vies
The Lillies or the Milky way,
Nor can the spacious azure Skies,
Cloath'd in the glories of the Day
Reveal so great a brightness as that hand,
Compar'd to which the Snow it self is tann'd.
Welcome blest hand, whose every touch
able to recal a Soul
led hence, whose sov'raign Pow'r is such,
hat it no Mortal can controul;
ly brest with as much joy that touch receives,
s condemn'd Pris'ners do their wisht Reprieves.
But prithee *Celia*, what design
d thy fair hands unto my brest,
as it a love to thine own shrine,
r pity to a thing oppress?
r thou mightst feel't swoln with those griefs which
t first begets, and cruelties improve. (love
Thou couldst not think to find my heart
thin its wonted place of rest,
at's turn'd recluse, and set apart,
the fair Cloyster of thy brest,

There

[illegible] 's confin'd but to a liberty,
[illegible] be imprison'd there, is to be free.
Therefore if thou my pulse wouldest feel,
Or would my constitution know,
Touch thine own cruel breast of Steel,
And that will tell the how I do;
For in that happy Treasury doth lie,
The sacred power to bid me live, or die.

Song 5.

LEt Votaries rearing up Altar and Shrine,
Court streight-lac'd Religion till they be weary
I nought will offer but full Cups of Wine,
As a Sacrifice to th'fat god of Canary.
What pretenders call holy,
Is dull Melancholly,
'Tis only rich Wine,
Has the Power Divine,
When they sigh and sob to make us all merry.
Let crack-brain'd Students whole Volumes devou
And let the starch'd Puritan mind Revelations,
While themselves do pine, and their faces look sowr
And Quacks kill themselves with inventing Purgatio
Come give us more Sack,
While our brains do crack,
We'l steep our dry souls
In liberal Bowls,
And cherish our hearts with diviner Potations.
Let adventures sail, till they plough up the Main,
Of stones they call precious, let 'em bring home a Mi
The light of our Noses their Rubies shall stain,
And our Carbuncled Faces their Diamonds out-shi
With peril and pain,
Those trifles they gain,
They wander and rome,
Whilest we sit at home,
And think w'have the *Indies*, if we have but good Wi

Yet sure the *Leviathan* happy would be,
Who's made to tipple and frolick i'th deep,
If *Bacchus* not *Neptune*, were God of the Sea,
And the Ocean Sack his Houses to steep:
Nor would any man fear
To be shipwracked there,
Since if he were drown'd,
By th' Jury 'twould be found
That he was but dead drunk, and so fell a sleep.

Song 6.

BEyond the malice of abusive Fate,
I now am grown,
And in that state
My heart shall mourn
The loss it hath receiv'd
When of its only joy it was bereav'd;
The Woods with Ecchoes do abound,
And each of them return the sound
Of my *Amintor*'s name; alas, he's dead;
And with him all my joys are fled,
Willow, Willow, Willow, must I wear,
For sweet *Amintor*'s dead, who was my dear.

Song 7.

WHen *Phillis* watch'd her harmless sheep,
Not one poor Lamb was made a prey;
Yet she had cause enough to weep,
Her silly heart did goe a stray,
When flying to the Neighbouring Grove,
She left the tender Flock to rove,
And the Windes did breathe her love.
She sought in vain,
To ease her pain,
The heedless windes did fan her fire,
Venting her grief,
Gave no relief,
But rather did increase desire,

Then

Then sitting with her arms a cross,
Her sorrows streaming from each eye,
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolv'd to die,

Mock Song 8.

ON yonder Hill a Beacon stands,
My Gloves will hardly fit your hands.
Think 'twill freeze to night,
Tobacco is an *Indian* weed,
Jeffory can neither write nor read,
I'm sure some Dogs will bite.
Pease-porridge is a Lenten dish,
Pudding is neither flesh nor fish,
Some Cheese will choak a Daw,
The Mayor of *Quinborough*'s but a Clown,
The Lawyer wears a dagled Gown,
Wat Tyler and *Jack Straw*.
The Sun sets always in the West,
Nor the *Popes* Religion best?
Yet when the Devil's blind.
From for my Lord Mayer and his horse,
The Spaniard took *Breda* by force,
With butter'd fish he din'd.
Hark how my Hostiss puffs and blows,
Hands ha' any Corn in your feet or toes.
Let's play a game at Bowls.
The Courtier leads a merry life,
The Parson loves a handsom wife,
Duke Humphrey din'd in *Pauls*.

Song 9.

WHen cold Winters withered brow
Wax'd sad and pale with sorrow,
Had over come the darksom night,
And coming was the morrow,
I heard a Lad with Buglet clear,
A Jubet, and a Hollow,

Cry come away,
'Tis almost day,
Forsake your Beds and follow.
Then with a Troop well arm'd for sport,
Upon their Coursers mounted,
Such as *Venus* Joys withstood,
When she the wild Boar hunted,
We on the Downs
With a Pack of Hounds
Whom Nature had befriended,
Pursu'd poor Wat,
New rais'd from squat,
Her first sleep scarcely ended.
Then over Hills, and over Dales,
And over craggy Mountains,
Through the Woods and shadowed Groves
Enricht'd with Christal Fountains,
The little Brooks with murmurs sweet,
And pretty Birds with wonders,
Sing careless Notes,
Through their well tun'd throats,
And fill the Air with thunders;
Ecchoes shrill,
From the Vaults of the Hill,
The Salvages and Satyrs,
Bees and Fairies do awake.
Sea-Nymphs from the waters,
They listen to our larger strain,
Attentively delighted,
Courting the day
For a longer stay,
That we might not be benighted,

Song 10.

TEll me gentle *Strephon*, why
You from my embraces fly?
Kiss my love thy love destroy?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay

Stay, o stay, and I will feign
(Though I break my heart) disdain:
But lest I too unkind appear,
For ev'ry frown, I'le shed a tear.
And if in vain I court thy love,
Let mine at least thy pitty move,
Ah! while I scorn, vouchsafe to wooe,
Methinks you may dissemble too.
Ah! *Phillis* that you would contrive
A way to keep my love alive,
But all your other charms must fail,
When kindness ceases to prevail.
Alas! Far more than you I grieve,
My dying flame hath no reprieve;
For I can never hope to finde,
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind.
One Beauty able to renew
Those pleasures I enjoy'd by you,
When Love and Youth did both conspire,
To fill our breasts and veins with fire.

Song 11.

A *Matillis* told her Swain,
Amarillis told her Swain,
That in love he should be plain,
And not think to deceive her,
Still he protesting on his truth,
That he would never leave her.
If thou dost keep thy vow, quoth she,
If thou dost keep thy vow, quoth she,
And that thou ne'r dost leave me,
There's ne'r a Swain
In all this plain,
That ever shall come near thee
For Garlands and embroyder'd Scrips,
For I do love thee dearly.
But *colin*, if thou change thy love,
But *colin*, if thou change thy love,

A Tygres then I'le to thee prove,
If e're thou doſt come near me.
Amarillis fear not that,
For I do love thee dearly.

Song 12.

WHen *Cladon* gave up his heart
A Tribute to *Auſtera's* eyes,
She ſmil'd to ſee ſo fair a prize,
Which Beauty had obtained more than Art:
But Jealouſie did ſeemingly deſtroy
Her chiefeſt comfort, and her chiefeſt joy.
Baſe Jealouſie that ſtill doſt move
In oppoſition to all bliſs,
And teacheſt thoſe that do amiſs,
Who think by thee, they tokens give of love:
But if a Lover ever will gain me,
Let him love much, but fly all jealouſie.

Song 13.

SWeeteſt Bud of Beauty, may
No untimely Froſt decay
Th'early Glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchleſs Face.
But kindly opening like the Roſe,
Freſh Beauties every day diſcloſe,
Such as by Nature are not ſhown,
In all the bloſſoms he has blown,
And then what Conqueſt ſhall you make,
Who hearts already daily take,
Scorcht in the morning with thy beams,
How ſhall we bear thoſe ſad extreams,
Which muſt attend thy threatning eyes,
When thou ſhalt to thy noon arile?

Song 14.

THis not in th' power of all thy ſcorn,
Or unrelenting hate,
To quench my flames, or make them burn
Thy with heat more temperate,

Still

Still do I struggle with despair,
And ever court disdain,
And though you ne'r prove less severe,
I'le dote upon my pain,
Yet meaner Beauties cannot dain
In Love this tyranny,
They must pretend an equal flame,
Or else our passions die.
You fair *Clarinda*, you alone
Are priz'd at such a rate,
To have a Votary of one
Whom you do reprobate.

Song 15.

CAll for the Master, O! this is fine,
He boasts of his twenty rich Nectars.
Liquors of life; but lees of dead wine.
For us the Cocks of the Hectors,
Wine wherein Flies were drown'd last Summer,
Hang't let it pass, here's a health in a Rummer.
Hang't let it, &c.
Bold Hectors we are of *London*, *New Troy*,
Fill us more Wine: Hark here, Sirrah Boy,
Speak in the *Dolphin*, speak in the *Swan*,
Drawer, Anon Sir, Anon.
Ralph, *George*, speak in the *Star*,
The Reckoning's unpaid; we'l pay at the Bar,
The Reckoning's unpaid, &c.
A Quart of Claret in the *Mytre*, score:
The Hectors are Ranting, *Tom* shut the door:
A Skirmish begins, beware Pates and Shins,
The Piss-pots are down, the Candles are out,
The Glasses are broke, and the Pots flie about.
Ralph, *Ralph*, speak in the *Chequer*: By and by,
Robin is wounded, and the Hectors do flie,
Call for the Constable, let in the Watch,
These Hectors of *Holborn* shall meet with their match
These Hectors, &c.

At Midnight you bring your Justice among us,
But all the day long you do us the wrong;
When for Verrinus you bring us Mundungus,
Your Reckonings are large, your Bottles are small,
Still changing our wine as fast as we call;
Your Canary has Lime in't, your Clarret has Stum,
Tell the Constable this, and then let him come,
Tell the Constable this, and then let him come.

Song 16.

YOur merry Poets, old Boys
Of *Aganippes* Well,
Full many tales have told Boys,
Whose Liquor doth excel;
And how that place was haunted
By those that lov'd good wine,
Who tipple'd there, and chaunted
Among the Muses Nine;
There still they cry'd Drink clear Boys
And you shall quickly know it,
That 'tis not lousie Beer, Boys,
But Wine that makes a Poet.

Song 17.

THe thirsty Earth drinks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The Plants stick in the Earth, and are,
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The Sea it self, (which one would think,
Could have but little need to drink)
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'reflow the Cup,
The busie Sun, and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face, no less
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.
They drink, and dance by their own light,
They drink and Revel all the night;

Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an Eternal health goes round,
Fill up the Bowl, and fill it high,
Fill all the Glasses here, for why
Should every Creature drink but I?
Why, man of mortals, tell me why.

Song 18.

FIne young folly though you wear
That fair Beauty, I do swear,
Yet you ne'r could reach my heart;
For We Courtiers learn at School,
Only with your Sex to fool,
Y'are not worth our serious part.

Song 19.

BE thou that art my better part,
A Seal impress'd upon my heart;
May I thy fingers Signet prove,
For Death is not more strong than Love.
The Grave's not so insatiate,
As Jealousies envenom debate.
Should falling clouds with floods conspire,
Their waters would not quench Loves fire;
Nor in all Natures Treasury,
The freedom of affection buy.

Song 20.

TO friend and to foe,
To all that I know,
That to Marriage Estate do prepare,
Remember your days
In several ways,
Are troubled with sorrow and care:
For he that doth look
In the married mans book,
And read but his *Items* all over,
Shall find them to come
At length to a Sum,
Half empty Purse, Pocket, and Coffer.

In the paſtimes of love,
When their labors do prove,
And the Fruit beginneth to kick,
For this, and for that,
And I know not for what,
he woman muſt have or be ſick,
There's *Item* ſet down,
For a Looſe-bodied Gown,
In her longing you muſt not deceive her,
For a Bodkin, a Ring,
Or the other fine thing,
For a Whisk, a Scarf, or a Beaver,
Deliver'd and well,
Who it cannot tell,
Thus while the Child lies at the Nipple;
There's *Item* for wine,
And Goſſips ſo fine,
And Suger to ſweeten their Tipple;
There's *Item* I hope,
For Water and Sope,
here's *Item* for Fire and Candle,
For better for worſe,
There's *Item* for Nurſe,
he Babe to dreſs and to dandle,
When ſwadled in lap,
There's *Item* for Pap,
nd *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle;
A Corral with Bells,
Which cuſtome compels,
nd *Item* ten Groats for a Cradle;
With twenty odd Knacks,
Which the little one lacks,
d thus doth thy pleaſure bewray thee?
But this is the ſport,
In Country and Court,
en let not theſe paſtimes betray thee.

Song 21.

I Dote, I dote,
But am a Sot to shew it,
I was a very fool to let her know it,
For now she doth so cunning grow,
She proves a friend worse than a foe,
She will not hold me fast, nor let me go:
She tells me I cannot forsake her,
Then strait I endeavour to leave her,
But to make me stay,
Throws a Kiss in my way,
O then I could tarry for ever.
Thus I retire,
Salute, and sit down by her,
There I do fry in frost, and freeze in fire;
Now Nectar from her lips I sup,
And though I cannot drink all up,
Yet I am fox'd by kissing of the Cup;
For her lips are two brimmers of Clarret,
Where I first began to miscarry,
Her Brests of delight,
Are two bottles of white,
And her Eyes are two cups of Canary.
Drunk as I live,
Dead drunk beyond reprieve,
And all my senses driven through a sieve;
About my neck her arms she layeth,
Now all is Gospel that she saith,
Which I lay hold on with my fuddled faith:
I finde a fond Lover's a Drunkard,
And dangerous is when he flies out,
With hips, and with lips,
With black eyes, and white thighs,
Blinde *Cupid* sure tipled his eyes out.
She bids me rise,
Tells me I must be wise,

Like her, and she is not in love, she cries;
This makes me fret, and fling, and throw,
Shall I be fettered to my foe?
I begin to run, but cannot go:
I prethee sweet use me more kindely,
You were better to hold me fast,
If you once disengage
Your Bird from his Cage,
Believe it he'l leave you at last.
Like Sot I sit,
That fill'd the Town with wit,
But now confess I have most need of it;
I have been fox'd with Duck and Dear,
Above a quarter of a year,
Beyond the cure of sleeping, or small Beer;
I think I can number the moneths too,
July, August, September, October,
Thus goes my account,
A mischief light on't,
But sure I shall goe when I'm sober.
My legs are lam'd,
My courage is quite tam'd,
My heart and all my body is enflam'd,
As by experience I can prove,
And swear by all the powers above
'Tis better to be drunk with wine than love;
For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,
Our fore-heads with Jewels adorning,
Although we do grope,
Yet there is some hope,
That a man may be sober next morning.
Thus with command,
She throws me from her hand,
And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand;
Measure all the ground by trips,
As ever Sot so drunk with sips,

Or can a man be over-seen with lips?
I pray Madam fickle be faithful,
And leave of your damnable dodging,
Then do not deceive me,
Either love me, or leave me,
And let me go home to my lodging.
I have too much,
And yet my folly's such,
I cannot hold, but must have t'other touch;
Here's a Health to the King: How now?
I'm drunk, and could chatter I vow,
Lovers and fools say any thing you know;
I fear I have tyred your patience,
But I'm sure 'tis I have the wrong on't,
My wit hath bereft me,
And all that is left me,
Is but enough to make a Song on't:
My Mistris and I,
Shall never comply,
And there's the short and the long on't.

Song 22.

WHy should we not laugh and be jolly?
Since all the World is mad,
And lull'd in a dull melancholly;
He that wallows in store,
Is still gaping for more,
And that makes him as poor,
As the wretch that ne'r any thing had.
How mad is that damn'd Mony-monger,
That to purchase to him and his heirs,
Grows shriveld with thirst and hunger?
While we that are bonny,
Buy Sack with ready mony,
And ne'r trouble the Scriveners, nor Lawyers.
Those Guts that by scraping and toyling,
Do swell their Revenues so fast,
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,

But are marks for each Taxer
While they load their own backs,
With the heavier packs,
And lie down gall'd and weary at last.
While we that do traffick in Tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whose Jaws are so hungry and gripple;
We ne'r trouble our heads
With Indentures or Deeds,
And our Wills are compos'd in a word.
Our money shall never indite us,
Nor drag our free minds to thrall,
Nor Pyrates nor Wracks can affright us;
We that have no Estates,
Fear no plunder nor rates,
We can sleep with open gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.
We laugh at those fools, whose endeavours
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,
When we that spend all are the savers;
For if Thieves do break in,
They go out empty agen,
And the Plunderers lose their designs.
Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tipple and laugh while we may,
To wash from our hearts all sorrow;
Those Cormorants which,
Are troubled with an Itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.
The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,
What a pox is he better than we?
He must vail to the man with his Buff on;
Though he Custard may eat,
And such lubbarly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

Song 23.

NEver more will I protest
To love a Woman but in jest;
For as they cannot be true,
So to give each man his due,
When the wooing fit is past,
Their affections cannot last.
Therefore if I chance to meet
With a Mistress fair and sweet,
She my service shall obtain,
Loving her for love again:
Thus much liberty I crave,
Not to be a constant slave.
For when we have try'd each other,
If she better like another,
Let her quickly change for me,
Then to change am I as free:
He or she that loves too long,
Sell their freedom for a Song.

Song 24

NOw fie on foolish love, it not besits,
Or man or woman know it;
Love was not meant for people in their wits,
And they that fondly show it,
Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,
And shall have Bedlam for their pain;
If single love be such a Curse,
To marry is to make it ten times worse.

Song 25.

TUrn *Amarillis* to thy Swain,
Thy *Damon* calls thee back again.
Here is a pretty Arbor by,
Where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,
Where *Apollo* cannot spy;
There let's sit, and whilst I play,
Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

Song 25.

COurtiers, Courtiers think it no scorn,
That filly poor Swains in love should be;
There is as much love in rent and torn,
As there is in Silks and Bravery;
The Begger loves his Lass as dear,
As he that hath Thousands, Thousands, Thousands,
He that hath Thousands Pounds a year.

Song 27.

TAke a pound of Butter made in *May*,
Clap it to her Arse in a Summers day,
And ever as it melts, then lick it clean away;
'Tis a Med'cine for the Tooth-ach, old-wives say.

Song 28.

Bess black as Charcoal,
Was found in a dark-hole
With *Kit* at the Cat and the Fiddle;
But what they did there,
None safely can swear,
Yet Gentlemen, Riddle my Riddle.
Troth I would be loath,
Were I put to my Oath,
To swear *Kit* with *Bess* did ingender;
Yet it would tempt a man,
Bridle all that he can,
His present well wishes to tender.
But 'twas found at last,
E're a twelve-month was past,
That *Christopher Bess* had o'er-master'd.
For her belly betray'd her,
And so she down laid her,
And brought him a jolly brown Bastard.

Song 29.

THe Glories of our Birth and State
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no Armor 'gainst our Fate,

Death lays his Icy hands on Kings:
Scepter and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal laid,
With the poor crooked Sythe and Spade.
Some men with Swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh Laurels where they kill;
But their strong Nerves at last must yeild,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They bend to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
While the pale Captive creeps to Death.
The Garland withers on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
For on Deaths purple Altar now,
See where the Victor Victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold Tomb,
Only the Actions of Just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Song 30.

SWeet *Jane*, sweet *Jane*,
I love thee wondrous well;
But am afraid,
Thou't die a Maid,
And so lead Apes to Hell.
For why my dear, 'tis pity it should be so,
Thou't better then to take a man,
And keep thee from the foe.
Thou art so pretty and fine,
And wondrous handsom too;
Thou be not coy,
Let's get a boy,
Alas what shou'd we do.
I see thy brow,

And well I know
What colour is below,
Then do not jest,
But smile the rest,
E'faith I know what I know.

Song 31.

VIctorious Beauty, though your eyes
Are able to subdue an Host,
And therefore are unlike to boast
The taking of a little prize,
Do not a single heart despise.

Song 32.

Chloris, it is not in your power
To say how long our love will last,
It may be we within this hour
May lose those joys we now may taste;
The blessed that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.
And though you now immortal seem,
Such is th' exactness of your fame,
Those that your beauty so esteem,
Will find it cannot last the same:
Love from mine eyes has stolen my fire,
As apt to waste, and to expire.
Then since we mortal Lovers are,
Let's question not how long 'twill last,
But while we love, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past:
It were a madness to deny
To live, because we are sure to die.
Fear not though Love and Beauty fail,
My reason shall my heart direct;
Your kindness now will then prevail,
And passion turn into respect.
Chloris, at worst, you'l in the end,
But change your Lover for a Friend.

Song 33:

Celemana, of my heart
None shall're bereave you;
If with your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day,
I will never leave you.

Celemana.

Passion's but an empty name,
Where respect is wanting:
Damon, you mistake your aim,
Hang your heart, and burn your flame,
If you must be ranting.

Damon.

Love as pale and muddy is,
As decaying Liquor,
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

Celemana.

Love by quarrel to beget,
Wisely you endeavour,
With a grave Physicians wit,
Who to cure an Ague-fit,
Puts me in a Feavor.

Damon.

Anger rouses Love to fight,
And his only Bait is;
'Tis the spur to vain delight,
And is but an eager bite,
When desire at height is.

Celemana.

If such drops of heat can fall
In our wooing weather;
If such drops of heat do fall,
We shall have the devil and all,
When we come together.

Song 24.

TWelve sorts of meat my wife provides,
And bates me not a dish;
Of which, four flesh, four fruit there are,
The other four of fish.
For the first course she serves me in
Four Birds that Dainties are;
The first a Quail, the next a Rail,
A Bittern, and a Jar.
Mine Appetite being cloy'd with these,
With Fish she makes it sharp,
And brings me next a Lamp, a Pout,
A Gudgeon, and a Carp,
The second is of Fruit well serv'd,
Fitting well the season,
A Medler, and a Hartichoak,
A Crab, and a small Reason.
What's he that having such a wife,
That on her would not dote,
Who daily does provide such fare,
Which costs him never a Groat?

Song 35.

BE gone, be gone thou perjur'd man,
And never more return,
For know that thy inconstancy,
Hath chang'd my love to scorn;
Thou hast awak't me, and I can
see clearly there's no truth in man;
Thou may'st perhaps prevail upon
Some other to believe thee.
And since thou canst love more than one,
Ne'r think that it shall grieve me,
For th'hast awak't me, and I can
See clearly there's no truth in man.
By thy Apostacy I finde,
That love is plac'd amiss,
And can't continue in the minde,

Where Virtue wanting is.
I'm now reſolv'd, and know there can
No conſtant thought remain in man.

Song 36.

STrait my green Gown into Breeches I'le make,
My long yellow Locks much ſhorter I'le take,
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down-a.
Then I'le cut me a Switch, and on that ride about,
And wander, and wander, till I finde him out,
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down-a.
And when *Phylander* ſhall be dead,
I'le bury him, I'le bury him,
And I'le bury him in a Primroſe-bed,
Then I'le ſweetly ring his Knell,
With a pretty Cowſlip-bell,
Ding Dong Bell, Ding Dong Bell.

Song 37.

LOok, ſee how unregarded now
That Piece of Beauty paſſes!
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone, but mark the fate of faces:
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm, or I not ſee.
And yet the face continues good,
And I have ſtill deſires;
And ſtill the ſelf ſame fleſh and blood,
As apt to melt, and ſuffer from ſuch fires:
Oh ſome kinde Power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or mine eyes.
She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often die,
Neither her power then, nor my will,
Can queſt'onable be: what is the myſtery?
Sure Beauty's Empire, like the greateſt States,
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden dates.

Song

Song 38.

DEar, give me a thousand kisses,
Pay the Debt thy Lips do owe;
Let the number of those blisses,
To ten thousand thousands grow,
Till to infinites they flow;
Let the sweet perfumed treasure
Of thy breath, my spirits fill;
So enjoying endless pleasure,
Breaths rebreathing, let us still
Breath one breath, and wish one will.

Song 39.

LIttle love serves my turn,
'Tis so enflaming,
Rather than I will burn,
I'le leave my gaming;
For when I think upon't
Oh 'tis so painful,
'Cause Ladies have a trick,
To be disdainful.
Beauty shall court it self,
'Tis not worth speaking,
I'le no more amorous pangs,
No more heart-breaking.
Those that ne'r felt the smart,
Let them go try it,
I have redeem'd my heart,
Now I defie it.

Song 40.

NO more, no more,
I must give o're,
For Beauty is so sweet,
It makes me pine,
Distrust my minde,
And surfeit when I eate;
Forgive me Love,

If I remove
Unto some other sphear,
Where I may keep
A Flock of sheep,
And know no other care.

Song. 41.

Chloris farewel, I now must go,
For if with thee I here do stay
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall grow blinde and lose my way.
Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Amongst the rest me hither brought;
Finding this Fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.
For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.
But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.
For thou may'st say, 'twas not my fault,
That thou didst thus unconstant prove,
Thou wert by my example taught,
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.
No *Chloris*, no, I will return,
And raise thy glory to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And the distrust me reprobate.
Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Song

Song 42.

TO little or no purpose I ſpent many days,
In ranging the Park, the Exchange and the Plays,
For ne'r in my Rambles till now did I prove
So lucky, to meet with the man I could love.
For oh, how am I pleas'd when I think of this man,
That I finde I muſt love, let me do what I can.
How long I ſhall love him, I can no more tell,
han had I a Feaver when *I* ſhould be well;
My paſſion ſhall kill me before *I* will ſhow it,
And yet *I* would give all the world he did know it:
But oh, how *I* ſigh when *I* think he ſhould woo me,
I cannot deny what *I* know would undo me.

Song 43.

SHall *I* lye waſting in deſpair,
Die becauſe a womans fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care,
Cauſe anothers Roſie are?
Be ſhe fairer than the day,
Or the flowery Meads in *May*,
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care *I* how fair ſhe be.
ſhall *I* mine affections ſlack,
Cauſe *I* ſee a woman black?
Or my ſelf with care caſt down,
Cauſe I ſee a woman brown?
Be ſhe blacker than the Night,
Or the blackeſt Jet in ſight,
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care *I* how black ſhe be.
Shall my ſoohſh heart be pin'd,
Cauſe *I* ſee a woman kinde?
Or a well diſpoſed Nature,
Joyned in a comely Feature?
Be ſhe kinde or meaker than
turtle-dove, or Pelican,

I

If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be.
Shall my foolish heart be burst,
'Cause I see a woman curst,
Or a thwarting hoggish nature,
Joyned in as bad a feature?
Be she curst, or fiercer then
Brutish beasts, or savage men,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be.
Shall a womans Virtues, make
Me to perish for her sake;
Or her merits value known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
That may merit name of best,
If she seem not so to me,
What care I how good she be.
Shall a womans Vices, make
Me her Virtues quite forsake;
Or her faults to me made known,
Make me think that I have none?
Be she of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how bad she be.
'Cause her fortunes seem too high,
Should I play the fool, and die?
He that bears a noble minde,
If not outward help he finde,
Think what with them he would do,
That without them dares to woo,
And unless that minde I see,
What care I how great she be.
'Cause her Fortunes seem too low,
Shall I therefore let her go?

She that bears an humble minde,
And with Riches can be kinde,
Think how kinde a heart he'd have,
If he were some servile slave,
And if that same minde I see,
What care I how poor she be.
Great, or good, or kinde, or fair,
I will ne'r the more despair,
If she love, then believe
I can die, e're she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can slight, and bid her go.
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?
Poor, or bad, or curst, or black,
I will ne'r the more be slack,
If she hate me, then believe
She shall die e're I will grieve;
If she like me when I woo,
I can like and love her too;
For if she be fit for me,
What care I what others be?

Song 44.

OH *Chloris*, 'twas unkindly done,
First to invade me with your eyes;
And when my yeilding heart was won,
Then to begin your Tyrannies;
The generous Lion streight grows meek,
And gently spares the fawning Chase,
But the submissive wretch may seek
In vain for pitty from that face;
Where while inchanting *Syrens* sing,
The allured Mariner is wrackt;
So whirling gulphs destruction bring,
And overwhelm what they attract.

Song

Song 45.

HElp, help, O help, *Divinity of Love,*
Or *Neptune* will commit a rape
Upon my *Chloris*, she's on his Bosome,
And without a wonder cannot scape.
See, See, the Winds grow drunk with joy, and throngs
So fast to see Love's *Argo*, and the wealth it bears,
That now the Tackling, and the Sails they tear,
They fight, they fight who shall convey,
Aminto's love into her Bay,
And hurl the Seas at one another,
As if they would the Welkin smother!
Hold *Boreas*, hold: he will not hear,
The Rudder cracks, the Main-mast falls,
The Pilot swears, the *Skipper* bawls,
A shore of Clouds in darkness fall,
To put out *Chloris* light withal;
Ye Gods, where are ye? Are ye all asleep,
Or drunk with Nectar? Why do you not keep
A Watch upon your Ministers of Fate?
Tye up the Winds, or they will blow the Seas
To Heav'n, and drown your deities.
A Calm, a Calm, Miracle of Love,
The *Sea*-born Queen that sits above,
Hath heard *Aminters* cryes,
And *Neptune* now must lose his prize.
Welcome, welcome *Chloris* to the shore,
Thou shalt go to the *Sea* no more;
We to *Tempes* Groves will go,
Where the calmer Winds do blow,
And embark our hearts together,
Fearing neither Rocks nor Weather,
But out-ride the storms of Love,
And for ever constant prove.

Song

Song 46.

NOw, now, *Lucaria*, now make haſte,
If thou wilt ſee how ſtrong thou art,
There needs but one frown more to waſte
The whole remainder of my heart.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, now, now am dead.
You look to have an Age of tryal,
E're you a Lover will repay,
But my ſtate brooks no more denyal,
I cannot this one minute ſtay.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, now, now am dead.
Look in my Wound, and ſee how cold,
How pale and gaſping my ſoul lyes,
Which Nature ſtrives in vain to hold,
Whilſt wing'd with ſighs, away it flyes.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Readie to die, now die,
And now, now, now am dead,
See, ſee, already *Charons* Boat,
Who grimly asks, why all this ſtay?
Hark how the fatal Siſters chout,
And now they call, Away, away.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, oh now, am dead.

Song 47.

WHen as *Leander* young, was drown'd,
No heart by love receiv'd a Wound,
Sat on a Rock himſelf ſat by,
There weeping ſuperabundantly.
His head upon his hand he laid,
And ſighing deeply, thus he ſaid:

Ah

As cruel Fate and looking on't,
Wept as he'd drown the *Hellespont*;
And sure his tongue had more expresst,
Had not his tears, Had not his tears,
Had not his tears forbad the rest.

Song 48.

OH! how I hate thee now,
And my self to o,
For loving such a false, false thing as thee,
Who hourly canst depart,
From heart to heart,
To take new harbour, as thou didst in me;
But when the world shall spie,
And know thy shifts as well as I,
They'l shut their hearts, and take thee in no more,
They that can dwell in none must out of door.
Thy pride hath overgrown,
All this great Town,
Which stoops, and bows as low,
As I to you;
Thy falshood might support,
All the New Court,
Which shifts and turns, almost as oft as thou,
But to expres thee by,
There's not an object low, or high,
For 'twill be found when e're the measure's tri'de,
Nothing can reach thy falshood, but thy pride.

Song 49.

YOnder he goes,
Takes Coins from your Toes,
Cures the Gout, and all Woes,
Call him hither,
His Skill I will try,
Before he pass by,

C

Or ſure I ſhall die
This weather:
The reports of your fame, Sir,
Call you again, Sir,
Shew your skill, or ſhame your face for ever;

Song 50.

HArg ſorrow, caſt away care,
Come let us drink up our Sack;
They ſay it is good,
To cheriſh the blood,
And eke to ſtrengthen the back;
'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aſpire,
And fills the body with heat,
Beſides 'tis good,
If well underſtood,
To fit a man for the Feat:
Then call,
And drink up all,
The Drawer is ready to fill,
A pox of Care,
What need we to ſpare,
My Father hath made his Will.

Song 51.

HAve you any work for a Tinker, Miſtriſs,
Old Braſs, old Pots, or Kettles,
I'le mend them all with a Tink, Terry-tink,
And never hurt your Mettles.
Firſt let me have a touch of your Ale,
'Twill ſteel me 'gainſt cold weather,
Or Tinkers Freeze,
Or Vintners Lees,
Or Tobacco chuſe you whether;
But of your Ale,
Your Nappy Ale,
I would I had a Ferkin,
For I am old,

And

And very very could,
And never wear a Jerkin.

Song 52.

HAve you observ'd the Wench in the street,
Sh'as scarce any hose, or shooes to her feet,
Yet she is very merry, and when she cries she sings,
I ha hot Codlings, hot Codlings.
Or have you ever seen or heard
The Mortal with a Lyon tawny Beard,
He lives as merrily as any heart can wish,
And still he cryes by a Brish, by a Brish.
Since these are [illegible] why should we take care?
Musitians, like *Can*[illegible] [illegible]ast live by the Air:
Then let's be blithe [illegible]y,
And no good meet[illegible]g balk,
For when we have no money,
We shall finde chalk.

Song 53.

IF any so wise is,
That Sack he despises,
Let him drink his small Beer and be sober,
Whilst we drink Sack and sing
As if it were Spring,
He shall droop like the trees in *October*.
But be sure over-night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed,
To settle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning.
And be not so silly,
To follow old *Lilly*,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us;
Let his *Ne-assurscus*,
Be put in his Cap-case,
And sing *Bi-bi-to-vi-num Je-ju-num*.

Song

Song 54.

GOod *Simon*, how comes it your Nose looks so red,
And your cheeks, and lips, look so pale?
ure the heat of your Toast,
Your Nose did so Roast,
When they were both soused in Ale:
t shews like the spire,
Of *Paul's* Steeple on fire,
Each Ruby darts forth (such Lightning) flashes,
hile your face looks as dead,
As if it were lead,
And covered all over with Ashes.
ow to heighten his colour,
Yet fill his pot fuller,
And nick it not so with froth;
ramarcy mine Host,
It shall save thee a Toast;
Sup *Simon*, for here is good Broth.

Song 55.

HOw merrily looks the man that hath Gold;
He seemeth but twenty, though threscore year old,
ow nimble the Bee, that flyeth about,
nd gathereth Honey, within and without,
t men without Money,
And Bees without Honey,
e nothing better than Droans, Droans, &c.

Song 56.

GOod *Susan* be as secret as you can,
If You know your Master is a Jealous man,
ough thou and I do mean no hurt or ill;
t men take women in the worst sense still,
nd fear of Horns more grief in hearts hath bred,
an wearing Horns doth hurt a Cuckolds head.

Song 57.

THe wise men were but seven,
Ne'r more shall be for me:
The Muses were but nine,
The Worthies three times three:
And three merry Boys, and three merry Boys,
And three merry Boys are we.
The Virtues were but seven,
And three the greater be,
The *Cæsars* they were twelve,
And the fatal *Sisters* three;
And three merry Girls, and three merry Girls,
And three merry Girls are we.

Song 58.

A Womans Rule should be in such a fashion,
Onely to guide her Houshold, and her Passion
And her obedience never out of season,
So long as either Husband lasts or Reason.
Ill fares the hapless Family that shows
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that Crows.
I know not which lives more unnatural lives,
Obedient Husbands, or commanding Wives.

Song 59.

A Pox on the Goaler, and on his fat Jowl;
There's liberty lies in the bottom o'th' Bowl,
A fig for what ever the Rascal can do,
Our Dung'on is deep, but our Cups are so too.
Then drink we a round in despight of our Foes,
And make our cold Iron cry chink in the close.

Song 60.

WHen Wives do hate the Husbands Friends,
As jealous of some fearless ends?
And still an angry look she settles,
As if of late she had piss'd on Nettles;
Vare ho, ware ho, for then of force
The Mare will prove the better Horse:
When Women will be ever nice,

Fool

Fooliſh, proud, and manly wiſe,
And their wanton Humour itches,
To wear their Husbands wideſt Breeches;
Ware ho, ware ho, for then on force
The Mare will prove the better Horſe.

Song 61.

IF ſhe be not kinde as fair,
But peeviſh and unhandy,
Leave her, ſhe's onely worth the care
Of ſome ſpruce Jack-adandy.
I would not have thee ſuch an Aſs,
Had'ſt thou ne'r ſo much leiſure;
To ſigh and whine for ſuch a Laſs,
Whoſe pride's above her pleaſure.
Make much of every buxum Girl,
Which needs but little courting;
Her value is above the Pearl,
That takes delight in ſporting.

A Catch 62.

HE that will win a widdows heart,
Muſt bear up briskly to her;
She loves the Lad, that's free and ſmart,
But hates the formal Wooer.

Song 63.

LAdies, though to your conqu'ring eyes
Love owes the chiefeſt Victories,
And borrows thoſe bright Arms from you,
With which he does the World ſubdue;
Yet you your ſelves are not above
The Empire, nor the griefs of Love.
Then wrack not Lovers with diſdain,
Leſt Love on you revenge her pain;
You are not free, becauſe y'are fair,
The Boy did not his Mother ſpare,
Beauty's but an offenſive Dart,
It is no Armor for the Heart.

Song 64.

Phillis though your powerful charms
Have forc'd me from my *Cœlia's* Arms,
That sure defence against all Power's
But those resistless eyes of yours,
Think not your Conquest to maintain
By rigour or unjust disdain;
[In vain fair Nymph, in vain you strive.]
For Love does seldom hope survive.
My heart may languish for a time,
While all your glories in their prime,
May justifie their cruelty,
By the same force that conquer'd me.
When Age shall come, at whose command
Those Troops of Beauties must disband:
A Tyrants strength once took away,
What slave's so dull as to obey?
Those threatning dangers to remove,
Make me believe (at least) you love;
Dissemble well, and by that art
Preserve and govern still my heart,
But if you'l choose another way,
To save your empire from decay,
Oh then for ever fix your throne,
Be kinde, but kinde to me alone.

Song 65.

A *Minus* he once Went astray,
But now again hath found his way,
Mad Lovers oft do please themselves,
With noise and janglings of the Bells,
And fancy there some warbling Note,
As Ecchoing from a Mistriss throat,
And why disturb'd then should they be,
Since Love on Earth's our Deity?
But those who reason do preserve,

Make all things to their purpose serve,
Taught then by that Example, I
Loves power now will soon defie,
Although fond *Cupid* once prevail'd,
His passions not on me entail'd,
No son of his, I'le boldly say,
I'm made of Steel and not of Clay.
Hold, let me not this God despise,
For fear he rob me of mine eyes,
His power subjects, and can destroy,
I'e therefore stoop unto the Boy,
y yeilding to his moderate fire
may an easier way expire,
weet a death gives us no pain,
hilst dying we revive again.

Song 66.

FAir *Phydelia* tempt no more,
I can thy beauty now no more adore,
Nor offer to thy shrine.
I serve a more Divine
And greater far than you;
rk the Trumpet calls away,
We must go,
Left the foe,
Get the field, and win the day,
n march bravely on,
Charge them in the Van,
Our Cause Gods is,
Though the odds is
n times ten to one.
pt no more, I may not yeild,
lthough thine eyes
Kingdom may surprize,
ave of thy wanton takes,
e high-born Prince of *Wales*
mounted in the field,

Where The Loyal Gentry fleck,
Though forlorn,
Nobly born,
Of a ne'r decaying Stock;
Cavaliers be bold,
Bravely keep your hold,
He that loyters,
Is by Traytors
Meerly bought and sold.
One kiss more, and so farewel,
Fie, no more,
I prethee fool give o're,
Why couldst thou thus thy beams?
I see by these extreams,
A womans heaven or hell;
Pray the King enjoy his own,
That the Queen
May be seen,
With her Babes on *Englands* Throne.
Rally up your men,
One shall vanquish ten,
Victory, we come to try
Our Valour once agen.

Song 67.

WEre *Celia* but as chaste as fair,
How could I kiss the snare,
And never be
Weary of my Captivity!
But she's a whore, that cools my blood;
Oh that she were less handsom, or more good.
Would you believe that there can rest
Deceit within that breast?
Or that those eyes,
Which look like friends, are only spies?
But she's a whore, yet sure I lye,
May there not be degrees of chastity?

No, no, what means that wanton smile,
But only to beguile?
Thus did the first
Of Women make all Men accurst:
I for their sakes give women o're,
The first was false, the faireſt was a whore.

Song 68.

THe morning doth waste,
To the Meadows let's haste;
For the Sun doth with glory shine on them;
The Maidens must rake,
Whilst the Hay-cocks we make,
Then merrily tumble upon them.
The envy of Court,
Ne'r aims at our sport,
For we live both honest and meanly;
Their Ladies are fine,
But to *Venus* encline,
And our Lasses are harmless and cleanly.
Then let us advance
Our selves in a Dance,
And afterwards fall to our labor;
No measure we meet,
Nor Musick so sweet
To us, as a Pipe and a Tabor.

Song 69.

IN the merry moneth of *May*,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked the Woods so wide,
When as *May* was in her pride,
There I spied all alone,
Phillida and *Coridon*,
Much ado there was I wot;
He could love, but she could not,
His love he said was ever true,

Nor was mine e're false to you.
He said he had lov'd her long,
She said love should do no wrong,
Coridon would kiss her then,
She said maids must kiss no men,
Till they kiss for good and all,
Then she made the sheperds call
All the Gods to witness south,
Ne'r was lov'd a fairer youth.
Then with many a pretty Oath,
As yea, and nay, and faith, and troth,
Such as silly sheepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love that had been long deluded,
Was by kisses sweet concluded.
And *Phillida* with Garlands gay
Was crown'd the Lady of the *May*.

Song 70.

DOwn in a Garden sat my dearest love,
Her skin more soft than down of *Swan*,
More tender hearted than the Turtle Dove,
And far more kinder than bleeding Pellican;
I courted her, she rose, and blushing said,
Why was I born to live, and die a Maid?
With that I pluckt a pretty Marygold,
Whose dewy leaves shut up when day is done,
Sweeting (I said) arise, look, and behold,
A pretty Riddle I'le to thee unfold.
These leaves shut in as close as cloyster'd Nun,
Yet will they open when they see the Sun.
What mean you by this Riddle Sir, she said,
I pray expound it: Then I thus began,
Are not Men made for Maids, and Maids for Men?
With that she chang'd her colour, and grew wan,
Since now this Riddle you so well unfold,
Be you the Sun, I'le be the Marygold.

Song

Song 71.

THe Pot and the Pipe,
The Cup, and the Can,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a Man.
The Hawk, and the Hound,
The Dice, and the Whore,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a Score.
Quite undone, quite undone,
Many a more.

Song 72.

LOve is a sowre dilight, and sugred grief,
A Sea of fears, and everlasting strife,
A breach of Reasons, Laws, a secret thief,
A living death, an ever dying life:
A bane for souls, a scourge for noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shaft that never hits.
A Labyrinth of doubts, and idle lusts,
A raving Bird, a Tyrant most unjust;
Yet mighty Love, regard not what I say,
But blame the light that led mine eyes astray;
Yet hurt her not, lest I sustain the smart,
Which am content to lodge in her my heart.

Song 73.

WHen our musick is in prime,
When our teeth keep triple time;
Hungry Notes are fit for Knells,
May Lankness be,
No guest to me,
The Bag-pipe sounds when that it swells,
A mooting night brings Wholsome smiles,
When *John* an *Oaks* and *John* a *Styles*,
Do grease the Lawyers Satin.
A Reading day,

Frightens *French* away,
The Benchers dare speak Latin;
He that's full doth Verse compose,
Hunger deals in sullen Prose,
Take notice and discharge her.
The empty Spit,
Ne'r cherisht wit,
Minerva loves the Larder,
First to Breakfast, then to Dine,
Is to conquer *Bellarmine*;
Distinctions then are budding,
Old *Suckliffs* wit,
Did never hit,
But after his Bag-pudding.

Song 74.

WHy should I not dally (my Dear) in thine eye,
And chase the dull hours away?
He that lets such a fair opportunity fly,
He loses his aim by delay,
And its pitty he ever should sip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Upon thy fair Tresses (which *Phœbus* excell)
My diligent fingers I'le twist;
O there's my desire for ever to dwell,
And I hope thou wilt never resist;
And e're and anon I will sip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Upon the fair Breasts I'le be mounted aloft,
And there in my Chariot I'le feel
The grain of the Body more precious and soft
Than the web of *Archne's* wheel:
And e're and anon I will sip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
I'le wander abroad in the vent, and I'le seek
The Mazes of pleasure and love,
The Garden of *Venus* it is in thy cheeks,

And thither my fancy shall move;
And e're and anon I will sip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
There on the Lillies and Roses I'le light,
And gather my sweets like the Bee:
And I will not go far for a lodging at night,
For surely the Hive shall be thee:
And e're and anon I will sip
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Where when I am hurl'd, my nest I will build,
Of Hony-combs all in a rank;
I'le Buz in each corner, until it be fill'd,
And make thee more full in the flank:
And e're and anon I will sip
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Come then with a Cornish let us combine,
(I know thou canst easily do't
Thou shalt take my heart, and I will take thine,
And I'le give thee my hand to boot:
And e're and anon I would sip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

Song 75.

ALL in vain,
Turn again,
Why should I love her?
Since she can
Love no man,
I will give over.
I'le not stay
To obey,
But will retire:
Why should I
Thither fly,
And not enjoy her?
Let her still
Please her will,

With

With a denial;
She shall be
Unto me,
As a Sun-Dial.
Let her blood
Raise the mud,
All in good season;
I'le not gaze
On her face,
Till I have reason.

Song 76.

HOw happy and free is the plunder,
When we care not for *Jove*, and his thunder,
Having entred a Town,
The Lasses go down,
And to their O're-comers lie under.
Why then should we study to love, and look pale,
And make long Addresses to what will grow stale?
If her fingers be soft, long, and slender,
When once we have made her to render,
She will handle a Flute,
Better far than a Lute,
And make what was hard to grow tender.
Then why should we study to love, and look pale,
And make long Addresses to what will grow stale?
If her hair of the dilicate brown is,
And her belly as soft as the Down is,
She will fire your heart
In performing her part,
With a flame that more hot than the Town is.
Why then should we study to love, and look pale,
And make long Addresses to what will grow stale.
When the houses with flashes do glitter,
Who can sever our sweet from the bitter,
And in that bright night,
We can take our delight,

No Damsel shall scape but we'l hit her.
Why then should we study to love and look pale,
And make long Addresses, but never prevail.

Song 77.

I'Me sick of love, Oh let me lie
Under your shades to sleep, or die;
Either is welcome so I may have,
Or here my bed, or here my grave.
Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
Time to my tears, whilst I do weep;
Can you have sense, or do you prove,
What Crucifixions are in love?
I know you do, and that's the why,
Y'are weeping sick of Love as I.

Catch 78.

THere was three Cooks of *Colebrook*,
And they fell out with our Cook,
And all was for a pudding they took,
From one of thee Cooks of *Colebrook*.
Slash Cook,
Swash Cook,
And thou maist kiss mine Arse Cook,
And all was for a pudden they took,
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.
And they fell all on our Cook,
And beat him sore that he did look,
As black as did the pudden he took
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.

Song 79.

LAst night I dreamed of my love,
When sleep did overtake her,
It was a pretty drowsie Rogue,
She slept I durst not wake her.
Her lips were like to Coral red,
A thousand times I kiss'd 'um,
And a thousand more I might have stoll'n

For she had ne'r a misse'd 'um,
Her crisped Locks like threads of Gold,
Hung dangling o're the Pillow,
Great pitty 'twas, that one so fair,
Should wear the Rainbow-willow.
I folded down the Holland sheet,
A little below her belly,
But what I did you ne'r shall know,
Nor is it meet to tell ye.
Her Belly's like to yonder Hill,
Some call it *Mount of pleasure,*
And underneath there springs a Well,
Which no mans depth can measure.

Song 80.

I Feed a flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me;
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and so I love it,
That I had rather die, than once remove it,
Yet he for whom I grieve, shall never know it,
My tongue does not betray, nor mine eyes show it,
Not a sigh, nor a tear my pain discloses,
But they fall silently, like dew of Roses,
But to prevent my Love from being cruel,
My Hearts the Sacrifice, as 'tis the Fuel;
And while I suffer this, to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.
On his eyes will I gaze, there to delight me,
Whilst I conceal my love, no frowns can fright me;
Nor to be more happy I dare not aspire,
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Song 81.

FLy, Oh fly, sad sighs, and bear
These few words into her ear;
Blest where ere thou dost remain,
Worthier of a softer chain
Still I live, if it be true,

The

The Turtle lives, that cleft in two,
Tears and sorrow I have store,
But, O thine, do grieve me more;
Die I would, but that I do
Fear my fate would kill thee too.

Song 82.

ALL the materials are the same
Of Beauty and Desire,
In a fair womans goodly frame,
No Beauty is without a flame,
No flame wihtout a fire.
Then tell me what those creatures are,
That would be thought both chaste and fair.
If modesty it self appear,
With blushes in her face,
Think then the blood that danceth there,
Must revel in some other where,
To warm some other place.
Then tell me, &c.
If on her neck her hair be spread,
With many a curious Ring;
Why sure that heat which curls the head,
Will make her mad to be in bed,
And do the other thing.
Then tell me, &c.
Go ask but the Philosopher,
What gives her lips the Balm;
What spirit gives motion to her eye,
Which makes her breast to swell so high,
Gives moisture to her Palm.
Then tell me what those creatures are,
That would be thought both chaste and fair.

Song 83.

THis true, fair *Celia*, that by thee I live,
That every kiss, and every fond embrace,
Forms a new Soul within me, and doth give

A Bassom

A Balsom to the wound, made by thy face;
Yet still methinks I miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And onely then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.
Those favors which do bless me ev'ry day,
Are yet but empty and Platanical;
Think not to please your servants with half pay,
Good Gamesters never stick to throw at all.
Who can endure to miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And onely then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.
If all those sweets within you must remain,
Unknown and ne'r enjoy'd, like hidden treasure,
Nature as well as I will lose her name,
And you as well as I your youthful pleasure,
We wrong our selves to miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.
Our souls which long have peep'd at one another,
Out of the narrow Casements of our eyes,
Shall now by love conducted be together,
And in their mutual pleasure sympathize.
Then, then we shall not miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And onely then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.

Sang

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear;
When found in every part,
Her sacrifice is found without an heart.
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath.
Then shall the world, my noble ruine see,
Some pitty, and some envy me,
Then she her self, the mighty she,
Shall grace my Fun'rals with this truth,
'Twas only love destroy'd the gentle youth.

Song 98.

THus all the day long we are frolick, and gay,
Instead of Court revels, we merrily play
At Trap, and at Skeeles, and at Barly-break run;
At Gesse, and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
With these innocent sports, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass, we give a Green-gown.
We teach our little Dogs to fetch, and to carry,
The Partridge, the Hare, the Phesant to quarry,
The nimble Squirrel with our cudgel we chase;
The innocent Lark, we betray with a glass:
But when we have done, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a Green-gown.
About the May-pole, we dance all around,
With Garlands of Pinks, and Roses are crown'd,
Our little Lambe tribute, we chearfully pay
Unto our bright Lord, and gay Lady of *May*;
But when the night comes, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass, we give a Green-gown.
With our dainty fine Nymphs we sport, and we toy,
What others but dream of, we daily enjoy,
With our Mistriss we dally, so long, till we finde
Her pretty eyes shows, that her heart is grown kinde;
And when we have done, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass, we give a Green-gown.

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And to each pretty Lass, we give a Green-gown.

Song 99.

Streph. VEni Daphne, Chare mei
Perit magna pars diei.
Daph. Quid Strephon vis qui vocas me?
Streph. Ad myrtulatum sequere
Quo Venus Capite Tyaras
Convertit tuo raras.
Daph. CorrumpamClauso inarbore,
Vel Cervivem ut sequarte.
Streph. Mel meum me sit mora
Cito nimis fugit Ciora.
Daph. Mille Basia dabo ibi
Cæca ac Cupido tibi.
Streph. Sum tuo velleni errare
In tam cali do nive quis nollet deviare.
Cho. Ridentes mundum relinquemus,
Et ipsi qui videbunt
Dii nobis invidebunt,
Nec tanta cum felicitate
Sua potiuntur deitate.

Song 100.

I Love thee not because thou'rt fair,
Or cause thou'rt virtuous too,
Though in them both, is power enough
To cause a Prince to woo.
Nor love I thee for those sweet lips,
Nor for thy dimpled chin,
Though in them both, is power enough
To tempt a Saint to sin.
Nor love I thee for those bright eyes
Which shine like lamps of Love,
'Twas not those lovely curled locks
Did my affection move.
Nor love I thee for those fair cheeks
Where Damask Roses grow,

Nor for that lovely neck of thine,
And breasts like hills of Snow.
Nor love I thee, because thou once
Disdain'd my love to see,
Was there ere such amorous flames
As may be found in me?
Since Love, and Virtue, now are lodg'd
within thy breast to grow,
I'le love thee still in spight of fate,
And let the world this know.

Song 101.

THere was a fair Maiden came out of *Kent*,
To be kist b'a Joyner was her intent,
To be kist by a Joyner was her intent;
I have a jobb of work for you to doe,
To make me a bed go jig a jog goo,
To make my bed, &c.
And when wou'd you have this jobb of work done,
By'th faith of my body soon as you can,
By'th faith of my body, &c.
When this jobb of work it was throughly done,
Then he laid this fair maiden thereupon,
Then he laid, &c.
He knockt in a pin where a pin should be,
Which made the bed to go jig a joggee,
Which made the bed, &c.
But in the old Mother came full of wo,
With oh, fie, Daughter why would you do so,
With oh, fie, Daughter, &c.
Since it must be done Mother, why not he,
That would make my bed go jig a joggee.

Song 102.

SInce Love hath in thine, and mine eye,
Kindled an holy flame,
What pitty 'twere to let it die,
What sin to quench the same;

The Stars that seem extinct by day,
Disclose their Beams at night,
And in a subtile sense convey
Their Loves in flames of light.
What though our bodies do not meet,
Love's fuel's more divine;
The fixt Stars by their twinckling greet,
Although they never joyn.
False Meteors that do change their place
Though they seem fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and loose their light.
If thou perceiv'st thy love decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine,
And if I finde mine cast away,
I'le fetch fresh fire from thine;
Thus while we shall preserve from waste,
The flame of our desires;
No Vestal shall maintain more chaste,
Nor more immortal fires.

Song 103.

BLinde Love to this hour,
Had never like me a slave under his power,
But blest be the dart
That he threw at my heart,
There's nothing can prove
A joy so great as to be wounded by love.
My soul's all on fire,
While I've the pleasure to dote on desire,
When a pretty soft pain
Does tickle each vain,
'Tis the pain of my smart
That makes my breath short, when it beats at my heart
My Days, and my Nights
Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and frights,
From

From my heart I ſtill ſigh,
And my eyes are ne'r dry,
But *Cupid* be prais'd,
I am to the top of loves happineſs rais'd.
Sometimes in a pet,
When I'm neglected, my freedom I get,
Full many would wiſh
To be wounded, and miſs,
But bleſt be love's fire,
But more bleſt be thoſe eyes that caus'd my deſire.

Song 104.

I Have followed thee a year at leaſt,
And never ſtopt my ſelf to reſt,
But yet can thee o're take no more,
Than this day can the day that went before.
In this our fortunes equal prove
To Stars which govern them above;
Our Stars they move for ever round,
With the ſame diſtance ſtill betwixt them found.
In vain alas, in vain I ſtrive
The Wheel of fate faſter to drive,
Since if a round it ſwifter fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.
Hearts by Love ſtrangely ſhuffled are,
That there can never meet a pare;
Tamelier than worms are lovers ſlain,
The wounded Heart ne'r turns to wound again.

Song 105.

I Will not urge thou art unjuſt
To force me from thy arms,
Since of neceſſity, I muſt
Confeſs I'm of the meaneſt duſt,
And thou art full of charmes.
But if thou wilt renew whats paſt,
Thy bounty unto me,
And kindely once more, let me taſte

Thy balmy lips, and hug thy waſte,
I'le court felicity.
But now alas when too too late
All joys are dreams I finde,
And yet I glory in my fate
Since ſhe that chang'd my former ſtate,
It is that is unkinde.
For ſuch my happineſs will be,
Neglected and forlorn,
'Tis fair, but cruel *Calia*, ſhe,
Made me become her property,
And I'le embrace her ſcorn;
Faithful *Aminter's* heart is torn.
Yet like the Phenix here I'le lie,
And kiſs the Beams that makes me die.

Song 106.

LIke to the wealthy Iſland thou ſhalt be,
And like the Sea about it, I.
Thou like fair *Albion* to the ſailers fight,
Spreading her beautious boſom all in white;
Like the kinde Ocean, I will be
With loving arms for ever claſping thee.
But I'le embrace thee gentlier far than ſo;
As their freſh banks ſoft Rivers do,
Nor ſhall the proudeſt Planet boaſt a power,
Of making my full Love to ebb an hour;
It never dry, or low can prove,
Whilſt my unwaſted fountain feeds my Love.
Such heat and vigour ſhall our kiſſes bear,
As if like Doves we engendred there,
No bound, nor rule my pleaſures ſhall endure;
In Love there's none too much an Epicure.
Nought ſhall my hands, or lips controul;
I'le kiſs thee through, I'le kiſs thy very Soul.
Yet nothing but the night our ſport ſhall know,
Night, that's both blinde, and ſilent too.

A plea-

Alpheus found not a more secret trace,
His lov'd Sicanion Fountain to embrace,
Creeping so far beneath the sea,
Than I will do to enjoy and feast on thee.
Men, out of wisdom; Women out of pride,
The pleasant thefts of Love do hide.
That may secure thee; but thou hast yet from me
A more infallible security.
For there's no danger I should tell
The joys, which are to me unspeakable.

Song 107.

THough you doom all to die, who dare adore ye,
I'le not refuse a fate so full of glory,
With my arms round your waste, grasping my treasure,
While others die of pain, I'le die of pleasure.
With my hand straining yours, and fingers clasping
On your neck, and your breast, let me lie gasping,
On your lips while you look languishing on me,
Let me revenge the wrong your eyes have done me.
When from those lips I have suck'd balmy kisses,
Crown my delight with the best of all blisses,
While with a sigh you cry, when I begin it,
Ah my love, Oh my love, this is the minute.
Not the least truce will I, beg from my cruel,
Till with my death I conclude the sweet duel,
Then as a miser lies hugging his treasure,
While others die of pain, I'le die of pleasure.

Song 108.

FAirest thing that shines below,
Why in this Robe dost thou appear?
Wouldst thou a white most perfect show,
Thou must at all no garment wear,
For thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Than winter when 'tis clad in snow.
'Tis not the linnen shows so fair,
Her skin shines through, and makes it bright.

So clouds themselves like suns appear,
When the sun pierces them with light.
So Lillies in a glass encloſe,
The glass will seem as white as those.
Thou now one heap of Beauty art;
Nought outwards, or within is foul;
Condensed Beams make every part,
The Body's clothed like the Soul.
Thy Soul, which does it self display,
Like a Star plac't i'th' milkie way.
Such Robes the Saints departed wear,
Wooven all with light divine,
Such their exalted bodies are,
And with such full glory shine.
But they regard no mortals pain;
Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.
Yet seeing thee so gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue still;
Thou wouldst not take this garment sure,
When thou hadst an intent to kill.
Of peace, and yeilding, who would doubt,
When the white flag he sees hung out.

Song 109.

Others may with safety tell,
The mod'rate flames that in them dwell,
And either finde some med'cine there,
Or cure themselves ev'n by despair;
My love's so great that it may prove
Dang'rous to tell her that I love,
So tender is my Wound, it must not bear,
Any salute though of the kindest Air,
I would not have her know the pain,
Or torments I for her sustain,
Lest too much goodness make her throw
Her love upon a fate too low.

For

Forbid it heaven my life should be
Weigh'd with her least conveniency:
No; Let me perish rather with my grief,
Than to her disadvantage finde relief.
Yet when I die, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all
Like covetous men who ne'r descry,
Their dear hid treasure till they die.
Ah fairest maid, how will it chear
My Ghost, to get from thee a tear!
But take heed, for if me thou pittiest, then,
Twenty to one, but I shall live agen.

Song 110.

DO not ask me charming *Phillis*,
Why I lead you hear alone,
By this bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And of Roses newly blown:
'Tis not to behold the Beauty
Of those flowers that crown the spring,
'Tis to-- but I know my duty,
And dare never name the thing.
'Tis at worst but her denying,
Why should I thus fearful be,
Every minute gently flying
Smiles and says make use of me.
What the Sun does to those Roses
While the Beams play's sweetly in,
I would,-- but my fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.
Yet I die, if I conceal it,
Ask my eyes, or ask your own,
And if neither dare reveal it,
Think what Lovers think alone.
On this Bank of Pinks, and Lillies,
Might I speak what I would do,

I wou'd with my lovely *Phillis*,
I wou'd, I wou'd, Ah wou'd you,

Song 111.

GO soft desires, Loves gentle progeny,
And on the heart of charming *Silvia* seize,
Then quickly back again return to me,
Since that's the onely cure of my disease,
But if you miss her breast, whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and visit mine no more.

Song 112.

I Lov'd a Lass a fair one,
As fair as e're was seen,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another *Sheba* Queen.
But fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too,
But now alas sh'as left me,
Falero, lero loo.
Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister,
Which past all others far,
She would me Honey call,
She'd, oh, she'd kiss me too,
But now alas she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.
In summer time to *Medley*,
My love and I would go,
The Boatman he stood ready,
My love and I to rowe;
For Cream there would we call,
For Wine and Cheefe-cakes too,
But now alas, &c.
Many a merry Meeting
My Love and I have had;
She was my onely sweeting,

She made my heart full glad,
The tears ſtood in her eyes,
Like to the morning-dew,
But now alas, &c.
And when abroad we walked,
As Lovers faſhion is,
Oft as we ſweetly talked,
The Sun would ſteal a Kiſs;
The winde upon her lips
Likewiſe moſt ſweetly blew,
But now alas, &c.
Her cheeks were like the Cherry,
Her skin as white as ſnow,
When ſhe was blythe and merry,
She Angel like did ſhow:
Her waſte exceeding ſmall,
The Fives did fit her ſhoe,
But now alas, &c.
In Summer time, or Winter,
She had her hearts deſire,
I ſtill did ſcorn to ſtint her,
From Sugar, Sack, or Fire;
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew,
But now alas, &c.
As we walked home together,
At midnight through the town,
To keep away the weather,
O're her Ide caſt my Gown.
No cold my Love ſhould feel,
What e're the Heavens could do,
But now alas, &c.
Like Doves we would be billing,
And clip and kiſs ſo faſt;
Yet ſhe would be unwilling,
Leſt I ſhould kiſs the laſt,

Theyre